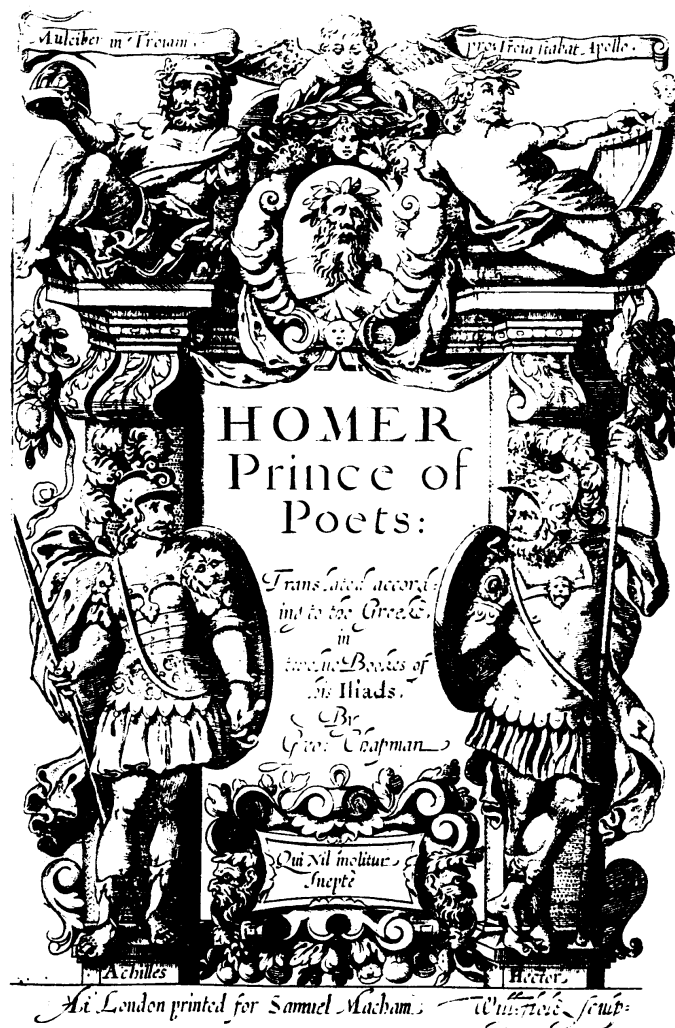


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TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN.

HENRIE; Thrice Roiall Inheritor

to th'vnited Kingdomes of Great

BRITANNE, &c.

Since perfect happineſſe, by Princes ſought,
Is not with birth, borne, nor exchequers bought;
Nor followes in great Traines; nor is poſſelt
With any outward State; but makes him bleſt
That gouernes inward; and beholdeth theare,
All his affections ſtand about him bare;
That by his power can ſend to Towre, and death,
All traitrous paſſions; marſhalling, beneath
His iuſtice, his meere will; and in his minde
Houlds ſuch a ſcepter, as can keepe conſinde
His whole lites actions in the royall bounds
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds
Takes-in, to ſowe his honors, his delights,
And compleat empire; you ſhould learn theſe rights
(Great Prince of men) by princely preſidents;
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale preſents
To furniſh your youths groundworke, & firſt State;
And let you ſee, one Godlike man create
All ſorts of worthieſt men; to be contriu'd
In your worth onely; giuing him reuiu'd,
For whoſe life, *Alexander* would haue giuen
One of his kingdomes: who (as ſent from heauen,
And thinking well, that ſo diuine a creature
Would neuer more enrich the race of Nature)

Kept

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Kept as his Crowne his works; and thought them still
His Angels; in all power, to rule his will;
And would affirme that *Homers* poesie
Did more aduance his Asian victorie,
Then all his Armies. O 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing pride) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written soule, to vertue moues.
Nor haue we soules to purpose, if their loues
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd:
How much then, were this kingdomes maine soule maim'd
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That moue in humane soules? All Realmes but yours,
Are honor'd with him; and hold blest that State
That haue his workes to read and contemplate:
In which, humanitie to her height is rais'd;
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath pray'd.
Seas, earth, and heauen, he did in verse comprise,
Cut-fung the Muses, and did equalise
Their king *Apollo*; being so farre from cause
Of Princes light thoughts, that their grauest lawes
May finde stufte to be fashioned by his lines;
Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your Lutes, and Violls, and more lustily
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* sung;
To Drummes and Trumpets set his Angels tongue:
And with the princely sport of Haukes you vse,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse:
And see how like the Phoenix she renues
Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne;
Thoufands of yeares attending; euerie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that haue bin
Subuerted in them; lawes, religions, all

Offerd

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;
Yet still your *Homer* lasting, living, raining;
And proues, how firme Truth builds in Poets faining.
A Princes statue, or in Marble caru'd,
Or Steele, or Gould, and shrinde (to be preferu'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;
Time into lowest ruines may depreffe:
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verse,
Fame shal resound them on Obliuions herse,
Till Graues gaspe with her blasts, and dead men rise:
Nogould can follow, where true Poesie flies.
Then let not this Diuinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth
Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie:
Nor let her poore disposer (Learning) lye
Still Bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;
In men (with them) is Gods bright Image ras't.
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures giuen
Of his refulgent Deitie in Heauen:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poesie,
In earth present this fierie Maiestie.
Nor are Kings like him, since their Diademes
Thunder, and lighten, and proiect braue beames;
But since they his cleare vertues emulate;
In Truth and Iustice, Imaging his State;
In Bountie, and Humanitie since they shine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more diuine:
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired course;
The Rise, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In vs, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;
Nor great *Existence*, tearm'd his Treasure:
Since not, for being greatest, he is Blest;
But being Iust, and in all vertues Best.

What sets his Iustice, and in his Truth, best forth

A

(Best

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

(Best Prince) then vsf best ; which is Poesies worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt
With gracious vertue, giue more sure effect
To her perswasions, pleasures, reall worth,
Then all th' inferiour subiects she sets forth;
Since there, she shines at full ; hath birth, wealth, state,
Power, fortune, honor, fit to eleuate
Her heauenly merits ; and so fitte they are
Since shee was made for them, and they for her :
So, Truth, with Poesie grac't, is fairer farre,
More proper, mouing, chaste, and regulare,
Then when she runnes away with yntrust' Prose ;
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose
Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces ;
In Poesie decking her with choicest Phrases,
Figures and numbers ; when loose Prose puts on
Plaine letter-habits ; makes her trot, vpon
Dull earthly businesse (she being meere diuine) ;
Holds her to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,
That should drinke Poesies Nectar ; euerie way
One made for other, as the Sunne and Day,
Princes and vertues. And, as in a spring,
The plyant water, mov'd with any thing
Let fall into into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that moue round about
The gentle fountaine, one another rayning:
So Truth, and Poesie worke ; so Poesie blazing,
All subiects false in her exhaustless fount,
Works most exactly ; makes a true account
Of all things to her high discharges giuen,
Till all be circulare and round as heauen.
And lastly, great Prince, marke and pardon me ;
As in a flourishing, and ripe fruit Tree,
Nature hath made the barke to saue the Bole ;

The

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

The Bole, the tappe ; the tappe, to decke the whole
With leaues and branches ; they, to beare and shield
The yettull fruit ; the fruit it selfe to yeeld
Guard to the cornell, and for that all those
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes) :
So, in our Tree of man, whose neruie Roote
Springs in his top ; from thence euen to his foote,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
All ioyned in one to serue his Queene of Artes :
In which, doth Poesie, like the cornell lye
Obscure ; though her Promethean facultie
Can create men, and make euen death to liue :
For which, she should liue honor ; kings should giue
Comfort and helpe to her, that the might still
Hould vp their spirits in vertue ; make the will,
That gouernes in them, to the power conform'd ;
The power to iustice ; that the scandals, stormd
Against the poore Dame, cleared by your sayre Grace,
Your Grace may shine the clearer . Her lowe place,
Not showing her, the highest leaues obscure .
Who raise her, raise themselves : and he sits sure,
Whom her wingd hand aduanceth ; since on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) sit.
All whose poore seede, like violets in their beddes,
Now growe with bosome-hung, and hidden heads:
For whom I must speake (though their Fate conuinces
Me, worst of Poets) to you, best of Princes.

By him, that most ingenuously wisheth your Highnesse,
all the Vertues, and Royalties, eternisde by your
Diuine Homer ;



To the Reader.

East with foule hands you touch these holy Rites;
 And with preiudicacies too prophane,
 Passe Homer, in your other Poets sleights;
 VVash here; In this Porch to his numerous Phane,
 Heare auncient Oracles speake, and tell you whom
 You haue to censure. First then Silius heare,
 VVho thrice was Consul in renowned Rome;
 VV hose verse (saies Martiall) nothing shall out-weare.

Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.

HE, in *Elysium*, hauing cast his eye
 Vpon the figure of a Youth, whose hayr
 With purple Ribands braided curiously,
 Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire;
 Said, Virgine? What is he whose heauenly face
 Shines past al others, as the Morne the Night;
 Whom many maruailing soules, from place to place,
 Pursue, and haunt, with sounds of such delight?
 Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade)
 Would make me, queltionless, belieue he were
 A verie God. The learned Virgine made
 This answer; If thou shouldst beleue it here,
 Thou shouldst not erre: he well deserv'd to be
 Esteem'd a God; nor held his so-much brest
 A little pretence of the Deitie:

His verse comprisde earth, seas, starres, soules at rest;
 In song, the Muses he did equalise;
 In honor, *Phabus*: he was onely soule;
 Sawal things spher'd in Nature, without eyes;
 And raisde your *Troy* vp to the starrie Pole.
 Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts,
 Saide, O if Fates would giue this Poet leaue,
 To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoasts;
 How much beyond, would future times receiue

To the Reader.

The same facts, made by any other knowne:
O blest *Æacides*! to haue the grace
That out of such a mouth, thou shouldst be showne
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race
Of all times future, with what he did knowe:
Thy vertue, with his verte, shall euer growe.

Now heare an Angell sing our Poets Fame;
Whom Fate, for his diuine song, gaue that name.

Angelus Politianus, in Nutricia.

More living, then in old *Demodocus*,
Fame glories to wax yetting in *Homers* verse.
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds vs
His goulden Torch, wee see the starres disperse,
And euerie way flye heauen; the pallid Moone
Euen almost vanishing before his light:
So with the dafeling beames of *Homers* Sunne,
All other ancient Poets lose their light.
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his stature,
Singing the Godlike Acts of honor'd men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the diuine straines of his penne;
He stood amaz'd, and freely did confesse
Himselfe was equall'd in *Maonides*.

Next, heare the graue and learned *Plinie* vfe
His censure of our sacred Poets Muse.

Plin. Nat. hist. lib. 7. Cap. 29.

Turn'd into verse; that no Prose may come neere *Homer*.

Whom shall we choose the glorie of all wits,
Held through so many sorts of discipline,
And such varietie of workes, and spirits;
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did shine,
For forme of worke and matter. And because
Our proud doome of him may stand iustified
By noblest iudgements, and receiue applause
In spight of enuie, and illiterate pride;
Great *Macedon*, amongst his matchles spoiles,
Tooke from rich *Persia* (on his Fortunes cast)
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)
Form'd all of gould, with wealthy stones enchac't;

He

To the Reader.

He tooke the oyles out; and his neere friends
Askt, in what better guard it might be vs'd?
All giuing their conceits, to seuerall ends;
He answerd; His affections rather chuse
An vlc quite opposite to all their kindes:
And *Homers* bookes should with that guard be serv'd;
That the most precious worke of all mens mindes,
In the most precious place, might be preserv'd.
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,
And gaue Antiquitie, her liuing fire.

Idem lib. 17.
Cap. 5.
Idem lib. 25.
Cap. 3.

Volumes of like praise, I could heape on this,
Of men more auncient, and more learn'd then these:
But since true Vertue, enough louely is
With her owne beauties; all the suffrages
Of others I omitte; and would more faine
That *Homer*, for himselfe, should be belov'd,
Who euerie sort of loue-worth did containe.
Which how I haue in my conuersion prov'd,
I must confesse, I hardly dare reuerse
To reading iudgements; since, so generally,
Custome hath made euen the ablest Agents erre
In these translations; all so much apply
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,
Make fish with foule, Camels with Whales engender;
Or their tongues speech, in other mouths compell.
For, euen as different a Production
Asks Greeke and English; since as they in sounds,
And letters, shunne one forme, and vnison;
So haue their sense, and elegancie bounds
In their distinguishing natures, and require
Onely a iudgement to make both consent,
In sense and elocution; and aspire
As well to reach the spirit that was spent
In his example; as with arte to pierce
His Grammar, and etymologie of words.
But, as great Clerks, can write no English verse;
Because (alas! great Clerks) English affords

Of Translation
and the naturall
distinction. Dis-
tincts necessarily
to be obseru'd
more.

Idem.

To the Reader.

(Say they)no height, nor copie; a rude tongue,
 (Since tis their Natie):but in Greek or Latine
 Their wits are rare; for thence true Poësie sprung;
 Though them(Truth knowes)they haue but skil to chaſe in,
 Compar'd with that they might ſay in their owne;
 Since thither the others full ſoule cannot make
 The ample tranſmigration to be ſhowne
 In Nature-louing Poëſie:So the brake
 That thoſe Tranſlators ſticke in, that affect
 Their word-for-word tranſductions(where they loſe
 The free grace of their naturall Dialect
 And ſhame the Authors, with a forced Gloſe,
 I laugh to ſee; and yet as much abhorre
 More licence from the words, then may expreſſe
 Their full compreſſion, and make cleere the Author.
 From whole truth, if you thinke my feet digreſſe,
 Becauſe I ſee needful Periphrases;
 Reade *Valla*, *Heſſus*, that in Latine Proſe,
 And Verſe conuert him; read the *Meſſines*,
 That into Tulcan turns him; and the Gloſe
 Graue *Salet* makes in french, as he tranſlates:
 Which (for th'aforeſaide reaſons)all muſt doo;
 And ſee that my conuerſion much abates
 The licence they take, and more ſhowes him too:
 Whoſe right, not all thoſe great leard men haue done
 (In ſome maine parts)that were his Commentars:
 But (as the illuſtration of the ſunne
 Should be attempted by the erring ſtarres)
 They faild to ſearch his deepe, and treaſurous hart.
 The cauſe was, ſince they wanted the fit key
 Of Nature, in their down-right ſtrength of Art;
 With Poëſie, to open Poëſie.
 Which in my Poem of the myſteries
 Reuealde in *Homer*, I will clearely proue.
 Till whoſe neere birth, ſuſpend your Calumnies,
 And ſarre-wide imputations of ſelfe loue.
 Tis further from me, then the worſt that reads;
 Profeking me the worſt of all that wright:
 Yet what, in following one, that brauely leads,
 The worſt may ſhowe, let this prooſe hold the light.

*The neceſſary
 neceſſity: of
 tranſlation to
 the ex-ample.*

*The power of
 nature, aboue
 Art in Poëſie.*

But

To the Reader.

But grant it cleere: yet hath Detraction got
 My blinde ſide, in the forme, my verſe puts on;
 Much like a dung-hill Maſſie, that dares not
 Affault the man he barks at; but the ſtone
 He throwes at him, takes in his eager lawes,
 And ſpoyles his teeth becauſe they cannot ſpoyle.
 The long verſe hath by prooſe receiu'd applauſe
 Beyond each other number: and the foile,
 That ſquint-eyd Enuie takes, is cenſur'd plaine.
 For, this long Poeme aſks this length of verſe;
 Which I my ſelfe ingenuouſly maintaine
 Too long, our ſhorter Authors to reherſe.
 And for our tongue, that ſtill is ſo empayrde
 By trauailing linguists; I can proue it cleere,
 That no tongue hath the Muſes vterance heyrd
 For verſe, and that ſweet Muſique to the eare
 Strooke out of rime, ſo naturally as this;
 Our Monosyllables, ſo kindly fall
 And meete, oppoſite in rime, as they did kiſſe:
 French and Italian, moſt immetrall;
 Their many ſyllables, in harſh Colliſion,
 Fall as they brake their necks; their baſtard Rimes
 Saluting as they iuſt'd in tranſition,
 And ſet our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times
 Kept in their falls. And me thinkes, their long words
 Shewe in ſhort verſe, as in a narrow place,
 Two oppoſites ſhould meet, with two-hand ſwords;
 Vnwieldily, without or uſe or grace.
 Thus hauing rid the rubs, and ſtrow'd theſe flowers
 In our thrice ſacred *Homer's* Engliſh way;
 What reſts to make him, yet more worthy yours?
 To cite more prayſe of him, were meete delay
 To your glad ſearches, for what thoſe men found,
 That gaue his praiſe, paſt all, ſo high a place:
 Whoſe vertues were ſo many, and ſo crounde,
 By all conſents, Diuine; that not to grace,
 Or adde encrease to them, the world doth neede
 Another *Homer*; but euen to rehearſe
 And number them: they did ſo much excede,
 Men thought him not a man; but that his verſe

*Our Engliſh
 Language, aboue
 all others, for
 Rhythmicall Po-
 eſie.*

Some

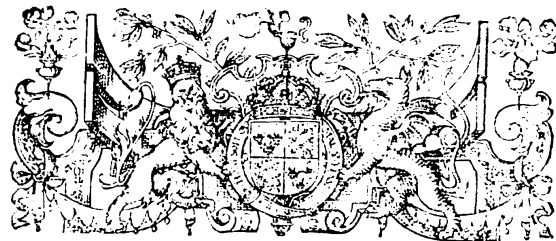
To the Reader.

Some meere celestiall nature did adorne.
And all may well conclude, it could not be,
That for the place where any man was borne,
So long, and mortally, could disagree
So many Nations, as for *Homer* striv'd,
Vnlesse his spurre in them had bene diuine.
Then end their strife, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)
As borne in *England*: see him ouer-shine
All other-Countrie Poets; and trust this,
That whose-soeuer Muse dares vse her wing
When his Muse flies; she will be trust'd by his,
And shoue as if a Bernacle should spring
Beneath an Eagle. In none since was seene
A soule so full of heauen as earth, in him.
O! if our Moderne Poesie had bene
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne,
What barbarous worldling, groueling after gaine,
Could vse her louely parts, with such rude hate,
As now she suffers vnder euerie swaine?
Since then tis nought but her abuse, and Fate,
That thus empayres her; what is this to her
As shee is reall? or in naturall right?
But since in true Religion men should erre
As much as Poesie, should th' abuse excite
The like contempt of her Diuinitie;
And that her truth, and right saint sacred Merites,
In most liues, breed but reuerence formally;
What wonder is't if Poesie inherits
Much lesse obseruance; being but Agent for her
And singer of her lawes that others say?
Forth then ye Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhor her;
Keepe still on in the durtye vulgar way,
Till durty receiue your soules, to which ye vow;
And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifs.
Ye cannot so dispise vs, as we you.
Nor one of you, about his Mowlehill lifts
His earthy Minde; but, as a sort of beasts,
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare
Their manly voices; but when, in their fits,
They breath wilde whistles; and the beasts rude care

Hears

To the Reader.

Hears their Curres barking; then by heaps they fly,
Headlong together. So men, beaustly giuen,
The manly foules voice (sacred Poesie,
Whose Hymns the Angels euer sing in heauen)
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noises
(For Gaine, Lust, Honor, in litigious Prose)
Are bellow'd-out, and crack the barbarous voices
Of Turkish *Stentors*; O! ye leane to those,
Like itching Horse, to blocks, or high May-poles;
And break nought but the wind of wealth, wealth, All
In all your Documents; your Asinine soules
(Proud of their burthens) feeles not how they gal.
But as an Asse, that in a field of weedes
Affects a thistle, and falls fiercely to it;
That prickes, and galls him; yet he feedes, & bleeds;
Forbeares awhile, and licks; but cannot woo it
To leaue the sharpnes; when (to wreak his smart)
He beats it with his foot; then backward kickes,
Because the Thistle gald his forward part;
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the prickes;
Then fals to others with as hote a strife;
And in that honourable war doth waste
The tall heat of his stomacke, and his life:
So, in this world of weedes, you worldlings taste
Your most-lov'd dainties; with such war, buy peace;
Hunger for torment; vertue kick for vices;
Cares, for your states, do with your states encrease;
And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,
Yet Reasons Day-light, shoues ye at your meate
Asses at Thistles, bleeding as ye eate.



*To the sacred Fountaine of Princes ; sole
Empresse of Beautie, and Vertue ; A N N E,
Queene of England &c.*

With whatsoeuer Honor wee adorne
Your Royall Issue ; we must gratulate you
Imperiall Soueraigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you ; One Tree, make both the Bole and Bow.
If it be honor then to ioyne you both
To such a powerfull worke, as that defend
Both from foule *Death*, and *Ages* ougly Moth ;
This is an Honor, that shall neuer end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is :
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And ioynes your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.
Shield vertue, and aduance her then, Great Queene ;
And make this Booke your Glasse, to make it teene.

*Your Maiesties in all subiection most
humbly consecrate,*

Geo. Chapman.





THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



A *Pollos* Priest to th' *Argiue* Fleete doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the King:
For which her tendred freedome he intreats:
But being dismist with contumelious threats,
At *Phabus* hands by vengefull prayer hee seeckes,
To haue a plague inflicted on the Greekes:
Which done *Achilles* doth a Councell cite,
And forceth *Cbalchas* in the Kings despite
To tell the truth why they were punisht so:
From whence their fierce and deadly strife doth grow.
In which *Achilles* so extreamely raues,
That Goddesse *Thetis* from her Throne of waues
(Ascending Heauen) of *Ioue* assistance wonne
T'afflikt the Greekes, by absence of her Sonne,
And make the Generall himselfe repent
To wrong so much his Armies Ornament.
This found by *Iuno*, shee with *Ioue* contends,
Till *Vulcan* with Heauens cuppe the quarrell ends.

Another Argument.

Alpha, the prayer of *Chryssys* sings,
The Armies plague th' incensed Kings.

A *Chilles* banefull wrath, resound great Goddesse of my verse
That through th' afflicted host of Greece did worlds of woes disperse,
And timeles sent to hell by troopes, the strong and generous soules
Of great Heroes; but their limbs left food for beasts and foules:
So *Ioues* high counsell tooke cuent, from whence that larre begun,
Twixt *Agamemnon* King of men, and *Thetis* Godlike sonne.
What God did giue them up to strife? *Ioues* and *Latonas* seede,
Who angrie with the King for wrongs, against his Priest decreede,
Made sickenes rage through all the host, which much life put to flight:
His Priest came to the Greekes swift Fleete, with ranome infinite.

B

The

*The golden Scepter and the Crowne far-shooting Phœbus wore,
To free his daughter: which in hand he humbly brought before
The Peeres of Greece; whom he besought, but both the Atreides, most,
Who were most mightie in the rule of all th'imperiall tosse.*

*Atreides and ye well-griev'd Greekes, Gods that in Heav'nly Halls,
Make blest abodes, renowne your swords with Pisans razed walls;
And grant your wisht retreat to Greece: we meane space accept of me
These sacred presents, as the price of Nobles setting free
My onely daughter: In which deed, ye shall sit Honor shewe,
To Phœbus; honouring me, his Priest. This all the Peeres allow;
Gueft grace to the reverend Priest: and thinke the wisht release
Deserv'd well in the sacred Price; which yet did nothing please
The great Atreides: who thus wrongd the Deitie of the Day,
In wronging his religious Priest: commanding him away.*

*Hence dotard: quickly quit our flete: nor let me euer more,
Heare of thy presence; least the Crowne of him thou dost adore
And his great Scepter helpe thee not; I will not set her free
Till age hath freed her of my love: At Argos farre from thee,
She shall be hufwife in my Court and honord with my Bedae.
Be gone then, that thou mayst be safe; The old man feard and fled,
And by the farre-resounding seas went silent, till (far gone)
He thus besought the King of Men; Fayre-hayrd Latonas sonne,
Heare thou that bear'st the silver Bowe, that dost on Chrysa shine,
That strongly govern'st Tenedos, and Cylla most diuine.
O Sminthus, if euer I thy thankfull Temple crownde,
Or with fat thighs of Bulls and Goats, haue made thy fires abound,
Gueft full effect to my desires, and for these teares I shed
Let Greekes pay paines, and with thy shafts in troopes be striken dead.*

*Thus pray'd he, and Apollo heard, who at the heart offended
Downe from the tople's browes of heauen, into the host descended:
His bowe and Quiver couer'd round, his golden shoulders wore,
His angrie arrowes (as he mou'd) did thunder on the Shore.
So, like the lowering night he walkt, and tooke his weakefull stand
Athwart the Flete: his silver Bowe, with his hard loofing hand,
A dreadfull sound did make, and first the mules and dogges he wound,
And after with the brefts of men, his martall shafts confounds:
The funerall pyles did euer burne with heapes of men he slew;
Nine dayes together through the host, his poisoned arrowes slew,
The tenth a counsell through the Camp AEacides designde,
Which Iuno with the silver Armes, did put into his minde:*

Who

*Who stood, emorsefull of the Greekes to see them euerie where
Employ the greedy fires of death: and now conuented were
The chiefe commanders of the camp, who (altogether plaid)
From sacred Thetis swift footed, see this supposition passe.*

*Atreides, some new error now perceues this plague I feare,
To drive vs hence; if with our liues we may th'impulsions beare
Of this our double pestilence, th'infection and our warre:
But let vs some graue Prophet aske, or Priest that sees from farre;
Or some interpreter of diuines (for dreams proceede from Ioue)
Who may report what sinne doth thus the Delphian Archer moue
To punishments: if Hecatombs, or fumes of offered sheepe,
Or foulest Goates, or woues vnkept, which now our Zeales may keepe,
That his sharpe arrowes in our breastes hee may refrain to sleepe.*

*Achilles, hauing sayd, fate downe, when Calchas, Thelot's sonne
(The best of Augures, that was skild in all things present, done
Needs past, and euerie act to come, and did direct the course
Of th'Argine Flete to Vion, for his propheticke force
Given by Apollo) next stood vp, and thus did silence breake.
Ioue-lou'd Achilles, if thou wish, and wilt command me speake
My knowledge of Apollos wrath; couenant and sweare to mee,
That readie with thy hand and sword, thou wilt assisstant bee
Both now and in affaires to come: for him that most doth sway
The soueraine Empire of the host, whom all the Greeks obey,
I feare my sentence will offend: and if a mightie state
Against a much inferiour man conceiue a lordly hate,
Though hee depreffe it for the time, yet he reserves it still,
Till best advantage of his power haue perfected his will.
Say then if thou wilt warrant me, against the worst euent?
Achilles answerd, All thou knowest, speake, and be confident:
For by the deere below'd Ioue, the dayes Eternall King,
From whom (O Calchas) to the Greekes, thou Oracles dost sing,
Not one of all the Peeres shall lay offensive hands on thee,
While my truth shielding forces last, or that in earth I see:
No not if Agamemnons frowne, be obiect of thy feares,
Who to be soueraine of vs all, the glorious title beares.*

*Then tooke the blamelesse Prophet hart, and sayd they were not woues,
Yet vnperform'd, nor Hecatombs, but loue that Phœbus shewes,
In honor of his Priestles disgrasse by Agamemnons will,
That skorn'd his ransom, and reserves his dearest daughter still;
For this, Apollo sends this plague, and yet will send vs more,*

B 2

Nor

Nor will containe, from our distresse, his beaue ~~home~~ band, before
The blacke eyde virgin be releas'd, vnought and ransomlesse,
And conuoy'd hence with Hecatombes, till her chaste foot do presse
The flowrie Chrytyas holy shoure; and so if wee shall please
Th' offended God, perhaps he may recure this keene disease.

He saie: the great Heroe rose, the far commanding king
Atides, full of froward griefes; excessiue anger's sting
Sperr'd blackefumes round about his brest, his eyes like burning fire
Cast sparkles from his bended browes, all blown out of his ire:
And looking sternely on the priest, Prophet of ill (said he)
That neuer didst preface my good, but tookest delight to be
Offensiu in thy Auguries, not one good word proceedes
From thy rude lips, nor is perform'd in any after deedes:
And now thou frowardly dost preach, in midst of all the Greekes,
That heauens farre shooters in this plague, the restitution seekes
Of my faire prisoner, who retaynd, is cause of our annoy:
And all because thou know'st, in her I take such speciall ioy,
And wish to bring her to my Court, since I esteeme her more,
Then Clyemnestra, that to me, the nuptiall contract swore,
When shee was yet a maide and young, nor doth she merite lesse
Both for her bodies comely forme, her native towardnesse,
Her wisdom and her huswiferie; yet will I render her
If it be best: for to my good, my Souldiers I preserve.

But in her place some other Pryse see quickly you prepare,
That I alone of all the Greekes, lose not my honors share:
Which needes must be consecr'd visit; but thus my friends you see
That what by all your mindes is mine, one other takes from me.

To him, the excellentst of foot, diuine Achilles said,
Ambitious and most covetous man, what Pryse can be repaid
By these our noble minded friendes, for thy desired supply?
All know how scantly wee haue stor'd our common treasure.
For what the spoyled Citties gaue, each souldier for his paine
Hath duely shar'd by our consents, which to the God resigne
Were base and ignominious; but to the God resigne
Thy pleasure for our common good: and if the most diuine
So grace vs, that this well wall'd towne, we leauill with the plaine
We fourefold will repay the losse, thy fortunes now sustaine.

The king replied; Be not deceiv'd, nor thinke thy priuate force
(Godlike Achilles) can outgoe the free, and publique course,
In which, heauen set my eminent power; it wil be neuer so;

Thou

Thou hast a like Pryse; wouldst thou wisht that I should thus let goe
The right I win, and thou keepe thine? But if the rest thinke fit,
That my rule thus be ouer-ru'd, let them as well admit
My worthy recompence: if not, Ile make mine owne Amends;
In person, I will come my selfe to thee, or to thy Friends,
Ajax, or Ithacus; and take my choice of any Pryse,
That I thinke counternailes my losse, in all your Custodies;
Let him seeke wreake, that thinks him wrong'd; But, touching this designe,
We will hereafter, and elsewhere conclude what shall be mine:

Now let vs lanch the Sable Barke into the holy seas,
Shippe chosen rowers in her banks: and Hecatombes to ease
Our instant plague; and we will cause bright Christs to ascend:
Whose charge to some Greeke prince in chiefe t'is fit we should commend:
Or to the royall Idomen, or Ajax Telamon:
Or to the prudent counsaylor, Diuine Laertes sonne:
Or to the terriblest of men, thy selfe Acaides:
That offrings made by thy strong hands, Apollo may appease.

Acaides obseruing well the urg'd authoritie
Of his proud foe: with browes contract, return'd this sharp reply;
O thou posselt with impudence, that in command of men,
Affectst the brute minde of a Fox, for so thou fill thy denne
With forced or betrayed spoyles, thou feel'st no sense of shame:
What souldier can take any spirit, to put on (for thy fame)
Contempt of violence and death, or in the open field,
Or secret ambush; when the hye his high desert should yeeld,
Is before hand condemn'd to glut thy gulf of auarice.
For me; I haue no cause t' account these lians enemies:
Nor of my Oxen nor my horse, haue they made hostile spoyle;
Nor hurt the comfortable fruites of Pthys populous soyle;
For many shady distances, hills and resounding Seas
Are interpos'd: but our kinde armes, are lifted to release
(Thou senselesse of all Royaltie) thine and thy brothers fame,
Imprisoned in disgracefull Troy, which nothing doth inflame
Thy dogged nature to requite, with fauour or renowne,
Our ceaselesse and important toyles; for which, what is mine owne,
Given by the generall hands of Greece (yet by the valure got
Of my free labours) thy rude lust will wrest into thy lot:
In distribution of all townes, winn from our Trojan foes.
Still more t'en mine to thy heapt store, th' vneuen proportion rose;
But in proportion of the fight the heaviest part did rise,

B 3

To

To my discharge; for which I finde much praise and little prise.
But he enuire this ods no more: 't is better to retire,
And to my country take my fleet, not feeding thy desire,
Both with the wracke of my renowne, and of my wealth beside,
Exhausted by the barbarous thirst of thy degenerat pride.

Affect, thou slight, replied the King, be gon and let not mee
Nor any good of mine be cause to slay thy fleet or thee;
There are enow besides, will I say and do my state renowne:
But chiefly prudent Iupiter. Of all his band doth crowne,
Thou still art bittrest to my rule; content: n and a sterne sight
To thee, are vnitie and peace; if thou exceed in might,
God gaue thee, and 't is absurde to glorie as our owne,
In that we haue not of our felues; but is from others growne.
Home with thy fleet and Myrmydons; there let thy rule be seen,
Hearth so much to feare thy rage, or glorie thy spleene,
That to thy face I threaten thee; and since th'offended Sunne
Takes Chryles from me, whom by right of all consents I win;
Let I with mine owne shippe and men must send her to her Syres;
My selfe will to thy tent repaire and take thy hearts desire;
Euen bright-checkt Brylis from thine armie; that th. n thy pride may sweare
Atides is thy better far, and all the rest may feare
To vaunt equalitie with mee; or take ambitious hart,
To stand with insolence comparde, in any aduerse part.
Then set Peleides soule on fire, and in his bristled brest,
His rationall and anerie parts, a dothfull strife distrest;
If he should draw his wreakfull sword, and forcing way through all,
End Agamemmons insolence in bloudie funerall;
Or else restrain his forward mind and calme his angers heat.
Whilst in his thus diuided selfe, these agitations beat,
And see his mightie sword vnbeathde, wife Pallas was in place,
Foreseent by great Saturnia, that makes the white embrace;
Who, of the two late enemies, had wondrous loue and care;
Shee stood behind AÆacides, and by the goulden hayre
Shee puid him to her; and to him she onely did appeare:
Who turning to her heauenly sight, was strooke with reuerent feare;
But by her dreadfull sparkling eyes her godhead straight he knew,
And sayd, Why comes Loues daughter here? the arrogancie to view
Of Atreus sonne? were fitter death his barbarous pride should bow
His author, I haue vowd to be, and will performe my vow:
She answered, 'T is not best for thee, and I am come 't appease

Thy

Thy violent furre, if thou wilt for my persuasions cease,
Sent by the luorie-fingerd Queene, that tenders both your lines,
Forbare then thy aduise-less sword, and rule that part that strines;
Reproving him with words more safe; and here I promise thee,
What shall be perfectly perform'd: Thou shalt presented bee
With gifts of three-fold excellence to thy rectined wrong,
And therefore serue our deities: and onely vse thy tongue.

'Tis fit (Peleides did reply) your godheads should be please;
Though at my soule I bee incens'd: who is for heauen please,
Heauen will appease his wrongs for him: this said, his ample hand
(Close in his silker hilt) forbore, and did the Dames Command;
So to the heauenly house shee slew of Egis bearing loue
To keepe her stata with other Queenes, that sway the thrones above.
Shee gone, Peleides did renew breach of his tempers peace;
And gaue the king despightfull looks, nor yet his wrath would cease.
Thou great in wine, with dogged looks, and hart but of a flart,
That neuer with the formost troups, in fight darst (bake thy dart,
Nor in darke ambush arme thy selfe: these seeme too full of death
For thy cold spirits; 't is more safe, with contumelious breath,
To show thy manhood gainst a man, that contradicts thy lust,
And with thy conetous valour, take his spoyle, with force vnus'd,
Because thou knowest a man of fame, will take wrong ere hee be
A generall mischief: nor shams't thou though all the armie see.
Then souldier-eating king, it is on beasts thou rule hast won;
Or els this wrong had beene the last, thou euer should'st haue done:
But I protest and sweare to thee, a great and sacred oath,
Euer by this Scepter (which with kings lawes and religion both
Was vout to institute, and held a symbole of the right,
By partles iustice ministred, and still bewrayes the might
Of princis carried in their hands, protecting all the lawes
Hee ail receiue from Iupiter) which giues iusticient cause,
To make thee thinke I meane 't obserue, what I so deeply sweare;
That as it neuer since it grew, did leaues or branches beare,
Cut from the hills, and can no more produce delightfull shade,
So since thy most inhumaine wrongs, haue such a slaughter made
Of my affections borne to thee, they neuer shall renew
Those sweet and comfortable flowers, with which of late they grew.
But when the vniuersall host shall faint with strong desire
Of wrongd Achilles; though thou pine, thou neuer shalt aspire
Helpe to their miseries from me, when underneath the hand

of

Of bloudie Hector, cold as death their bodies spread the sand;
And thou with inward griefe, shalt teare thy miserable minde
That to the most kinde worthy Greek thou wert so most unkinde.

This said, he threw against the ground his Scepter, all besprent
With such a kinde of goulden sūdades, as figur'd Regiment.

So fate the king and he invagdes, when vp old Nestor flood,
The sweet-voic'd Pylian Orator, whose tongue powrd forth a flood
Of speech that honnies taste exceld; two ages he had liu'd,
Of sundrie language men, all which were dead, yet he suruiu'd,
And now amongst the third he reign'd; hee thus bespake the peeres.

O Gods what mighty woes will wound all Princely Achiue eares?
And how will Priam and his sonnes with all the Iliion seed,
Euen at their hearts reioyse to heare these haynous discordes breed,
Twixt you, who in the skill of fight and counsels, so excell
All other Greekes: let my aduise this bitterness expell;
You are not both so old as I, who liu'd with men that were
Your betters far, yet euer held my exhortations deare;
I neuer saw, nor euer shall behold the like of them
Of whom my counsels were esteem'd; the godlike Poliphem,
Exadius and Perithous and Drias great in power,
And Theseus like a Personage bred in the Olympian towre,
And Cæneus a right worthie man; all which, the strongest were,
Of all the earth then nourished; and euerie way sans Pere;
And hand to hand with wildest beasts that euer mountaine bred,
Fought, and destroy'd them; and with these my Lycians forth I led,
Far from the land of Apia: themselves did call me forth,
And to my utmost strength I fought; and these were men whose worth
No men that now liue durst withstand: yet these would gladly heare
My counsels and obey them too: then do not both you beare
Greater conceits then greater men: but (as they did) obey.
Obedience better is then rule; where rule erres in his sway;
Let not the king officiously by force the damsell take,
But yeeld her whom the Greekes at first Pelides prise did make.
Nor let a kings heire gainst a king, with such contempt repine;
Since neuer scepter-state attaind an honour so diuine,
And rightfully by Ioues high gift: though better borne thou bee
Because a goddesse brought thee forth, yet better man is he
Since his command exceeds so much; then let the king subdue
His spirits greatnesse, and my selfe, to Thetis sonne will sue,
That he depose his furies heat: who is the mightiest barre

Betwixt

Betwixt the Grecians: safe estate, and spoyle of impious warre.

With good decorum (reuerend Syre) Atreides did replye,
Thou giu'st vs counsell; but this man, about vs all will lye,
All in his power he will conclude, and ouer all men raigne,
Commanding all, all which, I thinke, his thoughts attempt in vaine.
What if the euer being-flate to him such strength affordes,
Is it to rende vp mens renownes with contumelious words?

Achilles interrupted him, Thou might'st esteeme me base,
And cowardly to let thee vse thy will in my disgrace:
To beare such burthens neuer were, my strength and spirits combine,
But to reforme their insolence: and that thy soule should finde,
Were it not hurt of common good more then thy worst despight;
But I (not soothing Nestors sute) for rights sake, euerie right,
Which thou dost seruilely commend, but violate it quites;
And thus euen in thy intrayles print I le not profane my hand,
With battell in my lusts defence; A gyrl cannot command
My honour and my force like thine, who yet can maist our hoar;
Shauld he to the world, that lines shane to his lusts engross;
But feed it, come and take the dame, safe go thy violent secte;
But what soeuer else thou findst, aborde my sable sleete,
Dare not to touch without my leau: for feele my life mischance,
If then thy blacke and lust-burnt bloud, flow not vpon my Lance.

Contending thus in words, Opposde they rose; the counsaile brake;
Pelides to his tents and ships, his frind and men did take;
Atreides lancht the full sayld shippe into the brackish seas;
And put therein the Hecatombe that should the God appease;
Twife ten selected reuers then; then Chrysis sooth he brings,
Made her ascend the sacred shippe: with her the grace of kings
(Wife Ithacus) ascended too: All shipt, together then
Neptunes moist wildernes they plow; the king charg'd all his men
Should hallow'd Lustrations vse: which done, into the floud
They threw the Ofall, and the Barke purged from polluted blood:
Thus, sweet and due solemnities they to Apollo keepe,
Of Bulls and Goates, nere to the shore of the vnfruitfull deep.
The sauer wrapt in cloudes of smoake, ascended to the skies,
And thus they sanctifi'd the Campe with generall sacrifice:

Yet Agamen nons forward thoughts, did not from discord cease:
But cald to him, Talchibius, and graue Euribates,
Heralds, and carefull ministers, of all his high commandes:
And this iniurious Ambassie committed to their hands;

C

Goe

Go to Achilles tent, and take the bright check Bryllys thence ;
 If he denie, tell him, my selfe with more extreme offence,
 Will come and force her from his armes, with unreisted handes ;
 The heralds all unwilling went along the barren sands :
 The tents and fleet of Myrmidons they reacht and found the king,
 At his blacke shippe and tent ; Their sight could be no welcome thing,
 To his fierne eyes ; His lookes amazed and made them reuerent stand,
 Not daring to salute his mood ; nor what they sought, demaue ;
 Hee seeing them loath, th' iniurious cause of his offence to be ;
 Welcome, ye Heraldes, messengers of Gods and men (said hee)
 Come neare : I blame not you, but him that gainst your wils doth send,
 To haue the lovely Bryllys brought ; Patroclus, princely friend
 Brings forth the dame, and tender her, pleas'd be their Soueraigne then ;
 But here before the blessed gods before the eyes of men,
 Before your ignominious king, bee faithfull witnesses,
 Of what I feele : If euer worke in future bitterness,
 Of any plague to be remoon'd from your unhapp ; hoist,
 Be needfull of my friendly hand wrong, hath your refuge lost.
 Your king not present harmes conceives, much lesse succeeding woes,
 But led by enuious counsell, raues and knowes not what he does :
 Not how to winne his name renouez, being careful to foretell
 How with least death his men might fight and haue them bulwark well.

This said, Patroclus well allow'd the patience of his friends ;
 Brought Bryllys forth, and to her guides her comforts did commend
 With most kindnesse ; which his friend could not for anguish use ;
 Shee next, and lookt vpon her Loue, he sight and did refuse ;
 O how his wisdom with his power, did mightily contend,
 His loue encouraging his power, and spirit that durst descend
 As far as Hercules for her : yet wisdom all subdu'de,
 Wherein a high exploit he shew'd, and sacred fortitude.

Bryllys without her soule did moue, and went to th' Achiuie tents ;
 Achilles seuer'd from his friends, melts anger in laments,
 Vpon the shore of th' aged deepe, viewing the purple seas
 And lifting his braue hands to heauen hee did with utterance ease
 His manly boome, and his wrongs to Thetis thus relate ;

O mother, since you brought me forth to breath so short a date,
 Th' Olympian thunderer might commix some boone with my short breath ;
 That what my minds power, wanting time, contract's in timeles death,
 Short life wel grac't might amplifie : which Iupiter denies,
 As if his gifts (being giuen in vaine) men iustly might dispise ;

Admit-

Admitting Atreus sonne to vauit, th' inforcement of my prise.
 His mother (seated in the deepes of Neptunes softned skyes
 With old Oceanus) forsakes the gray seas like a clowde,
 And presently before him sate, whom ruthfull forrowes bowde :
 She mou'd him with her tender hand, and said, Why mournes my sonne ?
 What bold woes dare inuade thy breast ? conceale not what is donne :
 But tell, that we may both partake one mournfull iniurie.

He sighing said, Why should I tell ? thou know'st as well as I.
 We went and ransackt sacred Thebes, Aetions wealthie towne,
 Brought thence the spoyle, and parted it, each man posselt his owne :
 Th' Atrides, beauntious Chryllys chusde, whose libertie was sought,
 By her graue Father, Phoebus Priest, that to the Danie brought
 A pretious ransome, euen the Crowne and Scepter of his God ;
 Which Atreus impious sonne despis'd, and threatned his abode,
 Dismissing him with all disgrace, for which, his vengefull prayer
 Attaind of Phoebus such a plague, as poisoned all the Ayer :
 In which his lusts flew through our Campe ; and many souldiers died.
 We had an Augure, that our cause of mischief prophesied :
 I urgde th' appeasure of the Gods ; which vext Atrides so,
 He threatned his amend, on me, which with disgracefull woe
 He hath perform'd ; his heralds now fetcht Bryllys from my tent,
 Whose beautie was my valours prise, by euerie Greekes consent.
 If then thou canst assist thy sonne, ascend Olympus top,
 Pray loue (if euer his estate thy godhead helpt to prop,
 By minivrie of words, or werkes) he will assistance grant,
 Since often in my fathers Court, mine eares haue heard thee vant
 (As women loue to tell their worth) thou didst auert alone,
 Of all th' immortals, cruell skathe, from that clowde-makers throne.
 When Iuno, Neptune, and the dame, hee shooke out of his braine,
 Offer'd to binde him : thy repaire their furies did restraine,
 And brought the hundred-banded power to high Olympus Hall,
 Whom Gods aoe Briarvus name, but men Eggeon call :
 Whose strength redoubled his strong Syres, he fraid the immortal states,
 And draue them from the impious chaires, should execute their hates :
 For which in Ioues owne throne he ioyd : let this remembred bee,
 Sit euer praying at his foote, neuer forsake his knee,
 Till (if by any means he meane to helpe Troy) now he daie
 To fight for Iliou, and expell the Greekes to Seas againe :
 Or slaughter'd at their Fleete, their lines may wreake their kings offence,
 And he in his acknowledg'd harmes confesse my Eminence.

C 2

Thetis

Thetis powrd out reple in teares: *Ay me, my Sonne* (sayd shee)
Why bearing thee to such hard fate, did my breasts nourish thee?
O would thou wouldst containe thy self, at Fleete, from wrongs and tears,
Since fates allow thee little life, and that too swiftly weares:
Soone must thou die, and yet the date is hastned with such woes
As none indures; and therefore sad and hayles were my throes,
That brought thee forth; but Iupiter, that doth in thunder toy,
I will importune as thou wilt, and all my powers employ,
(Skaling Olympus (snowie browes) to order, if I may,
An honorable wreake for thee; meane time unmoued stay,
Hid in thy tent, and scorne the Greekes; thought of their ayde abstaine:
Ioue by Oceanus yester day, with all th'immortall traine
Went to the holy AEthiops feast, which thrise fower dayes will end:
Then will he turne to heauen againe, and then will I ascend
His Pyramis, whose base is brasse, where round about his knee
I will sollicite thy reuenge, and hope to bring it thee.

Thus left shee her deare sonne, with w:ath, for his lost Loue still sed,
 Whom wilfull force, against his will, tooke from his mournfull bed.

Vlysses with the Hecatombē arriu'd on Chrylas (shore:
 And when into the hauens deepe mouth they came to rise the Ore;
 They strait strooke saile, they row'd them up, and them on th' hatches threw:
 The topmaste (by the kelsine laid) with Cables downe they drew:
 The ship then into harbour brought, with Ores; they Anker cast,
 And gainst the violent sway of stormes, make her for drifting fast.

All come a shore, they all expose the sacred Hecatombē
 To Angrie Phœbus: and withall, faire Chryliss forth doth come;
 Whom wise Vlysses to her Syre, that did at th' Altar stand,
 For honor ledde, and with these words resignde her to his hand;

Chryle, the mightie King of men, great Agamemnon, sends
 Thy loued daughter safe to thee, and to thy god commends
 This holy Hecatombē, to cease the plague he doth extend
 Amongst the sighe-expiring Greeks, and make his power their friend.

Thus he resignde her to her Syre, who tooke her full of ioy:
 The honor'd offering to the God, they orderly employ
 About the Altar, wash their hands, and take their salted cakes;
 When Chryle with erect hands this prayer to Phœbus makes;

O thou that bearest the silver bow, that Chrysa dost dispose
 Celestiall Cylla, and with power commandst in Tenedos;
 O heare thy Priest: and as thine eares gaue honour to my prayers
 In shooting sicknes amongst the Greekes, now harden their assayes

With

With health renewed, and quite exhale th' infection from their breasts.

He prayd, and gracious Phœbus heard both his allow'd requests:
 All (after prayer) cast on salt heapes, draw backe, kill, flea the beemes;
 Cut off their thighes, dubd with the fatte, dr:st fayre in doubled leanes;
 And prickte the sweete breads thereupon, in clefts perfum'd woode;
 The graue old Priest did sacrifice, and red wine (as they stood)
 He gaue to euerie one to taste; the young men held to him
 Fine foulded Grydyrons on the whib he laid each choyssest lim:
 Which broyld, and with the inwards eate; the rest (in gygots slutt)
 They fix on spits, till rost'd well, they draw and fall to it.
 The Mariners (their labors past) haue foode for them preparde,
 Which eaten, not a man was left, but competently farde.
 Their hunger and their thirst thus quenchd; the youths crown cups with wine,
 Begin and distribute to all: that day was held diu ne
 Consumde in Pœans to the Si: nne; who heard with pleas'd eare:
 And when his Chariot tooke the sea, and twyght hid the cleare,
 All soundly on their cables slept, euen till the night was worne:
 And when the Ladie of the light, the roie-finger'd morne
 Rose from the hiis; they freshly rose, and to the campe retryste;
 Apollo with a prosperous wind their swelling Barke inspyrde.
 The top maste hoy'd; milke white sayles vpon the same they put:
 The misens then were fild with wind; the ship her course did cut
 So swiftly, that the parted waues about her sides did rore:
 Which comming to the campe they drew, vpon the sandie shore:
 Where (laide on stocks) each soldier kept his quarter as before.

But Peleus sonne at his blacke fleet, sat girt in Angers flame,
 Nor to Consults (that make men wise) nor forth to battaile came,
 But did consume his mightie heart in desolate desires
 Of mortall shriekes, and massacres, made in the Greekes retires:
 And now the day-starre had appeard twelve times in furthest East,
 When all the Gods returnd to heauen from th' AEthiopian feast,
 And Iupiter before them all; then Thetis cald to mind
 Her mournfull issue, and aboue the seas greene billowes shinde:
 The great Heauen early shee ascends, and doth the King behold,
 Set from the rest, in heauens bright toppe, adorn'd with pearle and gould;
 By him shee falls; her left hand holds his knee, her right his chinne,
 And thus her sonnes desire of loue, by prayer shee seekes to winne;
 Celestiall loue, if euer I, amongst th'immortals, stood
 Thy trustie aide in word or act; doe my desires this good:
 Honour my sonne aboue the rest; since past the rest, his life

C 3

Elosh

*hath so short date; yet Aeneas sonne, in a disgracefull strife,
His labors recompence hath forst: but thou (most prudent Ioue)
That with iust will rewards desires; with glorie grace the Ioue
Of my sad sonne; so shew his strength, with adding strength to Troy,
Now he is absent; that the Greekes may let him clearely Ioy
Gaine of his honour, in their losse; and so augment his fame,
By that disgrace, they let him beare to their eternall shame.*

*Ioue answer'd not a word to this, but silent sate so long,
Till she still hanging on his knee, insisting on her wrong,
Intreated promise at his hands by his resistles becke,
Or flat rebuke; I know (sayd shee) the seruile feare of checke,
Is farre from him, may checke all powers; then if thy power denie,
I well may see my selfe left graue of enerie deitie.*

*Ioue thunder'd out a sigh and sayd; Thou vncle workes of death,
And strife betwixt my Queene and me, wth opprobrious breath,
Still stirs the tempest of my wrath, though vainly she contend,
And chargeth my respectfull hand to be the Trojans friend.
But couertly do thou descend, leet her eye case on thee;
Care of thy will I will assume, which shall effected be:
Whereof to make thee sure, my head shall to my bosome bow,
Which is with gods the strongest rate of any fact I vow,
Not by my seife to be renokte, nor spie't with any guile,
Nor can it euer to my brest, without effect recuile.
Now bowde the sable browes: frowne; the thicke Ambrosian hayre
Flow'd on his most immortal head; heauen shooke beneath his chaire.*

*Their conference dissolud, she slid to th' Ocean from the skies;
Ioue to his house; when all the Gods did from their thrones arise,
To meete their Syrenone durst presume to saue that reuerence done,
Till he came neere; all met nith him, attending to his throne;
Nor Iuno ignorantly sate; but, when her ielous view
Saw Thetis with the siluer feet; she confidently knew,
She brought some plots to heauen with her, and thus began to chide;*

*What goddesse counsailes yet againe (deceitfull) dost thou hide?
Still thou tak'st ioy to be from me; and siff'st, in corners still,
Secrets that I must neuer know; nor euer with thy will,
Thou canst endure a word to me of all thy actions scope.*

*The sire of men and gods replide: Saturnia do not hope,
That all my counsels thou shalt know; they are too deepe for thee
Although my wife: but for thy eare, what decent I shall see,
Not any God nor man shall know, before thy selfe partake;*

Yet

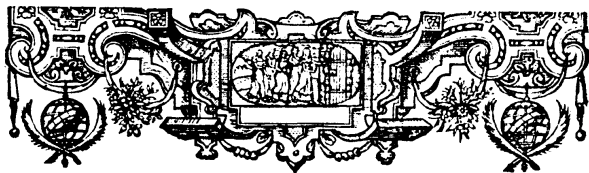
*I et, what I list to vnderstand, and no God partner make,
Enquire not their particulars, nor urge them at my hand;
Then Iuno with the Oxfaire-eyes, on what nice termes you stand?
As if I did so much affect, or vge to know thy mind,
(Froward Saturnides) till now: but wondrous close you bind
Your loofe inducours, and my heart sustaines exceeding feare,
The i^g:d sea gods daughter breathle seducements in thine eare;
Shee kneela so carelie at thy feet, and took thee by the knee:
For wh^m, thy chin: e against thy breast (my minde suggesteth mee)
Thou erst didst knocke, and promise her some honor for her sonne;
Though (for his mood) the Greekes in heapes do on their ruines run.
Wretch (answerde Ioue) still thy suspect into my bosome dune:
Yet canst thou hinder me in nought: but thou dost euer strine,
To bee vngratious in my thoughts; which humor (if I please)
I can make horrible to thee: obye me then and cease,
Least all the Gods Olympus boundes, suffice not for thy ayde,
If my inaccessible hands, vpon thy limbs be laid.*

*The reuerend faire-eyde Iuno sate with this high threat afraide;
Nor any word shee answer'd him, her heart had such a fall:
The rest of gods with murmur filld the high Saturnian hall:
The famous fierie Artisan, the white arm'd goddesse Sonne,
(Lame Vulcan) stood betwixt them both, and with kinde wordes beghn
To ease his loued mothers hart: he saide, This strife will breede
Intollerable plaguy acts, if you of heauenly seede,
For paltrie mortals thus contend amongst the Gods yee make
A tumult here, and all the mirth from our sweet banquet take,
Because th^r worse the better hath: but mother I aduise,
(Although I neede not counsell you, because I know you nise)
Giue good respect to my good Syre lest once againe hee chide,
And make our banquet bitterer yet: for he is magnified,
With power to throw vs from our thrones; th' Olympian lightner is:
With gentle words then supple him, it will not be amisse
To make benevolent and calme that thundering hart of his.
With this (the double eared bowle, put in his mothers hand)
Vpon his admonition still, the crookt legd God did stand:
Beare mother and forbear (said he) though it be paine to you:
Lest I that hold you deare, he should stripes make your stomacke bow,
And cannot helpe you if I would, although it cost me teares:
It is not easie to repugne the king of all our spheres:
How seru'a he me, though (seeking helpe) I wish it otherwise?*

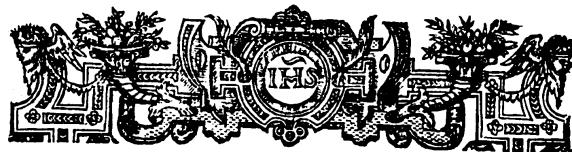
Hec

*Hee tooke me by the helpless foote, and threw me from the skies;
 The whole day long, I heellong fell, euen till the Sunne and I
 Did set together; he at ease, in extremitie;
 He on the sea, and I on land: in Lemnos I did fall;
 And there the Sintii tooke me vp, halfe dead with my appall:
 The luorie fingerd Deitie was pleas'd to heare her sonne:
 And smiling tooke the Cup from him: which he (when she had done)
 Resum'd and left not with her pledge, but still the Cup did plye,
 And from his right hand drunke about to euerie Deitie;
 Which nextinght laughter shird in euerie blessed breast;
 To see him halt about the house, and fill to all the feast.
 So all that day they banquetted till sun-set: and the night,
 And wanted nought that with content might crowne the appetite;
 There did the God of muscke touch his harp: quickning strings;
 To which, ech sacred Muse consorts, and most diuinely sings.
 But when the comfortable Sunne left to enlighten aire,
 To fencer all houses all the Gods, with sleepeie browes repaire,
 The famous both foot-halter wrought their roomes with wondrous art:
 With them, the beauenly wild-fire-god did to his rest depart:
 Where Somnus vsde to close his eyes, and to his side ascends,
 Iane luno with the golden throne: and there their quarrels ends.*

The end of the first booke of Homers Iliades.



THE



THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



*One calls a vision vp from Somnus den,
 To will Atreides muster vp his men:
 The king to Greekes dissembling his desire
 Perswades them to their Countrie to retire.
 By Pallas will, Plisies slayes their flight:
 And prudent Nestor hartens them to fight.
 They take repast: which done, to armes they goe,
 And march in good aray, against the foe.
 So those of Troy, when Iris from the skie,
 Of friendly Ioue performs the Ambalic.*

Another Argument.

*Beta, the dreame and Synod cites,
 And Catalogues the Nauale knights.*

*The other Gods, and Knights at armes, slept all the humorous night,
 But Ioue lay waking, and his thoughts discourt bow best he might
 Gine honour to great Thetis Sonne, with slaughtering at their tents,
 Whole troupes of Greekes: this counsell then seemd best for these euent,
 He instantly would send a dreame to Atreides eldest sonne:
 That with darke vomes might draw his powers to their confusion:
 And (calling him) he wingd these words; Flye to the Grecian fleet,
 (Pernicious vision) and the king at our high summons greet;
 Uttering the truth of all I charge: gine him command to arme
 His vniuersall fayre-haired host, this is the last Alarme*

D

Hee

He shall enthrunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers:
For now no more remain: disioinde, the heauenly housed powers;
Saturnia with successeiue prayers hath drawne in one right line
Their generall forces: instant illes, shall lliions pompe decline.

This heard; the dreame with utmost hast, the Greekes swift fleet attaind,
Where entering Agamemmons tent, he found him fast enchain'd
In sleepe, diuine; aloft his head, he tooke impressiue place
Informde like Nestor, whom the King, past all old men did grace:
And thus he spoke; Sleeper Atreus sonne, whose braue horse-taming Syre
Was so exceeding politike: a man that guards the fire
Of state and counsell, must not drowne, the compleat night in sleepe:
Since such a multitude of liues, are tendred him to keepe,
And cares in such abundance swarme about his laboring minde;
Then wake, and giue me instant care, sent from the most diuinde:
Who (though farre hence) is neere in care; he giues thee charge to arme
Thy vniuersall faire-hayrd host; this is the last alarme
Thou shalt enthrunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers;
For now no more remaine disioinde, the heauenly-housed powers,
Saturnia with successeiue prayers hath drawne in one right line
Their generall forces; instant illes, shall lliions pompe decline.
This loue assures, which well obserue, nor let obliuion sease
Thy loose affections, carelesly, dissolude in sleepe and ease.
Thus left he him, who in his minde, with deep contention toft
These wist euent, farre short of dates yet he supposde his host
Should race in that next day the towne, so indiscreet he was:
Not knowing what repugnant works, did Loues designements passe,
Who platted miseries and sighes, to smoke from eithers side,
In skathfull battail; long before, Troys utmost fate was tryde.

He rose from heauen-infused sleep, the dreames celestiaall sounds
Still rung about his pleased cares, sweetned with cause of wounds.
He deckt him with his silken weed, right beautifull and new,
On which he cast his ample robe; then on his feet he drew
Faure shooes, and on his shoulders girt his siluer-flooded sword:
The neuer-taynted scepter then, his birthright did afforde,
He took, and went amongst the flecte: Aurora now arose,
Clymbd steep Olympus, and sweet light, did to all gods disclose,
When he the voicefull heralds charge in counsell to conuents
The curled Greekes: they summand all; and all with one consent
Together came: the court in chiefe, the Generall did decree,
At Nestors ship, the Pylian king, should all of Princes be,

And

And men of counsell; all which met, Atreides thus did frame
The consultation; Princely friends, a sacred vision came
In this Nights depth and in my sleepe, like Nestor greeting me,
For stature, habite, forme of face, and head as white as hee:
Hee stood aboue my head, and sayd: Sleep'st thou wise Atreus sonne?
A Counsaillors state-charged thoughts through broken sleepes should runne,
To whom so many cares and liues, are in protection giuen;
Then giue me audience instantly, th' Ambassadour of heauen;
Whose Soueraigne though so farre remou'd, vowes his exceeding care,
And easefull pittie of thy toyles: hee biddest thee straight prepare
Thy faire-hayrd compleat host for fight: for now thy royall hand
Shall take Troys ample-streeted towne: no more at difference stand
The great Immortals; Lunos sute hath cleare inclinde them all
To smoothe her lliions fatall pride, in asbie funerall.

This, loue affirms; which let thy thoughts be sure to memorise.
Then tooke he wings, and golden sleepe flew with him from mine eyes:
Resolue then, let vs prone to arme our powers, to this designe:
Whom (to make eager of exployt) I will, in shew encline,
To sayle, and flight; as farre as may, with their incitements stand,
Which will be much the fiercer made, if you shall countermand
With words of honorable stay, assuring them the prise
By their firme valures; souldiers spirits are fird by contraries.

This said, he vsde his royall throne, and vp did Nestor rise,
Graue king of Pylos sandie soyle, who thus gane his aduise;
Ye friends, commanders of the Greekes, ye princes of estate;
If, saue our Generall, any Greeke, his vision should relate,
We might esteeme it fabulous, or rather flat reiect
The strange narration; but because his Soueraigne intellect
(With which and with the like high soules, loue and the Powers diuine
Haue propprest mixture) had the grace to haue this glorie shine
In his immortal faculties; serue wee their highe compact,
Admitting utmost power to giue this excitation act:
To this assayre he first went forth: the other scepter-states
Rose and obeyde the Generall: and helpt t' effect the fates
Loue platted by the banefull dreame, endeavouring to atone,
Their compleat host, to their attempt in publike Session:
To which the troopes together ran; As when of frequent Bees,
Swarms breake out of a hollow Rocke; in endless Companies,
Some gone, some other fresh arise, and all in clusters flie
On sweet spring flowers; some here, some there, their swarms incessantly,

D 2

Spreading

Spreading the Meddowes; so these men troupe from their ships and tents
 Upon the vnmeasurable shore. Fame gathered their consents;
 Fame (Ioues Ambassadresse) to goe; who binde amongst them cleare;
 And they about her flockt; disturbd the mightie Counsaile were
 With their rude uprores; earth did grone beneath the weight of those
 That onely sat; the rest were still in tumult; till there rose
 Nine Heralds; that cryed out for peace, and urg'd fit audience
 To those their loue-sustained kings; and then the insolence
 Of their disordred clamor ceas'd: Then each man kept his place,
 And (out of all that sat) stood up the man of heauenly grace,
 Great Agamemnon; in his hand, he did the Scepter beare
 That Vulcan curiously made, and gaue to Iupiter:
 Ioue gaue it to his messenger, that slew Saturnias spie;
 And he to Pelops rendred it, renoumd for chenalrie;
 Pelops, to great king Atreus; And that king at his death
 Gaue it Thyestes, rich in heards: Thyestes did bequeath
 The high successiue use thereof, to Agamemnons hands,
 To rule great Argos, and the powers of many sea-siege lands:
 He leaning on this scepter, said: Princes of Greece and friends,
 The household and the guard of Mars; Aulstere Saturnius ends
 Our actions in extreame disgrace, who promise my desire,
 And bound it with his moued brow, to honor our retire,
 With wel-wald Troyes enersion; but now th' enent approoues
 His plaine deceite, since gloryles, he vrgeth our remooues,
 Commanding our retreat to Greece, with los of so much blood
 Of our deare countrimen and friends; who must not be withstood,
 That hath in desolation drown'd the free commerciall shapies
 Of many citties; and of more, will make subuerted heapes:
 His power is so surpassing great: but it will loath the eare
 Of all posteritie, that we, who such a number were,
 And so renoumd, with men so few, should wage successles warre,
 Of whose drift yet no end appears; that we exceed them farre,
 (If we should strike firme truce, and trie by numbring either side)
 Take all the townes inhabitants, and into tennes diuide
 Our Achine power, and let each ten, at banquet chuse them one
 Of Troy, to minister them wine, and Troy should harbour none
 To fill the cuppe to many tennes, so much I say transcends
 Our powers th' inhabitants of Troy; but their assisstant friendes
 From many citties drawne, are they, that stay this cittes spoyle
 In sight of our affected wreake; nine yeares haue past our toyle:

And

And now the substance of our ships corrupt, our tacklings sayle:
 Our wines and seed, sit in their doores expecting our resayle,
 When that we fought, is yet vnfound: but come, hoyst sayle and home:
 For neuer shall Troyes spacious towne by vs be ouercome.

Th' his mou'd to flight in euerie mind, th' inglorious multitude,
 Who heard not what in priuate court, the counsell did conclude.
 Th' assembly grew most turbulent, as billowes rude and vast;
 Row'de in the rough Icarian seas, when East and Southerne blast
 Breake fiercely from the cloudes of Ioue; or as when Zephyr flies
 Vpon a wealthy field of Corne, makes all his forces rise,
 And all the field bowes her faire heads, beneath his violence:
 So did the common souldiers yeeld, & Attildes forst pretence:
 All to the shippes with showing ran, earth smok'd beneath their feete,
 And mutually they made exhort, to haile the crafed Fleete
 Straite backe to sea; clens'd what was fowle, and drew the stockes away,
 Offering to lanch; the other Peeres, could not be heard for slay:
 A noyse confus'd alongst the shore, did smite the golden stars,
 From souldiers throats, whose harts did long to leaue such irksome warres.
 Then glorileffe the Greekes had fled, past all presage of fate,
 Had not Saurnia thus aduis'd, Ioues Targe-supporting state:
 Out on this shame, O Ioues fayre seede, thou conquering deitie,
 Shall thus vpon the seas brode backe, th' infamous Argiues flie?
 Admitting Priam and his Peeres, a glorie so despidde,
 As Helens rapture in despight, and haue so dearely prisdde,
 Their long-sworne honor of reuenge, with Greekes so manie slaine,
 Far from their countrey? but descend, to Argos brasse-arm'd traine,
 And with perswasive gentle speech, will euerie man to stay,
 Not suffring any go aboarde, nor hayle their ships away,
 Which now are euerie where preparede, to flie out of the bay.

So sayd shee, nor the gray-eyde maide, stood aduerse to her will,
 But left the vndiscern'd browes of Ioues-Olympian hill,
 And quickly reacht the Grecian fleet, thus headlong to the seas,
 Th' aduicefull king of Ithaca, like Ioue in counsailes found,
 Who yet had not so much as toucht his black wel-transfom'de barke,
 Bat (vexed in his hart and soule) the armies shame did marke.

To him, said Pallas (comming neare) great Laertides,
 Most wise Vlisses, make ye flight, thus headlong to the seas,
 In your well-furnisht men of warre, and long so much for home?
 What honor to the King of Troy; and his comforts willcome,
 In leauing Argiue-Helen here, the price of so much blood,

D 3

Snckt

*Suckt from the wofull breasts of Greece, robd of her dearest brood?
But run, and interpose no stay, through euerie Grecian bands
And with thy sweet perswasive tongue, let none depart the land,
Nor draw the oare-enforced flecte, from off the Trojan strand.*

*So Pallas charg'd, whose heavenly voyce, the wise Vlisses knew:
Then forth he ran, and for more speede, his cloake on earth he threw,
At which diligent Eury bates (a tierald of renowne,
Who came from Ithaca with him, to siege of Priams towne)
Tooke up: Vlisses met the Kings from whom he was so bold,
To take the scepter neuer staine'd, held in his line of old,
With which he went amongst the troups, to stay them from the flecte:
And with what prince, or gentleman, his royall steps did meete,
In these faire tearmes he would aduise he should the flight forbear:*

*Vnhappie man it fits not you, to flye, as driuen with feare,
But rather stay, and with bold words, make others so inclinde:
For you as yet not rightly know king Agamemnons minde.
He makes but triall of such spirits as he may most renowne,
And will severely punish such, as lie th' unconquered towne.
All we in counsell heard not all, compris'd in his command,
Nor durst wee please too neare, for feare of his offended hand;
The anger of a king is death; his honour springs from loue;
His person is in sight of hate, protect'd in his loue.
But if the common souldier his obseruation tooke
With base exclames for this fled flight: him with his mace hee strooke,
And vs'd these speeches of reproofe; Wretch, keepe thy place, and heare
Those kings, besides thy Generall, that rule aboue thee beare.
Thou art unfit to rule, and base without a name in war,
Exempt from counsaile: nor must Greekes, be so irregular,
To liue as euerie man may take the scepter from his king:
The rule of many is absurd; degrees in euerie thing
Must be obseru'd; one Lord, one king, whom prudent Saturnes sonne
Hath giuen a scepter and sound lawes for their dominion.*

*Thus (ruling) gouern'd hee the host: againe to counsaile then
From ships and tents in tumults swarmed, these thus reformed men;
With such a blustering, as against the Ponticke shore reboundes,
A storme driuen-billow, with whose rage, the sea it selfe resounds.
All sate, and silent vs'd their feates, Theristes sole except;
A man of tongue, whose rau'n-like voice, a tuneless iarring kept;
Who in his ranke minde copie had of vnguarded wordes,
That rashly and beyond all rule, vs'd to oppugne the Lords;*

But

*But, what soeuer came from him, was laught at mightily:
The filthiest Greeke that came to Troy: hee had a goggle eye,
Starke-lame he was of either foot: his shoulders were contract,
Into his brest, and crookt withall: his head was sharpe compact,
And here and there it had a hayre: The great AEacides,
And wise Vlisses neuer could his bitter humors please;
For still he chid them bitterly: and then against the state
Of Agamemnon he would rayle: the Greekes in vehement hate,
And high disdain conceived him; yet he with violent throat,
Would needes vpbraide the General: and thus himselfe forgot.*

*Atides, why complainst thou now? what dost thou couet more?
Thy thriftie tents are full of coine, and thou hast women store,
Faire & wel sauour'd; which we Greekes, at euerie towne we take,
Resigne to thee: thinkest thou, thou want'st some treasure thou might'st make
To be deduc't thee out of Troy, by one that comes to seeke,
His sonne for rancome: whom my selfe, or any other Greeke,
Should bring thee captiue? or a wench, fill'd with her sweets of youth,
Which thou may'st loue and priuate keepe, for thy insatiate tooth?
But it becomes not kings to tempt, by wicked president,
Their subiects to dishonestie; O mindes most impotent!
Not Achilles but Achian gyrls, come fall aborde and home,
Let him digest his prey alone, alone Troy overcome;
To make him know, that our free cares, his proud chardge will not heare
In any thing: or not disdain his longer yoke to beare,
Who hath with contumely wrong'd, a better man then hee,
Achilles, from whose armes in sight, that all the world might see,
He tooke a prize won with his sword; but now it plaine appeares,
Achilles hath no spleene in him, but most remissly beares
A small stomacke: else be sure, the robbie of his meede,
(O Agamemnon) would haue prou'd thy last iniurious deede.
Thus did Theristes chide the king, to whom all Greece did bowe,
When wise Vlisses strait flood'd up, and (with contract'd browe,
Beholding him) vs'd this rebuke: Presumptuous Prater cease,
Though thou canst rayle so cunningly: nor dare to tempt the peace
Of sacred kings, for well thou knowest, I know well what thou art,
A baser wretch came not to Troy, to take the Grecians part.
Prophane not kings then with thy lips, enquiring our retreat,
Whereof our selues are ignorant: nor are our states so great,
That we dare urge vpon the King, what he will onely know:
Sit then and cease thy barbarous taunts of him whom all wee owe*

A due obseruance, though from thee, these dogged poysons flow.
For here I vow, and will performe, if I shall derrehend
Such phrensie in thy pride againe, as now now doth all offend;
Then let Vlisses lose his head, and cease inglorious,
Tobe the natue father cald of young Telemachus;
If from thee to thy nakednes, thy garments be not stript,
And from the Counsaile to the fleece, thou be not soundly whipt.

This said, his backe and shoulder blades, he layd his scepter on:
Who then strunke round, and downe his cheeks, the seruile teares did run;
The golden scepter in his flesh, a bloudie print did rise,
With which he trembling tooke his seat, and (looking twentie wayes)
Il fauoredly he wip't the teares, from his selfe-pittyng eyes;
And then (though all the host were sad) they laught to heare his cries,
When thus flew speeces intermixt; O Gods, what endles good,
Vlisses still bestowes on vs? that to the field of bloud,
Instructs vs: and in counsaile doth, for chiefe director serue;
Yet neuer action past his hands, that did more prayse deferue,
Then to disgrace this rayling foole, in all the armies sight;
Whose rudenes; henceforth will take heed, how he doth princes bite.

This all the multitude affirms; when now againe did rise
The racer of repugnant townes, Vlisses bolde and wise,
With scepter of the Generall, and prudent Pallas by,
That did a Heraldes forme assume, and for still silence crye,
That through the host the souldiery might vnderstand th'intent,
The counsaile vryde; and thus their sight, his wisdom did preuent:

Atrides if in these faint drifts, the Greekes haue licence giuen,
Thou wilt be most opprobrious of all men vnder heauen,
Since they infringe their vowes to thee, at our designs for Troy,
From horse-race Argos, to persist, till Iliou they destroy:
But like young babes amongst themselves, or widowes, they lament,
And would goe home, and I confesse, a tedious discontent
May stirre some humor to returne: for if a man remaine
But twise two seuen nights from his wife, at sea; he will complaine
Within his many-seated ship, driuen through with winters colde,
And bette with Billowes of the seas: But thrise three beacons haue round
About the circle of the yeare, since this our anchor'd stay:
I cannot then reprove such Greekes, as greene at this delays
Yet were it shame to stay so long, and emptie handed sie.
Sustaine a little then my friends, that we the truth may trie
Of reuerend Chalchas prophesie: for we remember well,
And you in hart are witnesses, whom grations fates from hel

The

The third day past, and yester day, haue held in soveraign garde:
That when in Aulis lingring gulfe, we Grecian ships preparde,
To ruine Priam and his friends, on holy Altars made,
About a fountaine, and within a goodly Platane shade,
We perfect Hecatombs did burne to all the powers diuine;
Where strait appearde to all our eyes, a most prodigious signe,
A Dragon with a bloody backe, most horrible to sight,
Which great Olympius himsele, did send into the light:
This (tumbling from the Altars foot) did to the Platane creepe:
Where (nestling in an utter Bow, and vnder shade) did sleepe
The russet sparrows little young, which eight in number were,
The damme the ninth, that brought them forth; with which, the beast did
His rutles; iue, and crahit their bones, the mother round about, (mere
Flew mourning her beloued birth, whom by her wing stretcht out
The dragon caught and (crying) eate, as he her young had done.
This openly Olympius wrought, and turnd into a stone
The purple serpent: which effect, we (standing by) admird,
That such a terrible portent, should answer offerings fird.
A little after Chalchas sayd, Why stand ye wonder-driuen
Ye men of Greece? This miracle Almighty loue hath giuen
Thus late, to shew the late euent, whose fame shall neuer dy:
For as these eight young birds he eate, and she that mourned by,
Did make the ninth; so we nine yeares, should here firme battaile wage,
And in the tenth yeare take the towne; thus Chalchas did presage:
All which is almost now fulfild: then stay renowned Greekes,
Till euerie man possesse the spoyle, he honorably seekes.

Vlisses hauing spoken thus, his words so liked were,
That of his prayse, the Ships, the tents, the flore did witnes beare:
Resounding with the peoples noice, who gaue his speech the prise:
Th'aplawse once ceast, from seate, to sprake, ola Nestor doth arise.
For Greekes, what infamie is this? ye play at childrens games
Your warlike actions thus farre brought, now to neglect their fame;
O whither from our lips prophane, shall othes, and compacts fly?
The counsailes and the cares of men now in the fire shall die,
With those our sacred offerings made, by pure vnmixed wine:
And our right hands, with which our faiths, we freely did combine;
The cause is, since amongst our selues, we vse discursiue words,
And goe not manlike to the field to force our right with swords,
Nor with the finenesse of our wits, by stratagems deuise
(In all this while) against a world, to worke our enterprise.

E

But

But (great Atides) as at first, thy counsell being sound,
 Command to field, and be not led, corruptly from the ground
 Of our endeavors; by the moodes, of one or two that vse
 Counsaile apart; they shal not goe to Greecc til loue refuse
 To ratifie his promise made, or we may surely know
 If those ostents were true or false, that he from heauen did show;
 But I am sure (to cheare our hopes) his beck the Heauens did shake
 That day of choyse, when towards Troy, our fleete first sayle did make,
 Confering on our conquering sterne, the powers of death and fate,
 His lightning right hand shewing vs. presages fortunate.
 And therefore not a man shall doe, himselfe that wrong to fly
 Before with Phrygian maids and wines, he at his pleasure ly,
 That Helens rape and all our sighes, may be reuengde thereby.
 But if some be so mutinous, whom nothing may restraine,
 Let him but touch his sable Bark, that he may first be laine.
 Then great Atides be aduise, and others reasons see:
 It shall not proue an abiect speech, that I will utter thee.
 In tribes and nations let thy men, be presently arraide,
 That still the tribes may second tribes, and nations nations aide:
 Of euerie chiefe and soldier thus, the prooffe shall rest in fight,
 For both will thirst their countries fame, and prease for single fight.
 What souldier when he is allowde, his countryman for guide,
 Will not more closely sticke to him, then to a strangers side?
 Thus shalt thou know, if Gods detaine, thy hand from lliions harmes,
 Or else the faintnes of thy men, and ignorance in armes.

This to autentique Nektors speech Atides answer was;
 All Grecian birth, thrise reuerend King, th: counsaile farre surpasse:
 O would King loue, Tritonia, and he that guides the Sunne
 Would grant me ten such counsellors; then should our toyles be done.
 Then Priams high topt towers should sloop, outfacing vs no more,
 But fall beneath our conquering hands, despoyle of all her store;
 But loue hat: florde my life with woes, that no good houre can spend,
 And throwne me in the midst of strifes, that neuer thinke of end;
 Since with Achilles for a Gyrle, in humorous tearmes I stroue,
 And I the Author of the strife: but if intreated loue
 Make vs with reunited mindes, consult in one againe,
 Troy shal not, in the least delay, ker loathed pride sustaine;
 But now to fooode, that to the fight, ye may your valours yielde;
 Well let each souldier sharpe his lance, and well adresse his shilde:
 Well let each horse-man meate his horse, to breake the bristled field:

Well

Well let each Cocheman view his wheeles, and chariot-furniture;
 And arme them so that all the day, we soundly may endure.
 For those true mindes must be embrac't, that pine at labour least,
 Till night take strength from both our hosts, and force vs to our rest:
 The bosomes of our Targatiers must all be sleep in sweate?
 The Lanciers arme, must fall dissolu'd; our chariot horse with heate
 Must seeme to melt; and if I finde one souldier take the chace
 Pursue by any enemy, or fight not in his face,
 Or els be found a shipboord hid, not all the world shall saue
 His hatefull lims: but foules and beasts, be his abhorred graue.
 This speech applausive murmure stir'd; as when vpon the shore
 The waues runne high with South gales driven, and gainst a rocke doe rore
 Plyde with a diuers flood of ayre, at one self time so full,
 That their hoarse ragings neuer cease: such lasting murmures past
 The pleased Greekes: they rose dispers'd, all hast to shipward make,
 Where all made fires within their tents, and did their suppers take:
 And euerie man to one of heauen, did sacrifice and pray,
 To scape the furie of the fight: in that important daie.
 Atides to the king of Gods, a well fed Ox first kild,
 Of five yeares growth; and all the host to waite on him were wild.
 Wise Nektor first, then Idomen, of Creete the kingly name,
 Then both th' Aiaces in consort, with Diomedes came,
 Antient Laertes sonne was sixt, whose counsaile bore the sway,
 And (uninuit last of all) came sweet-voic'd Menelay,
 Acknowledging his brothers cares, and toyles in his respect.
 King Agamemnon in the midst, did pray to this effect.

Most happie and almightie loue, great thickner of the skie,
 Descend on our long-toyled host, with thy remorsefull eye;
 Let not the lightsome Sun be set, nor set the night on wing,
 Before old Priams high rays'd towers, to leuill with I bring;
 Before his broad-leau'd ports enflamde, may far off be descride,
 Before my sword on Hector's brest, his Curace may diuide,
 And his chiefe friends false dead in dust, may spread his carcase round,
 And in fell deaths conuulsions eate, them any feeding ground.

At this loue bended not his head, but did more labors guise,
 For him and his associates, yet tooke his sacrifice.
 Then after prayer, salt lumps of dowe, cast on the altars sides,
 They strike the offrings downe, then sticke, and strip them of their hydes,
 Then quarter them and all the thighes, with thrifflie fat they spread,
 Put one in other; and to them, the little fragments bred;

E 2

All

All these, with fere and leaneles wood, they consequently burne,
 And all the inwardes (put to spit) before the fire they turne;
 The thighes burn'd up, th'entrayles rost, they eate and peecemeale slice,
 In little gobbits, all the rest reserved for sacrifice:
 They roste it wondrous workmanly and draw it from the spit,
 And when their labours were perform'd, and all their suppers fit,
 They feede their stomackes, wanting nowght, that appertained a feast:
 When thirst and hunger being alaid) thus spake the Pylia guest:

Great Agamemnon king of men, effect thy words with handes,
 Nor more deferre the worke high Ioue, so instantly commandes,
 But giue the Heraldes charge, I accite, all souldiers to the fleete,
 And let our selues assist their paines, to set Mars on his feet,
 With expectation more exact: the king was please'd and wild,
 The Heralds call the curld-head Greekes, who with quicke concourse fild
 The smother'd shore, and all the kings, enrankt themselves about,
 The great Atreides: and with them, Ioues gray cyde mayde went out,
 She bore the Targe her Father made of Amalthas hyde,
 Not to be pierst, nor worne with time, but all eternified;
 A hundred Serpents fring'd it round, quicke struggling all of golde,
 And at a hundred Oxens price, each serpent might be sold:
 Shee through the Achiae armie ran, enforcing utmost hast,
 And euerie stomacke fild with thirst, to lay proud Iliou wast.
 Enabling all their faculties to pierce and ceaselesse fight,
 And made Troyes irksome warre more wight, then their deares countreyes
 Then, As a hungrie fire enflames, a mightie wood that growes, (fight,
 Vpon the high tops of a hill, and far his splendor throwes;
 So from the Grecians burnisht armes, an admirable light,
 Flew through the ayre with golden wings, and did the Gods affright.
 Or as whole flockes of geese, or cranes, or swans with neckes so tall
 Flie cloud-like ouer Alia meades, to faire Caylsters fall,
 Who (proud of their supportfull wings, as they take streame or ground)
 Make all the riuer bordering lawnes, their melodie resound;
 So all the troups from ships and tents, throng'd to Scamanders plaine,
 And vnder sway of foote and horse, the earth did grone againe.
 They stood in that enflowred meade, as infinite as leaues,
 Or flowers the spring doth amplify: or as the cloudie threasures,
 Of busie fyes, that (sheepe-coates fill, when summers golden vailes
 Enrich the fieldes; and nourishing milke, bedewes the sprinkled pails:
 So many faire-haired Grecians flood, vpon that eual ground,
 The Trojan rankes with deadly charge, desirous to confound:

And

And as good goate-heards when their goates at foode in herds abide,
 Though they be neuer so commixt, can easily them diuide;
 So did the leaders well digest, their bandes for fight applide.
 Amongst whom shind the king of men, with browes and eyes like Ioue,
 Like Mars in waste, inbrest like him, that most doth waters loue:
 And as a Bull amidst the heard, most proudly far doth goe,
 (For he with well brancht Oxen fed, makes most illustrious show)
 So Iupiter made Atreus sonne, in that death threatening day,
 The brauest obiect of all Greekes, to grace his soueraine sway.
 Now tell me, Muses, you that doe in heavenly houses dwell,
 (For you are Goddesses, still neere, and euerie thing can tell,
 We, knowing nought but onely hear, th' vncertaine voice of fame)
 What Grecian princes and their peeres, to haples Phrygia came.
 The common souldiers by their names I not assay to sing,
 Although ten tongues: and ten big threates, I could to viterance bring:
 Though I sustaine a brazen hart, and breathd a voice in fract:
 For onely you the seed of Ioue can tell the troups exact.
 That vnder Ilioues lostie walls imployd reuengefull fight:
 The princes therefore of the fleete, and fleet it selfe I cite.

The Catalogue of the shippes.

The strong Bootian, Leitus and Penelaus led:
 Arcelilaus, Clonius, Prothenor, full of dread,
 The inhabitants of Hyria, and stonie Aulida,
 Schane, Schole, the hillie Etcon, and holy Thespia,
 Of Graea and great Mycaleste, that hath the ample plaine,
 Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remaine:
 In Etia, and in Eleon, in Hylen, Peteona,
 In faire Ocaica, and the towne well builded Medeona,
 Capas, Eutrefis, Thisbe, that for Pigeons doth surpass,
 Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store of grasse,
 All those that in Platca dwell, that Glissa did possesse,
 And Hypothebes, whose well-built wals, are rare and fellowles.
 In rich Onchestus famous wood, to watrie Neptune vowde,
 And Arne, where the vine-trees are, with vigoruse bushes bowd.
 With them that dwell in Mydea, and Nissa most diuine,
 And those whom utmost Anthedon, did wealthily confine:
 From all these coastes in generall, full fiftie sayle were sent,
 And six score strong, Boetian youtnes in euerie burthen went.

E 3

But

But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and Mynian Orchomen,
 God Mars his sonnes did lead (Alcalaphus, and Ialmen.)
 Whom in Azidon, Actors house did of Altioche come;
 The bashfull maide, as shee went up, into the higher roome,
 The war-god secretly comprist in safe conduct of these
 Did thirtie hollow-bottomd barks, diuide the wauie seas.
 Braue Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phoecean captaines were,
 Naubolida, Iphitus sonnes: brest-prooffe gainst any feare;
 With them the Cyparissians went, and bould Pythionians,
 Men of religious Chrysis soyle, and satte Daulidians:
 Panopaeans, Ancmies, and fierce Hyampolistes:
 And those that dwell where Cephalus, casts up his silken mistes:
 The men that faire Lylea held, neare the Cephalian spring,
 All in rich did fortie sable barks, to that designement bring,
 About th'entoyld Phoenian flette, had these their sayle asigne:
 And neere to the sinister wing, the arme Boetians shinde:
 Ajax the lesse, Oileus Sonne, the Locrians led to warre,
 Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesse man by farre,
 Little he was and euer wore a brest plate made of linne,
 But for the manadge of his lance, he generall prayse did win.
 The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoen,
 The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias louely men;
 Of Tarplius; and of Thronius, neere sloua Boagrius fall;
 Twise twentie martiall barks of these, lesse Aax sayle withall,
 Who neare Euloeas blessed soyle, their habitations had,
 Strong-breathing Abants, who their seates in sweet Eboea made:
 The Astians rich in grapes, the men of Chalceda,
 The Cerinths bordering on the sea of rich Irettria,
 Of Dyens lightly-seated towne, Charistius, and of Styre;
 All these the Duke Alphenor ledde, a flame of Mars his fire,
 Surnamd. Chaicodontiades, the mightie Abants guide,
 Swift men of foot, whose brode-set backs their trayling hayre did hide,
 Well scene in fight, and soone could pierce, with far extended darts
 The brest plates of their enemies, and reach their dearest harts:
 Fortie black men of warre did sayle, in this Elphenors charge:
 The souldiers that in Athens dwelt, a cittie builded large,
 The people of Ericthius whom Iou'e sprung Pallas fed:
 And plentious-feeding Tellus brought out of her slowrie bed:
 Him Pallas plaite in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeare,
 Of Bulls and Lambes, th'Athenian youths, please him with offrings there;
 Mighty

Mightie Meneltheus, Peteus sonne, had their auided care:
 For Horsemen and for Targatiers, none could with him compare:
 Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:
 But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend:
 With him came siftrie sable sayle. And out of Salamine
 Great Ajax brought twelue sayle, that with th'Athenians did combine:
 Who did in fruitfull Argos dwell, or strong Hyrintha keepe:
 Hermion or in Aiginen, whose bojsome is so deepe,
 Trazena, Elion, Epidaur, where Bacchus crownes his head;
 Egina, and Mazetas soyle did follow Diomed.
 And Siheneus, the deare lou'd sonne, of famous Capaneus:
 Together with Eorialis, the heyre of Mecitaeus,
 The king of Talaonides, past whom in deedes of warre
 The famous soulauer Diomed, had eminence by farre;
 Fourescore blacke ships did follow these: the men faire Mycene held:
 The wealthy Corinith, Cleon, that for beauntious site exceed:
 Aræthiras louely seate, and in Ormis plaine,
 And Sicyona, where at first, did King Adrastus raigne:
 High seated Gonoeffas towers, and Hyperitius
 That dwelt in fruitfull Pellenen, and in diuine Aegius:
 With all the sea-side Borderers, and wyde Helices friends;
 To Agamemnon euerie towne her natie birth commends,
 In double siftrie sable Barks: with him a world of men
 Most strong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then
 Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did ouershine
 The whole Heroique host of Greece, in power of his designe;
 Who did in Lacedæmons rule th'vnmeasurde concaue hold:
 High Phares, Spartas, Messes towers, for dours so much extold;
 Bryceias and Augias grounds, strong Laa, Octylon,
 Amyclas, Helos harbor-towne, that Neptune beates upon.
 All these did Menelaus lead (his brother strong in arms)
 In sixtie wel-mand men of warre; amongst whom, with words kinde charms
 He vsde his vmofst art to stirre their stomacks to the fight,
 Desiring deeply to reuenge his wrongs for Helens right;
 Who dwelt in Pylus sandy soyle, and Arene the fayre,
 In Thryon, neere Alphaus floud, and Aepy full of ayre:
 In Cyparissus, Amphygen, and little Pteleon,
 The towne where all the iliois dwell, and famous Doreon,
 Where all the Muses opposite, in strife of Poetrie
 To ancient Thamyras of Thrace, did vse him cruelly

As he came from Eurytus court, the wise Oechalian King:
 Because he proudly durst affirme hee could more sweetly sing,
 Then that Pyrean race of Ioue; who (angrie with his vant)
 Bereft his eye-sight and his song, that did the eare enchant,
 And of his skill to touch his Harpe, disfurnished his hand:
 All these in nintie hollow keeles, graue Nestor did command:
 The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land
 Below Cyllenes mount, that by Epyrus tombe did stand:
 Where dwell the bold, neere-fighting men, who did in Phæneus line:
 And Orchomen, where flocks of sheep, the shepherds clustering drine:
 In Rypæ and in Stratie, the faire Mantinean towne,
 And strong Enispe, that for height, is euer weather-blowne,
 Tegea, and in Stimphalus, and in Parthalias wals,
 All these Alcæus sonne to field (King Agapenor) calls.
 In sixtie barks he brought them on, and euery barke well mann'd,
 With fierce Arcadians, skyld to vse the vtmost of a band.
 King Agamemnon on these men, did well-built ships beslowe,
 To passe the gulfy purple Sea, that did no Sea Rites knowe.
 They who in Hermyn, Buphrasis, and Elis did remaine,
 What Olens Cliffer, Alitius and Myrsin did containe,
 Were led to war by twice two Dukes, and each ten ships did bring,
 Which many venterous Epyans, did serue for burthening.
 Beneath Alphimacus his charge, and valiant Talphius,
 Sonne of Euritus Actor, one; the other Cretatus;
 Diotes Amarincides, the other did employ;
 The fourth diuine Polixenus, Agasthenis his toy:
 The King of faire Angeiades, who from Dulicbius came
 And from Euchinaus sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame
 By ample Elis region Medes Phelides led:
 Whom Duke Phyleus, Ioues below'd begat, and whylome fled
 To large Oulychius for the the wrath that fird his fathers breast;
 Twise twenty ships with Ebon sayles, were in his charge addrest.
 The warre-like men of Cephale, and those of Ithaca,
 Woodie Nerytus, and the men of wette Crocilia:
 Sharpe AEgilipha, Samos Ile, Zacynthus sea-enclosde;
 Epytus, and the men that hold the Continent oppofde;
 All these did wise Vlysses leade in counsaile Peere to Ioue:
 Twelue ships he brought, which in their course, vermilion sternes did moue:
 Thoas, Andremons wel-spoke sonne, did gui de th' Etolians well,
 Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell:

Great

Great Calcis that by sea-side stands, and stonie Calydon;
 For now no more of Oeneus sonnes suruin'd, they all were gone:
 No more his royall selfe did liue, no more his noble sonne,
 The golden Meleager, now their glasses all were run:
 All things were left to him in charge, the Aetolians guide he was,
 And fortie ships to Troian warres the seas with him did passe.
 The royall soldier Idomen, did leade the Cretans stout:
 The men of Gnoffus, and the towne Cortima, wall'd about:
 Of Licus and Myletus towrs, of white Lycastus state,
 Of Phlitus and of Rhilias, the cittie fortunat:
 And all the rest inhabiting the hundred townes of Crete,
 Whom warre-like Idomen did lead copartner in the flecte,
 With kil-man Merion; eightene ships with him did Troy inuade.
 Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,
 Brought nine tall ships of warre from Rhodes, which hauty Rhodians mand,
 Who dwelt in three disseuerd parts of that most pleasant land,
 Which Lyndus and Ialysus were, and bright Camyrus, cald:
 Tlepolemus commanded these, in battaile vnappald:
 Whome fayre Altioche brought forth, by force of Hercules
 Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from Riuer Seltees,
 When many townes of princely yonthes he leuelde with the ground.
 Tlepolem (in his fathers house for building much renound,
 Brought up to head-strong state of youth) his mothers brother slew,
 The slour of arms, Lycymnius, that somewhat aged grew:
 Then strait he gatherd him a flecte, assembling bands of men,
 And fled by sea, to shunne the threats, that were denounced then,
 By other sonnes and nephewes of th' Alciden fortitude:
 He in his exile came to Rhodes, driuen in with tempests rude:
 The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with Ioue did stand,
 The king of men and Gods; who gaue much treasure to their land:
 Nireus, out of Symas haue, three wel-wald barks did bring;
 Nireus, faire Aglajas sonne, and Charopes the King:
 Nireus was the fairest man that to faire Iliou came
 Of all the Greekes, saue Peleus sonne, who pass for generall frame:
 But weake he was, not fitte for warre, and therefore few did guide.
 Who did in Cassus, Nisyrus, and Crapathus abide,
 In Co, Euripilus his towne, and in Calydnas soyles,
 Phydippus and bold Antiphilus, did guide to Troian toyles;
 The sonnes of crowned Thestalus, deriu'd from Hercules,
 Who went with thirtie hollow ships, well ordred to the seas.

F

Now

Now will I sing the sackfull troopes, Pelasgian Argos held,
That in deepe Alus, Aloope, and soft Trechina dweld,
In Pithya and in Hellade, where liue the lowely Dames,
The Myrmidons, Helenians, and Achiuies, robd of Fames:
All which the great AEacides in fiftie shippes did leade:
For, these forgot warres horrid voice, because they lackt their head
That would haue brought them brauely forth; He at his sleete did ly,
That wind-like vser of his feet, fayre Thetis progenie,
Displeasde with bright-cheekt Brysis losse; whom from Lynceus spoyle,
(His owne explot) he brought away, as trophée of his toyles,
Then that towne was depopulate; he Junke the Theban towrs;
Myneta and Epistrophus, he sent to Plutoes bowrs,
Who came of King Euenus race, great Helepiades:
For this he idely lues enrag'd, but soone must leaue his ease.
Of those that dwelt in Phylace, and slowrie Pyrralon
The wood of Ceres, and the soyle that sheepe are fed vpon,
Iten and Antron built by sea, and Peleus full of grasse,
Protesilaus while he liude, the worthy captaine was;
Whom now the sable earth detaineth: his teare-torn faced spouse
He wofull left in Philace, and his halfe smilht house:
As for all Dardane first his wife, of all the Greekes bereft,
As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men vnlest
Without a chiefe; for though they wist to haue no other man,
But goodly roresilay their guide; Podarces yet began
To gouerne them, Iphitis sonne, the sonne of Philacus,
Most rich in sheepe, and brother to short-kin'd Proteusilaus:
Of younger birth, lesse, and lesse strong, yet seru'd he to direct
The companies, that still did more, their ancient Duke affect.
Twise twentie lettie sayls, with him the swelling streame did take:
But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the Babrean lake,
in Bræbe, and in Glaphira, Iaoicus builded faire:
In thrice six shippes to Pergamus: did through the seas repaire,
With old Admetes tender sonne, Eumelus, whom he bred,
Of Alceft Pelius fairest child; of all his femall seede:
The souldiers that before the siege Mechaones vales did holde:
Thaumaticus slowry Melibar, and Olifon the colde,
Duke Philocretes gouerned, in darts of finest sleight:
Seuen vessels in his charge conuaide their honorable freight;
By fiftie rowers in a barke most expert in the bowe:
But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low,

By

By torment of an vlcér growne: with Hydras poysoned blond:
If those sing was such, Greece left him there, in most impatient moode:
Yet thought they on him at his shippe, and chusde to lead his men,
Medon Oyleus, bastarde sonne, brought forth to him by Rhen:
From thence, bleake Ithomens clifles, and haples Occhalye:
Eurites cutt it vnde by him, in wilfull tyrannie,
In charge of Elculapius sonnes, physitions highly prayse:
Machaon Podalirius, were thirtie vessail rayse,
Who neare Hiperias fountaine dwell, and in Ormenius:
The snowe toppes of Titannus and in Asterius:
Euclimens son Euripilus, did lead into the field:
Whose townes did fortie blacke-sayld shippes: to that encounter yeelde.
Who Gurton and Argilla held, Orthen and Elons seat,
And chalkie Oloosine, werie led by Polypete:
The issue of Pirithous, the sonne of Iupiter:
Time the Athenian Thescus friend, Hypodamy did beare;
When he the bristled sauges: did giue Ramnulia,
And draue them out of Velius, as far as Ethica:
He came not single, but with him Leonteus Corons sonne:
An armie of Mars, and Corons life Ceneus seed begun:
Twise twentie shippes, attended these Ceneus next did bring:
From Cyphus twentie sayle, and two, the Enians following would,
And fierce Peræbi, that about Dodones frozen moulde,
Did plant their houses, and the men that did the meadows hould:
Which Titarcus deckes with flowers, and his sweet currēt leads,
Into the bright Pencius, that bath the siluer leads:
Te with his admirable streame, doth not his wauis commix
But glydes aloft, on it like oyle: for 'tis the flood of Stix,
By which th'immortall gods do swear, Teuthredons, honore birth,
Prothous, lead the Magnets forth, who neare the shade earth,
Of Pelus, and Pencion, dwell, fortie reuengefull sayle
Did follow him, these were the Dukes and Princes of auail:
That came from Greece: but now the man that ouershin'd them all,
Sing Muse: and their most famous Steedes to my recitall call,
That both th' Atrides followed; faire Phereetides,
The brauest mares, did bring much Eumelus manag'd these:
Swift of their feete as birdes of wings, both of one hayre did shine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as measurde by a lynce:
Whom Iliuer-bowde Apolio, bred in the Piercean meade;
Both sick and dauntie yet were both in warre of wondrous dread.

F 2

Great

Great Ajax Telamon, for strength, past all the peeres of warre,
 While next Achilles was away: but he surpast him farre:
 The horse that bore that faultlesse man were likewise past compare,
 Yet lay he at the crooke-skernd shippes, and furie was his fare,
 For Atreus sonnes vngratious deed: his men yet pleasde their harts
 With throwing of the holed stone, with hurling of their darts,
 And shooting fairely on the flore: their horse at Chariots fed,
 On greatest persey, and on sedge that in the fens is bred,
 His princes tents their chariots helde, that richly conerde were:
 His princes amorous of their chiefe, walkt storming here and there,
 About the host and skorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did passe,
 Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the trembling grasse:
 Earth vnder-gronde their high-raised feete, as when offended Ioue,
 In Arime, Tiphocus with rattling thunder droue,
 Beneath the earth: in Arime men say the graue is still,
 Where thunder toomb'd Typhocus, and is a monstrous hill:
 And as that thunder made earth groxe, so gronde it as they pass,
 They trode with such contemptuous stappes, and so exceeding fast:
 To Troy the raiuel-ow-girded dame, right leauie newes relates,
 From Ioue (as all to counsaile drew in Priams palace gates)
 Resembling Priams sonne in voice, Polytes swift of feete:
 In trust whereof (as Sentinell to see when from the scete,
 The Grecians saild) he was set up on the lofty browe
 Of aged Elieetes tombe, and this did Iris show:
 O Priam thou art alwayes fleshe, with indiscrete aduise:
 And fram'st thy life to times of peace when such a war doth rise
 As threats inenitable spoyle; the euer did behold
 Such and so mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,
 In number like Autumnus leanes, or like the marine sand:
 Already round about the wailles, to see their ruining bands;
 Hector I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake:
 A multitude remaine in Troy, will fight for Priams sake,
 Of other lands and languages; let euery leader then
 Bring forth well armd into the field his severall bands of men.
 Strong Hector was not ignorant, a Goddesse thus did say,
 Dismiss the counsaile straightly like waues, clusters to armes do sway:
 The ports are all wide open set: out rusht the troupes in swarmes,
 Both horse and foote, the cittie rung with suddaine cried alarmes.
 A Column standes without the towne that high his head doth rayse,
 A little distant in a plaine trod downe with diuerse wayes:

Which

Which men do Batracia call, but the immortals name
 Myrinnes famous sepulcher, the wondrous actiue dame:
 Here were Th'auxiliarie bands, that came in Troyes defence,
 Distinguisht vnder severall guides, of speciall excellence,
 The Duke of all the Trojan power, great helme-deck: Hector was:
 Which stood of many mightie men, well skilde in darts of brasse:
 Eneas of commixed seed (a goddesse with a man,
 Anchiles with the Queene of loue) the troupes Cardanian,
 Led to the field his lovely Syre, in Idas lower shade,
 Begat him of sweet Cipridis, he solely was not made
 Chiefe leader of the Eardan powers: Antenor valiant sonnes,
 Archilochus, and Acamas were ioynde companions:
 Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred foote of Ide,
 That drinke of blacke AElepus streame, and wealth made full of pride:
 The Aphnii, Lycaons sonne whom Phoebeus gaue his bowe,
 Prince Pandarus did lead to field: who Adrestinus owe,
 (Apellus cittie, Patrai, and mount Tereies)
 Adrestus, and stout Amphius ledde, who did their Sire as please:
 Merops Percosius that exceld all Troy in heavenly skill,
 Of futures-searching prophesie: for much against his will,
 His sonnes were agents, in those armes: and since they disobayde,
 The Fates in letting slip their threds, their kassie valures slaid.
 Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisbe did abide,
 Who Sestus and Abidus bred, Hyrtacides did guide:
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that through great Selcees force,
 Brought from Arisba to that fight, the great and fierie horse:
 Pyleus, and Hypothous, the stout Pelasgians led,
 Of them Larissas fruitfull soyle before had nourished:
 These were Pelasgian Pinus sonnes, son of Teutamidas:
 The Thracian guides were Pyrous and valiant Acamas:
 Of all that the impetuous flood of Hellespont enlosae,
 Euphenus the Cician troupes in his command disposae,
 Who from Trezenius Ceades right nobly did descend,
 Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend:
 From Axius out of Amidon he had them in command:
 From Axius whose most beantiuous stream stil ouerflowes the land.
 1 ylemen with the thickned hart, the Paphlagonians led,
 From Enes, where the race of mules fitte for the plow is bred:
 The men that broad Cytorus bounds, and Selamus enfold,
 About Parthenius lofty floud, in houses much extold;

F 3

From

From Cromna and AEgialus, the men that armes did beare,
 And Eurithymus situate high, Pylemens soldiers were.
 Epiltrophus and Dius did, the Ialigonians guyde,
 Far-fetched from Alybe, where first the silver Mynes were tryde.
 Chronius and Augur Eunonius, the Mysians did command,
 Who could not with his Anguries the strength of death withstand:
 But suffred it beneath the stroke of great AEacides,
 In Xanthus; where he made more soules due to the Stygian seas:
 Phorcys and fayre Alcanius, the Phrygians brought to warre;
 Well traide for battaile, and were come out of Alcania farre;
 With Methles, and with Antijhus (Pyximens sonnes) did fight,
 The men of Mezon whom the fenne Gyga brought to light:
 And those Maonians that beneath the mountaine Tmolus sprung;
 The rude vnettred Caribæ that barbarous were of tongue,
 Did vnder Naustes colours marche and young Aniphimachus,
 (Nomyons famous sonnes) to whom the mountaine Phthitorus,
 That with the famous wood is crownd; Mileus, Micales,
 That hath so many loftie markes for men that loue the seas;
 The crooked armes Meander bowd, with his sofnakie flood,
 Resign'd for conduct the choyce youth of all their Martiall brood.
 The foole Amphymachus, to fælde brought gold to be his wrack,
 Like a proud girle that euer beares her dowre vpon her backe;
 Whic wife Achilles markt; slew him, and tooke his gold in strife,
 At Xanthus flood; so little death did feare his golden life.
 Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus vnreprou'd.
 From Lycia and the gulfie flood of Xanthus farre remou'd.

The end of the Second booke.



THE



THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



Paris, (betwixt the Hoasts) to single fight
 (Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie kings:
 King Menelaus, doth accept his Braue,
 Conditioning that he againe should haue
 Faire Helena, with all shee brought to Troy,
 If he subdu'd; else Paris should enioy
 Her, and her wealth, in peace; Conquest doth grant
 Her deare wreath to the Grecian Combatant;
 But Venus, to her Champions life doth yeeld
 Safe rescue, and conuaies him from the fielde,
 Into his Chamber; And for Helen sends;
 Whom much, her Louers foule disgrace offends;
 Yet Venus, for him still makes good her charmes,
 And ends the second Combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Gamma, the single fight doth sing
 Twixt Paris, and the Spartan King.

When euerie least Commanders will best souldiers had obeyd;
 And both the Hoasts, were rang'd for fight. The Troians would haue
 The Greeks with noises; Crying out in comming rudely on; (fraid
 At all parts like the Cranes that fill with harsh confusion,
 Of brutish Clanges, all the Ayre: and in ridiculous warre,
 (Eschewing the vnusserd stormes, (hot from the winters farre)
 Visite the Ocean; and confer the Pygmei souldiers death:

The

The Greekes charg'd silent, and like men bestow'd their thirstie breath
 In strength of far-resounding blowes, still entertaining care
 Of eithers rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare;
 But ere sterne conflict mixt both strengths, faire Paris slept before
 The Trojan Host: Athwart his backe, a Panthers Hide he wore,
 A crooked Bowe and sword, and booke two brazen-headed Darts;
 With which (well arm'd) his tongue prouok't the best of Grecian harts;
 To stand with him in single fight: whom, when the man wrong'd most
 Of all the Greekes, so gloriously sawe stalk before the Host;
 As when a Lyon is reioic't (with hunger halfe forlorne)
 That findes some sweet prey; (as a Hart, whose grace lyes in his horne,
 Or Syluane Gote) which he deuours, though neuer so pursu'd,
 With dogges and men; so Spartas king exulted, when he view'd
 The faire-fac't Paris so expos'd, to his so thirsted wreake;
 Whereof his good cause, made him iure. The Grecian Front did breake,
 And forth he rush't, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his Chariot,
 And royally prepar'd for charge. Which seenes cold Terror shot
 The heart of Paris; who retir'd as headlong from the king,
 As in him, he had shund his death: And as a Hillie Spring
 Presents a Serpent to a man full vnderneath his feete;
 Her blew necke (swolne with poyson) rayse, and her sting out, to greete
 His heedles entry: souldainely his walke he altereth,
 Starts backe, amaz'd, is shooke with feare, and looks as pale as death:
 So Menelaus, Paris skar'd: so that diuine fac't foe
 Shrunke in his beauties: which beheld by Hector; hee let goe
 This bitter checke at him. Accurst, made but in beauties skorne;
 Impostor, womans man! O Heauen, that thou hadst nere bene borne;
 Or (being so manles) neuer liu'd to beare mans noblest state,
 The nuptiall honour: which I wish, because it were a fate
 Much better for thee, then this shame; this spectacle doth make
 A Man, a Monster; Harke how lowde the Greekes laugh, who did take
 Thy faire Forme, for a Continent of Parts as faire; A Rape
 Thou mad'st of Nature, like Their Queene. No soule, an emptie shape
 Takes vp thy being: yet, how sight to euerie shade of good,
 Fills it with ill? for as thou art, thou couldst collect a Brood
 Of others like thee: And far hence, fetch ill enough to vs;
 Euen to thy Father: all these friends, make those foes mocke them thus,
 In thee: for whose ridiculous sake, so seriously they laye,
 All Greece, and Fate vpon their necks: O wretch! not dare to stay
 Weake Menelaus? But twas well: for, in him, thou hadst tried

What

What strength, lost beautie can infuse; and with the more griefe dyed,
 To feele thou robdst a worthie man, to wrong a souldiers right:
 Your Harps sweet touch, curld lockes, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
 Giuen thee by Venus, would haue done your fine dames little good,
 When bloud and dust, had ruffled them; and had as little stood
 Thy selfe in stead; But what thy care of all these, in thee styes,
 We should inflict on thee our selues: infectious cowerdise
 (In thee) hath terrified our host; for which, thou wilt deseru'st
 A coate of Tomb-stone, not of Steele: in which, for forme thou seru'st.

To this, thus Paris spake, for forme that might inhabite heauen;
 Hector, Because thy sharpe reproofe is out of iustice giuen,
 I take it well: But though thy hart (inur'd to these affrights
 Cuts through them, as an Axe through Oke; That, more vsde, more excites
 The workmans facultie: whose arte can make the edge go farre;
 Yet I (lesse practis'd, then thy selfe, in these extreames of warre)
 May well be pardoned, though lesse bould: In these, your worth exceeds;
 In others mine: Nor is my minde of lesse force to the deedes
 Require in warre; because my forme, more flows in gifts of peace.
 Reproach not therefore, the kind gifts of goulden Cyprides;
 All Heav'ns gifts, haue their worthy price; as little to be skornd
 As to be won with strength, wealth, states; with which to be adorn'd,
 Some man would change state, wealth, or strength: But if your Martial hart
 Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
 Of shame to giue it ouer thus; Cause all the rest to rest;
 And twixt both hosts, let Spartas King, and me performe our best
 For Hellen, and the wealth shee brought: and he that ouercomes
 Or proues superiour any way, in all your equall Doomes,
 Let him enioy her utmost wealth, keepe here, or take her home;
 The rest, strike leagues of endles date, and hartie friends become,
 You dwelling safe in Glebye Troy, the Greekes retire their force,
 To Achaia, that breeds fairest Dames: and Argos, fayrest Horse:
 He said: And his amendsfull words did Hector highly please;
 Who rush't betwixt the fighting Hosts, and made the Troians cease
 By boulding vp in midst his Lance: The Grecians not'd not
 The signall he for Parle vsde, but at him fiercely shot,
 Hurl'd stones, and still were leuelling Darts. At last the king of Men,
 (Great Agamemnon) cried alowde: Argues, for shame containe:
 Youthes of Achaia, boote no more. The fayre helmd Hector shoves
 As he desire to treat with vs; this said, all ceas't from blowes;
 And Hector spake to both the Hosts, Troians, and hardie Greekes

G

Heare

Have now, what he that stir'd these wres for their cessation seeks:
He bids recall, and you disarme, that he alone may fight
With Menelaus; for vs all: for Heilen, and her right,
With all the dowre she brought to Troy: And he that winnes the Day,
Or is, in all the arte of Armes, superiour any way,
The Queene and all her sort of wealth, let him at will enjoy,
There it strike truce; and let loe seal firme league: twist Greece and Troy.

The Greeke Host wondred at this Braue: silence flew euerie where;
At last, spake Spartas warlike king. Now also giue me care,
Whom griefe giues most cause of repleie: I now haue hope to free
The Greekes and Troians, of all illies, they haue sustaind for me,
And Alexander, that was cause I stretcht my spleene so farre;
Of both then: which is neere st Fate, let his death end the warre,
There it immediately retire, and greet all homes in peace;
Go then (To blesse your Champion, and giue his powers (successe)
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunnes, (the Gods on whom ye call)
Two Lambs; a blacke one and a white: a Female, and a Male;
And we, one other for our selues will fetch, and kill to loue;
To signe which Rites bring Priams force, because we wel approue,
His sonnes pexidious enuies, (and out of practisde bane
To faith, when she beleques in them) Loues high Truce may prophane.
All young mens hearts, are still vnstaide: but, in those well-weigh'd deedes
An old man will consent to passe; things past, and what succedes
He lookes into; That he may know, how best to make his way.
Through both the Fortunes of a fact: and will the worst obaye.
This granted; A delightfull hope, both Greekes and Troians fed,
Of longd-for rest from those long toyles their tedious warre had bred.
Their horses then, in ranke they set, drawne from their Chariots round;
Descend themselves; tooke off their armes: and laid them on the grounds
Neere one another; for the space twist both the Hosts, was small.
Hector, two Herald sent to Troy, that they from thence might call
King Priam; and to bring the Lambs, to rate the Truce they swore.
But Agamemnon to the Fleet, Talithibius sent before,
To fetch their Lambe; who nothing slackt the royall charge was giuen.
Then came the louely Raine-bowe downe Ambassadee from Heauen,
To white-arm'd Hellen; she assum'd at euery part, the grace
Of Hellens last lones sisters shape, who had the bigg'est place,
In Hecubas affections, Laodice; Most faire
Of all the daughters, Priam had: and made the Nuptiall payre,
With Helica, royall prouote of old Antenors seede;

She

She found Queene Hellen at home, at worke about a weede,
Wou'n for her selfe; it shinde like fire, was rich and full of life;
The worke, of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise
The many labors, warlike Troy, and brasse-arm'd Greece indurde,
For her faire sakes, by cruell Mars, and his sterne friends procurde;
Iris came in, in ioyfull haste and said, O come with me,
(Lou'd Nymph) and an admired sight of Greekes and Troians see;
Who, first, on one-another brought a warre so full of teares:
(Euen this stie of contentious warre) now euerie man forbeares,
And friendly, by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;
Their long and shining Lances pitcht fast by them in the field.
Paris and Spartas King, alone must take up all the strife,
And he that conquers, onely call faire Hellen a his wife;
Thus spake the thou'nd colour'd Dame, and to her minde commends
The ioy to see her first espouside, her native Towers, and friends,
Which stir'd a sweet desire in her; to serue the which she kide,
Shadowed her graces, with white vailles; and (though she tooke a pride
To set her thoughts at Gaze, and see in her cleare beauties flood
What choise of glorie, (swumme to her yet tender womanhoode)
Seasond, with teares, her ioyes to see, More ioyes the more offence:
And that perfection could not flowe from earthly excellence.

Thus went she forth, and tooke with her her Women most of name;
Aethra, Pittheus louely birth; and Clymene, whom fame
Hath, for her faire eyes, memorisde; they reacht the Scaan Towrs,
Where Priam sat to see the fight with all his Counsaillors;
Panthous, Lampus, Clitius, and stout Hycetaon;
Thimarees, wise Antenor, and profound Vcalegon;
All graue old men, and souldiers, they had beene; but for age,
Now left the warres; yet Counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And, as in well-growne woods, on Trees, gold spinie grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pearce our eares,
For softnes and their tender sounds: so (talking on the Towre)
These Seniors of the people sat; who, when they sawe the powre
Of beautie, in the Queene ascend; euen those cold-spirited Peeres,
Those wise, and almost withered men, found this heate in their yeares,
That they were forc't (though whispering) to say, What man can blame
The Greekes and Troians to endure, for so admire a Dame,
So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet countenance shine
The beames of Deitie; and yet (though neuer so diuine)
Before we boyle, vnjustly still of her enforced priefe,

G 2

And

And iustly suffer for her sake with all our progenies,
 Labor, and ruine; let her goe: the profit of our Land,
 Must passe the beautie. Thus, though these could beare so soft a hand
 On their affections; yet when all their graue powers were vsde;
 They could not choos but welcome her; And rather they accuse
 The Gods, then beauties; For thus spake the most fam'd king of Troy;
 Come, loued daughter sit by me, and take the worthy ioy
 Of thy first husbands sight; old friends, and Princes neer allyed:
 And name me some of these braue Greekes so manly beautified.
 Come; do not thinke, I lay the warres indurde by vs, on thee;
 The Gods haue sent them, and the teares in which they swumme to me.
 Sit then; and name this goodly Greeke so tall, and broadly spred,
 Who then the rest, that stand by him is higher by the head;
 The brauest man, I euer sawe, and most maiestieall;
 His onely presence, makes me thinke him King amongst them all.

The fayrest of her sexe replyd; Most reuerend father in lawe:
 Most low'd, most feard, would some ill death had seased me when I saw
 The first meane why I wrongd you thus, that I had neuer lost;
 The sight of these my ancient friends; Of him that low'd me most;
 Of my sole daughter; brothers both, with all those kindly mates,
 Of one soyle, one age borne with me; though vnder different Fates:
 But these boones, enuious starres denie the memorie of these,
 In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;
 Nor satisfie they, your demand; To which, I thus replie:
 That's Agamemnon, Atreus sonne: the great in Emperie;
 A King, whom double Royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;
 And one that was my brother in lawe, when I contain'd my blood,
 And was more worthy; If at all, I might be said to be;
 My Being being lost so soone in all that honourd me.

The good old King admird, and sayd: O Atreus blessed sonne,
 Borne vnder ioyfull Destinies, that hast the Empire wun
 Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discover here;
 I once marcht into Phrigia, that manie vines doth beare,
 Where many Phrigians I beheld, well skild in vse of horse;
 That of the twome like two Gods, were the commanded force,
 Ottraus, and great Migdonus, who on Sangarius sands,
 Set downe their Tents, with whom my selfe (for my assistant Bands)
 Was numbred as a man in chiefe; The cause of warre was then,
 The Amazon Dames, that in their fatts, affected to be men:
 In all; there was a mightie powre, which yet did neuer rise,

To equall these Achaian youths, that haue the sable eyes.
 Then (seeing Vlisses next) he said, Low'd daughter what is he,
 That lower then great Atreus sonne, seemes by the head to me?
 Yet, in his shoulders, and bigge breast presents a broder bowe;
 His armor lyes vpon the earth: he vp and downe doth goe,
 To see his souldiers keepe their ranks, and ready haue their armes,
 if, in this truce, they should be tried, by any false alarms.
 Much like a wel-growne Belweather, or feltred Ram he shewes,
 That walkes before a wealthie Flocke of faire white-sleeced Ewes.

High loue, and Leda sayrest seed, to Priam thus replies:

This is the old Laertes sonne, Vlisses, cald the wise;
 Who, though in barraine Ithaca, he had his nursing seat,
 Yet know's he euerie sort of sleight: and is in counsailes great.

The wise Antenor answered her; T'is true, renowned Dame;
 For some times past, wise Ithacus, to Troy a Legate came
 With Menelaus, for your cause: whom I, as royall Guests
 Receiu'd and welcomde to my house with honourable Feasts:
 I learnd the wisdomes of their soules, and humors of their blood;
 For when in Counsaile, both sides met, and they together stood;
 By height of his brode shoulders had Atreides eminence;
 Yet, yet, Vlisses did exceede, and bred more reuerence:
 But when their wisdomes in their words, they framed to the eare,
 Atreides did succinctly speake: and sharp his speeches were;
 But fewe, because much pride of tongue he much did misconceit:
 And, though the younger man yet vsde no words, but words of weight;
 But when the prudent Ithacus, did to his Counsailes rise,
 He stood a little still, and fixt vpon the earth his eyes;
 His Scepter mooning neither way, but held it formally,
 Like one that vainely doth affect; of moodie qualitie,
 And frantique (rashly iudging him) you would haue said he was;
 But when he sent his bigge voice forth, and gaue his graue words passe
 (In white-ag'd wisdom) that flew forth, like drifts of Winter snow;
 None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for bow.

The third man, aged Priam markt, was Ajax Telamon:
 Of whom he askt; What Lord is that, so large of limme and bone;
 So ray'd in height, that to his breast, I see there reacheth none?
 To him the Goddesse of her sex, the large-waild Hellen said,
 That Lord is Ajax Telamon, a Bulwarke, in their aide;
 On th' other side, stands Idomen, in Crete, of most command:
 And round about his royall sides, his Cretane Captaines stand;

Oft hath the war-like Spartan King, giuen hospitable due,
 To him within our Lacedaemon Court, and all his retinue;
 And now the other Achaei Dukes, I generally discerne;
 All which I know; and all their names could make thee quickly learne:
 Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;
 Castor, the skillfull knight on horse; and Pollux vncontroulde,
 For all stand-fights, and force of hands; both at a burthen bred,
 My naturall brothers: either here they haue not followed
 From lonely Sparta; Or arriv'd within the sea-borne flecte
 (In feare of infamie for me) in brade field, shame to meete:
 Nor so; for holy Tellus wambe in c of those worthy men
 In Sparta, their beloued soyle. The voice-full Heralds then,
 The firme agreements of the Gods through all the Cittie ring:
 Two Lambs, and spirit refreshing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring
 Within a Goteskin Bottle cloyde; Idæus also brought
 A massie glittering bowle, and cuppes that all of gould were wrought:
 Which bearing to the King they crie: Sonne of Laomedon,
 Rise; for the well-rode Peeres of Troy, and brasse arm'd Gre-kes in one,
 Send to thee, to descend to field, that they firme vov'es may make;
 For Paris and the Spartan King, must fight for Helens sake,
 With long arm'd Lances; and the man that prooves victorious,
 The woman and the wealth she brought shall follow to his house,
 The rest knit friendshippe and firme leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell;
 in Argos, and Achaia, they; that doth in Lames excell.
 He said; and Priams aged ioynts with chilled feare did shake;
 Yet instantly he bad his men his Chariot readie make.
 Which soone they did; and he ascends: he takes the reignes, and guide,
 Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to his royall side;
 And through the Scaen ports, to field, the swift-foot horse they drine:
 And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrive;
 From horse, on Troyes well feeding soyle, twixt both the Hoasts they goe;
 When straight vprose the King of men: vprose Vlisses to;
 The Heralds in their richest Cotes, repeate (as was the guise)
 The true vov'es of the Gods, stearm'd theirs, since made before their eyes:
 Then in a Cup of golde they mix the wine that each part brings;
 And next, powre water on the hands of both the Kings of Kings-
 Which done, Atides drew his knife, that euermore he put
 Within the large sheath of his sword: with which, away he cut
 The wull from both Fronts of the Lambs, which (as a rite in vse
 Of execration to their heads, that brake the plightred Truce)

The

The Heralds of both Hoasts did giue the Peeres of both: And then
 With hands and voice aduanc't to heauen, thus pray'd the king of Men:
 O loue, that Ida dost protect, fount whence the Gods begun;
 Most gracious, most inuincible; And thou all-seeing Sunne;
 All-hearing, All-recomfortin; Floods, Earth, and powers beneath,
 That all the periuries of men chastise euen after death;
 Be witnesses, and see perform'd the hartie vov'es we make;
 If Alexander, shall the life of Menelaus take,
 He shall from henceforth, Hellena with all her wealth retaine;
 And we will to our household Gods, boyse sayle, and home againe:
 If by my honour'd brothers hand, be Alexander slaine,
 The Troians then, shall his forc't Laeene, with all her wealth restore,
 And pay conuenient fine to vs, and ours for euermore.
 If Priam, and his sonnes denie to pay this, thus agreed,
 When Alexander shall be slaine for that perfidious deed,
 And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearly they repaye
 By death, and ruing the amends that falsehood keepes away;
 This sayd, the thragtes of both the Lambs, cut with his royall knife,
 He layd them panting on the earth, till (quite depriv'd of life)
 The Steele had rob'd them of their strength. Then golden Cuppes they cround
 With wine out of a Cisterne drawne: which powrd upon the ground,
 They fell upon their humble knees, to all the Deities;
 And thus prayd one of both the Hoasts, that might do sacrifice;
 O Iupiter, most high, most great, and all the deathlesse powers;
 Who first shall dare to violate the late sworne oaths of ours,
 So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they shall produce,
 Flowe on the staine'd face of the earth, as now, this sacred twice:
 And let their wines with bastard life brand all their future Race:
 Thus prayd they: but with mist effect, their prayers loue did not grace.
 And Priam said; Lords of both Hoasts, I can no longer stay,
 To see my lou'd sonne trie his life, and so must take my way,
 To winde-exposed Ilion; loue and th'immortal Gods
 Knowe, onely which of these, to Fate must pay their periods;
 Thus putting in his Coach, the Lambs, he mounts, and reignes his horse,
 Antenor to him and to Troy, both take their speedie course:
 Then Hector (Priams Martiall sonne) stopt forth, and met the ground,
 With wise Vlisses, where the blowes of Combat must resound:
 Which done, into a Helme they put two lottes that they might knowe;
 Which of the Combattants shoul'd first his brasse-pil'd laureline throwe;
 When all the people, standing by, with hands held up to heauen,

Prayd

so, yess, and mouning at tribles; that (seeing) you would sweare,
He came not from the dustie fight, but from a Courtly dance,
Or would be dancing; This she made a charme for dalliance,
Whose vertue Heilen felt; and knew (by her so radiant eyes,
Whose cheek, and most enticem'g breast) the ceas'd disguise.

At which amaz'd, she answered her; unhappy Venus!
Why dost thou fill in these deceipts, to wrap my phantasie?
Or whether yet, (of all the townes given to their lust beside,
in Phrygia, or Meonia) com'st thou to be my guide?
If there (of diuers language) I men; thou hast, as here in Troy)
some other forme, to be my blame; since here, thy latest ioy,
By Nene thus now subdu'd, by him shall I be borne
Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of his korne,
And to this end, wouldst thou decept: my wanton lie abuse.
Hence go thy selfe to Priams some, and all the wayes are
Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dame, your euer turne to mine
Thy earth-affecting feet to heauen: but for his sake I giue
Toyles here; guard, grace him endleslie till he requite thy Grace
By giuing thee my place, with him, or take his seruants place,
If all dishonourable wayes your fauours seek to serue
His neuer-pleas'd incontinence: I better will deserue,
Then serue his dotage now; what shame were it for me to feede
This lust in him? all honour'd Dames would hate me for the deed;
Hee takes a womans loue so shame'd, and shows so base a minde,
To feele nor my shame, nor his owne, griefes of a greater kind
Would me, then such as can admitte such kind delights so soone.

The Goddesse answere that (poor shame) her meere will was not done,
Replyd: In case me not you wretched least (one time, not) I leaue
Thy com'g life to as strange a hate, as yet it may rectifie
Alone from me, and least I spread through both thiafs such despight,
For these plagues they haue felt for thee, that both abuse thee quite,
And (setting thee in midst of both) turne all their wraths on thee
And start thee dead; that such a death may wreake thy wrong of me.
This specke the faire Dame with such ferre, itooke her speech away;
And shadowed in her snowe waile, shee durst not but shay;
And yet (to shun the shame shee fear'd) shee vanish and scide
Of all the Trojan Ladies there, for Venus was her guide.

As in mid home; her roome, which both sell to their norke in hast;
When she that was of a ther sex, the most diuinely creat,
Ascended to a high her roome, though much against her will,
Where leuely Alexander was being led by Venus still;

The

The laughter-loving dame discern'd her mow'd minde, by her grace:
And (for her mirth sake) set a soole full before Paris face;
Where she would needs haue Hellen sit; who, though she durst not chuse
But sit, yet lookt away; for all the Goddesse powre could vse;
And for her tongue to; and to chide whom Venus sooth'd so much;
And chid to, in this bitter kinde; And was thy coward life such,
(So conquered) to be seene aliue? O, would to God thy life
Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife.
Before this, you would glorifie your valour, and your Lance;
And past my first Lones, best them far; Go once more and aduance
Your braues against his single power: this soyle might fall by chance?
Poore conquered man, twas such a chance, as I would not aduise,
Your valour, should prouoke againe: shunne him thou most vnwise;
Least next, thy spirit (ent to hell, thy bodie be his prise).

He answered; Pray thee woman, cease to chide and grieue me thus:
Disgraces will not euer last; looke on their ende; on vs,
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,
As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our loue sinke beneath
The hate of Fortune? In loues fire, let all hates vanish; Come,
Loue neuer so inflamde my heart; no not, when (bringing home,
Thy beantie so delicions prise) on Cranaes blest shore
I long'd for, and enioyd thee first. With this, he went before,
She after, to their odorous bed. While these, to pleasure yeeld,
Perplext Atides, sauage-like ran vp and downe the field,
And euer thickest troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aide,
Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betrayde;
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceale his sight;
All hated him so, like their deaths, and ought him such despight.

At last thus spake the king of men; Heare me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans and the rest, whose powers you in their aides employ;
The Conquest on my brothers part, ye all discern is cleare;
Do you then Argiue Helena, with all her treasure here
Restore to vs, and pay the Mule, that by your vov'es is due;
Yeeld vs an honour'd recompence: and all that should accrew,
To our posterities, confirme; that when ye render it,
Our acts here, may be memoris'd. This all Greekes else, though sit.

The ende of the third Booke.

H 2

THE



THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



The Argument.

THE Gods, in Counsaile, at the last decree,
That famous *Iliou*, shall expugned be.
And, that their owne continued faults may proue,
The reasons that haue so incensed *Ioue*;
Minerua seekes with more offences done,
Against the lately iniur'd *Atræus* sonne
(A ground that clearest would make seene their sinne)
To haue the Lycian *Pandarus* begin;
He (gainst the Truce with sacred covenants bound)
Gives *Menelaus*, a dishonour'd wound;
Machaon heales him; *Agamemnon* then,
To mortall warre incenleth all his men;
The battailes ioyne, and in the heat of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless Night.

Another Argument.

In *Delta*, is the Gods Affise;
The Truce is broke; warres freshly rise.

W^Ithin the faire-pau'd Court of loue, he and the Gods conferr'd,
About the sad euents of Troy; amongst whom ministr'd,
Blest *Hebe*, *Nectar*: as they sat and did Troyes Towns behold,
They dranke, and pledg'd each other round, in full cround Cuppes of gould.
The mirth, at whose Feast, was begun by great *Saturnides*,
In urging a begun dislike amongst the Goddesses;
But chiefly in his solemne *Quene*: whose splene he was dispos'd
To tempt yet further; knowing well what anger it enclos'd,

And

And how wines angers should be vs'de. On which, (thus pleas'd) he plaide;
Two Goddesses there are, that still giue *Menelaus* aide:
And one that *Paris* loues. The two that sit from vs so farre,
(Which *Argiue* *Iuno* is, and she that rules in deedes of warre)
No doubt are pleas'd, to see how well the late seene fight did frame:
And (yet upon the aduerse part) the laughter-louing Dame,
Made her power good too for her friend. For though he were so neere,
The stroke of death, in th' others hopes, shee tooke him from them cleere;
The Conquest yet is questionless, the martiall Spartan kings;
We must consult then, what euents shal crowne these future things:
If warres and combattles, we shall still with euen successes strike,
Or (as impartiall) friendship plant, on both parts. If ye like
The last: and that it will as well delight, as meere pleasure
Your happie Deities: still let stand olde *Priams* towne in peace,
And let the *Lacedæmon* King, againe his *Queene* enioy.

As *Pallas* and *Heaenens* *Quene* sat close, complotting ill to Troy,
With silent murmures they receiu'd this ill-lik't choice from loue;
Gainst whom was *Pallas* much incens'd, because the *Queene* of loue,
Could not without his leane relieue, in that late point of death,
The sonne of *Priam*; whom she loath'd; Her wrath yet fought beneath
Her supream wisdome, and was curb'd: but *Iuno* needs must ease
Her great Heart, with her readie tongue, and said: What words are these
(Aulster, and too much *Saturns* sonne)? why wouldst thou render still
At labors idle? and the sweate of my industrious will,
In honor with so little power? my Chariot horse are tyrd,
With positing to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes desire,
To people-must'ring *Priamus*, and his perfidious sonnes:
Yet thou protect'st, and ioynt with them, whom each iust Deitie shunneth.
Go on; but euer goe resolu'd, all other Gods haue vow'd
To crosse thy partiall course for Troy, in all that makes it proude:

At this, the cloud-compelling loue, a farre fetcht sighe let sile,
And said; Thou *Furie*, what offence of such impetrie,
Hath *Priam*, or his sonnes done thee, that with so high a hate
Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to rase and ruinate,
So well a builded Towne as Troy? I thinke (hadst thou the powre)
Thou wouldest the Ports and farre-stretcht walles sile ouer, and denoure
Old *Priam*, and his issue quick: and make all *Troyans* sure;
And then thy angers weyward wound, I hope will close and cure,
To which, runne on thy Chariot; that nought be found in me,
Of iust cause to our future iarres: in this yet strengthen thee,

H 3

And

And fix it in thy memorie fast; that, if I entertaine
As peremptorie a desire to leuell with the plaine,
Acittie, where thy loued line, stand not betwixt my ire,
And what it aimes at; but giue way, when thou hast thy desire;
Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will;
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and Heauens starre-bearing hill,
There is a towne of earthly men, so honourd in my minde,
As sacred Troy; Nor of earths kings, as Priam and his kind;
Who neuer let my Altars lacke rich feast of offrings slaine,
And their sweet sauors; for which grace I honor them againe.

Drad Iuno, with the Cowes faire eyes replied; Three townes there are
Of great and eminent respect, both in my loue and care;
Mycena, with the brode high wayes, and Argos rich in horse;
And Sparta; all which three destroy when thou'nt their force;
I will not aide them, nor maligne thy free and soueraigne will;
For if I should be enuious, and set against their ill,
I know my enuie were in vaine, since thou art mightier farre;
But we must giue each other leaue, and winke at eithers warre:
I likewise must haue powre to crowne my workes with wished end;
Because I am a Deitie, and did from thence descend
Whence thou thy selfe; and th' elder borne, wife Saturne was our Sire;
And thus there is a two-sould cause that pleades for my desire,
Being sister, and am cald thy wife: and more, since thy command
Rule: all Gods else; I claime therein, a like superiour hand;
All wrath before, then now remit, and mutually combine
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine;
So will the other gods agree: and we shall all be strong;
And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let Pallas goe among
The Troians; and some one of them entice to breake the Truce,
By offering in some trecherous wound the honoured Greekes abuse.

The Father both of men and Gods agreed, and Pallas sent,
With these wingd words, to both the Hoasts; Make all haste, and inuent
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the Truce agreed,
May stirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with some inglorious deede:
Thy charge'd he her with haste, that did before in haste abound;
Who cast her selfe from all the heights, with which sleepe heauen is crown'd:
And as loue, brandishing a starre (which men a Comet call)
Hurls out his curled head abroad, that from his brand exhalls
A thousand sparkes; To fleetes at sea, and enerie mightie Hoast,
(Of all presages and ill happes, a signe mistrusted most)

So Pallas fell twist both the Camos, and soudainly was lost;
When through the breasts of all that sawe, she strooke a strong amaze;
Which viewing in her whole descent, her bright and on-mous blaze;
When straight one to another turnd and said; Now thundring Ioue
(Great Arbitrer of peace, and wmes) will either stablish Ioue,
Amongst our Nations or renue such warr, as neuer was:
Thus either armie did preface; when Pallas made her passe
Amongst the multitude of Troy, who now put on the grace
Of braue Laodocus; the flower of old Antenors race;
And sought for Lycian Pandarus; a man, that being bred
Out of a tanel's familie, she thought was fit to shed
The blood of any innocent, and breake the covenant sworne;
He was Lyciaes sonne whom Ioue into a wolfe did turne,
For sacring of a childe; and yet in armes renownd,
As one that was incalpable; from Pallas standing sound;
And round about him, his strong troopes, that bore the fladie shelds;
He brought them from AEsopus flood, let through the Lycian fields;
Whom, standing nere, flew bisprad thus; Lyciaes warlike sonne,
Shall I despaine at thy kind hands, to haue a sauour doe?
Nor dar'st thou let an arrow sue, upon the Spartan King?
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing
That enerie man would giue his gift; But Alexanders hand
Would loade thee with them; if he could discover, from his stand,
His foes pride preok downe with thy shaft; and he himselfe ascend
The flaming heape of funeralls, Come, shoot him (prince's friend)
But first smcke the God of light, that in thy Land was borne,
And now suchers arte the best that euer shaft hath wayne;
To whom a hundred first end Lams, wove thou in holy fire,
When life to sacred Zethus Towers, thy zealous flagee retire.
With this the maddie-gift-greecie man, Minervus daughter,
Whoinstantly do eue for the Bowe, most admiraue made
Of the Antler of aumping Goate, bred in a sleepe up Land;
Which Archerlike, as long before he tooke his kindle stand;
The Encke, skipping from a Kocke, into the breast bee' iuste,
And headlong feld him, from the chiffe: the forebeane of the Gote,
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, thit sixteen branches brought
Of allinrich (round) an ysefall Bowe, a skillful Bowyer wrought;
Which he left, and polishd both the ends he had with bernes of gold;
And thus he bent, he close laye downe, and bade his fulliers hold
Their shelds before him, lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise

Plumes as for the Spanish, could be his arrowy reffe;
 And place with art his cure be chafte, and thence he quinner drowe
 And being gathered heff for fight, and yet not maner flew;
 Being headed, and moyst at tommes, thence he leape up his bove,
 And met his fift: the ground he lince at their faine: grieffe did growe
 When praying to his God the Sonne put wax in the a bled,
 And King of Acaers promys that he the blood would feed
 Of full a hundred ypp fallen Lards, all of the same name,
 When to cleare face chafte from care, care too became
 But his arrow by the necke, and to his heade he bent,
 The Oxeneye clef he, he was man, the whole he bent,
 By a the lome of the hene vnto the furnace prise,
 His face he comprins into anby: the wnde (his wife)
 The common of a pade a mostre fawce forced him;
 And he a mightie man; and forth the eager shaft and Jong,
 (And the feeding of fowls) amongst the delyce thong:
 And was the by: A heuens power: unmdel of thy wrong,
 O Menclaus, thou in chiefe, how see the Pylar,
 At a clef of fowce, and fack the fowce the arrow detemfer;
 With this an chere, and little byt, and with a mother eye
 And keete on from her bake, when fect a dith the night his powers diffuse
 In golden fumor; and the affaults of a rene on the equies
 And fuch cheekes with her carefull hande for pade, fhat she plies,
 To the buttons moile of gold, and fhe was in the midde fad,
 And woe he Chmets could he were, the fad at the pfect;
 And the much proffe she put it to the buckle made of gold;
 And at a fapied, brachly wrought; his Chmets a double fould;
 And then the charmed pade he wore when felf him more then all;
 And when fad at his and shafts befowed wax to his life a maid;
 So fuch all the fowce of kinne, the head to each race,
 And to the blood flow in which did much he maner and grace;
 And fowce on his more skinne, as doth a purple die,
 And he at one of Caers or louchy Moony,
 O Marce, wrought in ornaments to acke the cheekes of horse;
 With that or may rape reome muft hezok be beauties have fuch force,
 That they are wryft of many knights; but are fuch pretious things,
 That they are kept for horse that draw the Charrots of kings;
 With horse (so deere) the Chariotere effeemes a grace to him;
 Like thefe (in grace) the blood upon thy fad the fighes di fwm,
 O Menclaus, downe the C. Mice, and Ankles to the ground,

For

For nothing decks a souldier so, as doth an honoured wound;
Yet (feearing he had farde much worse) the haire stood up on end
On Agamemnon, when he say so much blacke blood descend.
And bristl'd with the like dismaye, was Menelaus to:
But (seeing th' arrowes stale without) and that the head did goe,
No further then it might be seene, he cald his spirits againe:
Which Agamemnon marking not, (but thinking he was slaine)
He gript his brother by the hand, and sigh't as he would breake:
Which sighe the whole host tooke from him, who thus at last did speake;
O dearest brother, is't for this? that thy death must be wrought,
Wrought i'this Truce? for this hast thou the single Combat fought
For all the armie of the Greeks? for this, hath Ilion sworn,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? yet all this hath not worne
The right we challenge, out of force; this cannot render vaine
Our stricken right hands, sacred wine, nor all our offerings slaine;
For though Olympus be not quick, in making good, our ill,
He will be sure, as he is slowe, and sharper lier prone his will;
Their owne heads shall be ministers of these plagues they despise;
Which shall their wines, and Children reach, and all their progenies.
For both in minde, and soule I know, that there shall come a day,
When Ilion; Priam; all his powre shall quite be worne away;
When heauen-inhabiting Ioue, shall shake his fierie shield at all,
For this owne mischiefe. This I knowe the world cannot recall;
But, be all this; all my grieve still, for thee will be the same,
Deare Brother, if thy life must here put out his royall flame;
I shall to Iunie Argos turne, with infamie, my face,
And all the Greekes, will call for home: and Priam and his race
Will flame in glory; Helena, vnconckt, be still their pray,
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our cursed Fates shall lay,
Thy Sepulchre be trodden downe, the pride of Troy desire,
(Insulting on it) Thus, O thus let Agamemnons lie,
In all his Acts, be expiate; as now he carries home
His idle Army, empty ships, and leaues here overcome
Good Menelaus: when this Braue shall grace their proudest breath;
Then, let the broad earth swallowe me, and take me quick to death.
Nor shall this euer chance (sayd he) and therefore, be of cheere,
Lest all the Army (led by you) your passion put in feare;
The arrow fell in no such place, as Death could enter at;
My Girdle, cures doubled here, and my most trusted plate,
Obiected all twixt me and Death, the last scarce piercing one.

1

Good

Good brother (said the king) I wish it were no further gone;
For then our best in medicines skild shall ope and search the wound,
Applying balmes to ease thy paines, and soone restore thee sound.
This said, diuine Ialithibius he cald, and bad him haste
Machaon, Aesculapius sonne (who most of men was grac't
With Physicks soeueraine remedies) to come and lend his hand,
To Menelaus; shot by one, well skild in the command
Of bowe, and arrowes; or of Troy, or of the Lycian aide,
It ho much hath glorified our foe, and vs as much dismaide.

He heard, and hastid instantly, and cast his eyes about
The thickest Squadrons of the Greeks, to finde Machaon out;
He found him standing guarded well, with well-armed men of Thrace;
With whom he quickly ioynde and said; Man of Apollos race,
Haste; for the King of men Commands, to see a wound imprest,
In Menelaus (great in armes) by one instructed best,
In th' Art of Archerie; of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renowne adorns; vs, with dishonors brands.

Machaon, much was mou'd with this, who with the tierraid slewe,
From Troope to Troope, alongst the host, and soone they came in viewe
Of hurt Atides, circled round, with all the Grecian Kings;
Who all gaue way; and straite he drawes the shaft: which forth he brings
Without the forkes; the girdle then, plate, Cures, off he pluckes;
And viewes the wound; when first from it the clotted blood he suckes;
Then medicines wondrously compose, the skilfull teach applied,
Which Iouing Chyron taught his Syre, he from his Syre had tryed.

While these were thus employde to ease the Atrean martiall iij;
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes; the Greekes arme and resist.
Then not asleepe, nor made with feare, nor shifing off the blowes,
You could behold the King of men; but with those royall throwes,
Most readie to bring forth his fame; and he examples this,
With toying (like the worst) on foote, who therefore did dismisse
His brasse-arm'd Charriot, and his Steedes, with Ptolomeus sonne,
(Sonne of Pyraides) their guide, the good Eurymidon;
Ier (said the king) attend with them, least wearinesse should sease
My Limmes, surcharg'd with ordering Troopes, so thicke and vast as these.
Eurymidon, then reind his horse, that trotte a neighing by,
The king a foot-man, and so skowres the Squadrons orderly;
Those of his swiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,
Those he put on with cherefull words, and bade them not remit
The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Troians durst

Take

Take these abhord advantages; but let them do their worst:
For they might be assur'd that loue, would patronise no lies;
And that, who with the breach of Truce, would hurt their enemies,
With vultures should be torne themselves, that they should race their Townes;
Their wines and children, at their brealls, borne vassals to their owne:

But such as be beheld hang off from that encreasing fight,
Such would be bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite;
Base Argines, blush ye not to stand, as made for buttes to darts?
Why are ye thus discomfited, like blindes that haue no harts?
Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly emboss,
Stand still, and in their beasty breasts, is all their courage lost:
And so stand you strooke with amaze, and dare not strike a stroke.
Would ye the foe should neerer yet your dauid spleenes prouoke;
Euen where on Neptunes somie shore, our flecte lies in the fight,
To see if loue will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?

Thus he (commanding) rang'd the host, and (passing many a band)
He came to the Cretensian troopes, where all did armed stand,
About the Martiall Idomen, who brauely marcht before,
In Vauntguard of his Troopes, and matcht, for strength a sauage Bore;
Meriones (his Charrioteer) The rereguard bringing on:
Which seene to Atreus sonne, to him it was a sight alone;
And Idomens confirmed minde, with these kinde words he seekes,
O Idomen, I euer lou'd thy selfe past all the Greekes,
In warre, or any worke of peace, at table, euery where;
For when the best of Greece besides, mix euery, at our cheere,
My good olde ardent wine, with small, and our inferior mates
Drinke euen that mixt wine measur'd too, thou drink'st without those rates,
Our ould wine, neste; and euermore, thy bowle stands full like mine;
To drinke, still when, and what thou wilt: then rewe that hart of thine;
And what soeuer heretofore, thou hast assum'd to bee,
This day be greater. To the king in this sort, answered he;

Atides, what I euer seem'd, the same, at euery part,
This day shall shewe me at the full; and I will fit thy hart;
But thou shouldst rather cheere the rest, and tell them they in right
Of all good warre, must offer blowes and should begin the fight;
(Since Troy first brake the holy Truce) and not indure these braues
To take wrong first, and then be dar'd to the reuengent cruies;
Assuring them that Troy, in fate, must haue the worse, at last;
Sinc. first, and gainst a Truce, they hurt where they should haue embrac't.

This comfort, and aduice did fit Atides hart in need,

1 2

Who

Who still through new rais'd swarmes of men, held his laborious speed
 And came where both th' Aiaces stood, whom like the last he found,
 Arm'd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behinde them, hid the ground,
 A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a Goteheard spies,
 On some hills top, out of the Sea, a rainie vapour rise,
 Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he rest)
 Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast;
 Whereat, he frighted, drives his heards apace, into a denne:
 So (darkening earth, with darts and shields) flow'd these with all their men.
 'Tis sight, with like ioy fird the king, who thus let forth the flame,
 In crying out to both the Dukes. O you of equall name,
 I must not cheere; nay, I disclaime all my command of you;
 Your selues command, with such free mindes, and make your souldiers followe,
 As you, nor I led; but themselves. O would our father loue,
 Minerva, and the God of light, would all our bodies moue
 With such braue spirits, as breath in you: Then Priams loftie towne
 Should soone be taken, by our hands, for ever ouerthrowne.

Then held he on to other troopes, and Nestor, next beheld,
 (The subtle Pylian Orator) rander up and downe: he fild,
 Embattayling his men at armes, and stirring all to blowes;
 Points euerie Legion out his Chiefe, and euerie Chiefe he shoves
 What his way is to wage the warre: yet his Commanders were
 All expert, and renowned men: great Pelagon was there,
 Alastor, manly Chromius, and Hemon, worth a Throne,
 And Byas, that could armies lead; with these he first put on,
 His horse troopes, with their Charriots: his foot (of which he chuse
 Many, the best and ablest men, and which he euer vsde,
 As rampire to his generall powre he in the Rere disposd;
 The stoutfull, and the least of spirit, he in the midst inclosd;
 That such as wanted noble wills, base need might force to stand;
 His horse troopes (that the Vanguard had) he strictly did command
 To ride their horses temperately, to keepe their rankes, and shun
 Confusion; least their horsemanship and courage made them run,
 (Too much presumde on) much too farre: and (charging so, alone)
 Enrage themselves, in th' enemies strength, where many fight with one;
 If to his owne Charriot leaues to range, let him not freely goe;
 But strait vnhorse him with a lance: for tis much better so;
 And with this discipline (said he) this forme, these mindes, this trust,
 Our Ancestors haue, walled and towne, hid leuell with the dust;
 Thus prompt, and long inurde to armes, this old man did exhort;

And

And this Atides likewise tooke, in wondrous cheerefull sort,
 And said; O Father, would to heauen, that as thy minde remains
 In wonted vigor: so thy knes could vndergoe our paines;
 But age, that all men ouercomes, hath made his prison thee;
 Yet still I wish, that some young man growne old in minde might bee
 Put in proportion with thy yeares, and thy minde, young in age,
 Be fitly answerd with his youth, that still where conflicts rage,
 And young men, vnde to thrust for fame, thy braue exampling hand,
 Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole Command.

The old knight answered; I my selfe could wish (O Atteus sonne)
 I were as young, as when I leue braue Ereuthalion;
 But Gods, at aile times, giue not all their gifts to mortall men;
 If then I had the strength of youth, might the Counsailes then,
 That yeares now giue me; and now yeares want that maine strength of youth,
 Yet still my minde retains her strength (as, you, now, sayd the sooth)
 And would be, where that strength is vsde, affording counsailes sage,
 To stirre youths mindes up; tis the grace and office of our age;
 Let younger sinewes, men strung up whole ages after me,
 And such, shauie strength, vse it, and as strong in honour be.

The king (all this while comforted) arriu'd next, where he found,
 Well rode Menestheus, Peteus sonne, stand still in uiuand ronnd,
 With his well-iraid Athenian troopes; And next to him he spide
 'Tis he wife Vlysses, deedles to, and ali his bands beside,
 Of strong Cephalians; for as yet the alarme had not been heard
 In ail their quarters; Greece and Troy, where then so newly fird,
 And then just mou'd (as they conceiv'd) and they so lookt about
 To see both hostls giue prooffe of that, they yet had cause to doubt.

Atides (seeing th' m stand so still) and spend their eyes at gaze;
 Began to chide; and why (said he) dissolv'd thus in amaze,
 Thou sonne of Peteus, loue-nurft king and thou in wicked sleight,
 A cunning souldier; stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
 Should be by other men begun? tis fit the foremost band
 Should followe, you, there; you first should front, who first lifts up his hand.
 First you c in heare, when I nute the Princes to a Fealt,
 It heu first, most friendly, and at will ye eate and drinke the best;
 Yet in the fight, most willingly ten troopes, ye can behould,
 Take place before ye; Ithacus, at this, his browes did fould,
 And said; How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth?
 To say that we are slacke in fight, and to the field of death
 Looke others should enforce our way, when we were busied then,

13

(Euen

(Euen when thou spak'st) against the foe to cheere and lead our men;
But thy eyes shall be witnesses (if it content thy will;
And that as thou pretend'st, these cares do so affect thee still)
The Father of Telemachus (whom I esteeme so deare,
And to whom, as a Legacie, I leaue my deedes done here)
Euen with the foremost hand of Troy, hath his encounter darde;
And therefore are thy speeches vaine, and had beene better sparde.

He smiling, since he saw him mou'd, recald his words, and said;
Most generous Laertes sonne, the wisest of our aide,
Neither do accuse thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold
Fit; (that inferiours thinke not much (being slacke) to be controulde.)
Nor take I on me thy Command for well I know, thy minde
Knowes how sweet gentle counsailes are, and that thou stand'st encline'd,
As I my selfe, for all our good; On then: if now we speake
What hath displeas'd; another time, we full amends will make;
And Gods grant that thy vertues here may prooue so free and braue,
That my reproofes may still be vaine and thy deservings graue.

Thus parted they; and forth he went, when he did leaning finde,
Against his Chariot peece I is horse him with the mightie minde,
Great Diomedes, Tydeus sonne, and Sthenelus the feede
Of Capaneus: whom the King seeing likewise out of deedes
Thus cried he out on Diomed; I me in what afeare
The wise great warriour, Tydeus sonne, stand'st gazing euerie where,
For others to begin the fight: it was not Tydeus use
To be so danted; whome his spirit would euermore produce,
Before the foremost of his friends, in these affaires of right;
As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight;
For me, I neuer knew the man, nor in his presence came;
But excellent aboue the rest, he was in generall fame;
And one renown'd exploit of his, I am assur'd is true;
He came to the Micecian Court, without armes; and did sue,
At Goe-like Polynices hands, to haue some worthy ayde,
To their designs, that gainst then allies of sacred Thebes were laid;
He was great Polynices guest, and nobly entertainde,
And of the kinde Micecian state, what he requir'd gainde,
In meeke consent: but when they should the same in act approue,
By some sinister prodigies held out to them, by loue,
They were discourag'd; thence he went, and safely had his passe
Backe to Aepus flood, renown'd for Butruffles, and grasse;
Yet, once more, their Ambassadour, the Grecian Peeres addresse,

Lord Tydeus, to Eteocles: To whom being ginen access,
He found him feasting with a cene of Cadmians in his hall,
Amongst whom though an enemy, and onely one to all;
To all yet, he his challenge made, at euerie Martiall feate,
And easely soild all; since with him Minerva was so great.
The ranke-rode Cadmians, much incens'd with their so soule disgrace,
Laid Ambuscados for their foe, in some well chosen place
By which he was to make returne, twice fye and twentie men;
And two of them, great Captaines to the Ambush did containe;
The names of those two men, of rule, were Maxon, Hamons sonne,
And Lycophontes, Keepe-field calde, the heire of Autophon;
By all men honoured like the Gods: yet these and all their friends,
Were sent to hell by Tydeus hand, and had vntimely endes;
He trusting to the aide of Gods, recald by Anguries;
Obaying which, he one reserv'd, and his sau'd, life applies,
To be the beaue messenger of all the others deaths;
And that sad message (with his life) to Maxon he bequeaths;
So braue a knight was Tydeus: of whom a sonne is sprung,
Inferiour farr, in martiall deedes, though higher in his tongue.
All this, Tydides silent heard, and by the reuerend King;
Which slung hote Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his sting.

Atides, when thou know'st the truth, speake what thy knowledge is,
And do not lye so; For I know, and I will bragge in this;
That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;
We tooke the seuen-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there,
So great helpe as our Fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to Mars; by helpe of loue, and trusting to the fall
Of happie signes from other Gods, by whom we strooke the Towne
Vntoucht; our Fathers perishing there, by follies of their owne:
And therefore neuer more compare our Fathers worth with ours.

Tydides frownd at this, and said; Suppress thy angers powrs,
(Good friend) and heare why I refraine; thou seest I am not mou'd
Against our Generall; since he did but what his place behou'd,
Admonishing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy be our prise,
The honour and the ioy is his. If here our ruine lies,
Then blame, and grieve, as much to them, his general being binds.
As he then, his charge; weigh we ours: which is our dantle's mindes;
Thus from his Chariot amply arm'd, he iumpt downe to the ground:
The armor of the angry King so horribly did sound,
It might haue made his brauest foe, let feare take downe his braues.

And as when with the west-windes flaves, the sea thrusts up her waues
 One after other, thicke and high upon the growing shores;
 First, in her selfe, lowde, (but opposde with banks and Rockes) she rores,
 And (all her backe in bristles set) spits euerie way her some;
 So (after Diomed) instantly the field was overcome,
 With thicke impressions of the Greekes, and all the noyse that grew
 (Ordering and cheering up their men) from onely leaders flew.
 The rest went silently away, you could could not heare a voice,
 Nor would haue thought, in all their breasts, they had one in their choise;
 Their silence uttering their awe of them, that them controulde;
 Which made each man keep bright his arms, march fight, still where he should.
 The Troians (like a sort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans folde,
 Close at his dore, till all be milke, and neuer baaing hold,
 Hearing the bleating of their Lambs) and all their wise Hoast fill,
 With howls, and clamors; nor obseru'd one voice, one baaing still;
 But shew'd mixt tongues from many a Land, of men, cald to their ayde:
 Rude Mars, had th' ordering of their spirits; o' Greeks the learned Mayd:
 But terror follow'd both the hoasts, and slight, and furious Strife,
 The sister, and the mate of Mars, that spoyle of humane life;
 And neuer is her rage at rest; at first she is but small;
 Yet after, (but a little fed, she grows so vast, and tall,
 That while her feete moue here in earth, her forehead is in heauen;
 And this was she, that made euen then both hoasts so deadly giuen;
 Through euerie Troope, she stalkt, and stir'd rough sighes up as she went:
 But when in one field, both the foes her furie did conuent;
 And both came under reach of darts, then darts, and shields opposde
 To darts & shields; strength answer'd strength, then swords & targets close
 With swordes and targets, host with Pikes; and then did tumult rise
 Up to her height; then Conquerors bosses, mixt with the conquer'd cries;
 Earth, flow'd with blood. And as from hills raine waters headlong fall,
 That all waies eate huge Ruts; which, met in one bed fill a Vall
 With such a consuence of streames, that on the mountaine grounds
 Farre of, in frighted shepheards eares, the busling noyse rebounds:
 So grew their conflicts; and so shew'd their scuffling to the eare;
 With slight, and clamor, still commixt, and all effects of feare;
 And first Antilochus of Troy slew (fighting in the face
 Of all Achaias formost bands, with an vndanted grace)
 Echepolus Thalyfiades; he was an armed man;
 Whom, on his hayre-plum'd helmet's crest, the dart first smote; Then ran
 Into his fore-head, and there stucke; the Steele pile making way

Quite

Quite through his skull; a hastie night shut up his latest day;
 His fall was like a fight-race Towre; like which lying their disprede,
 King Elephenor, (who was sonne to Chalcodon, and led
 The valiant Abantis) couetous that he might first possesse
 His armes; layd hands upon his feet, and hal'd him from the prease
 Of darts, and lanelines hurl'd at him. The action of the King
 (When (great in heart) Agenor sawe, he made his laneline sing
 To th' others labor; and along, as he the trunk did wrest,
 His side (at which he bore his shield in bowing of his breast)
 Lay naked, and receiu'd the Lance, that made him lose his holde,
 And life together; which in hope of that he lost, he sould.
 But for his sake, the fight grew fiercer; the Troians and their foes,
 Like wolues, on one another rusht, and man, for man it goes.
 The next of name, that seru'd his fate, great Ajax Telamon,
 Perferd so sadly, He was heyre, to olde Anthemion,
 And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the frut of which, yet sled
 Before the honourd nuptiall Torch could light him to his bed;
 His name was Symoilius; For, some few yeares before;
 His mother walking downe the hill of Ida, by the shore,
 Of siluer Symois, to see her parents flockes; with them,
 She (feeling suddenly the paines of Childe-birth) by the streame
 Of that bright riuer, brought him forth; and so, (of Simois)
 They cald him Simoilius; sweet was that birth of his,
 To his kind parents; and his growth did all their care employ;
 And yet, those rites of pietie, that should haue beene his ioy,
 To pay their honored yeares againe, in as affectionate sort,
 He could not grationly performe, his sweete life was so short;
 Cut off, with mightie Ajax Lance: For, as his spirit put on,
 He strooke him, at his breasts right pappe quite through his shoulder bone;
 And, in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull hope,
 Of his friends hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toyle.
 And as a poplre, shot aloft, set by a Riuer side,
 In moist edge of a mightie Fenne, his head, in Curles implied,
 But all his bodie plaine, and smooth; to which a wheele-wright puts
 The sharpe edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts,
 From his innature root, in hope to hew out of his bole
 The Fellis, or out-parts of a wheele, that compass in the whole,
 To serue some goodly Chariot; but being bigge and sad,
 And to be hal'd home through the bogges, the usefull hope he had
 Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace:

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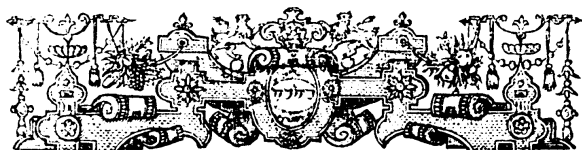
So lay, by Ioue-bred Ajax hand, Anthemions forward race;
 Nor could through that wast Fenne of toyles, be drawne to serue the end
 intended of his bodies powrs, nor cheere his aged friends.
 But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a sonne of Priam) threw
 His Lance at Ajax through the preefe; which went by him and slewe
 On Leucus, wife Vlysses friend; his groine it smote, as faine
 He would haue drawne into his spoile, the Carcassee of the slaine;
 By which he fell; and that by him, it vext Vlysses heart;
 Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at enerie part,
 Came close, and lookt about to finde an obiect worth his Lance;
 Which, when the Troians sawe him shake, and he so neere aduance;
 All shrunke; he threw, and forth it shinde: nor fell, but where it feld:
 His friends grieve, gaue it angrie powre, and deadly way it held
 Vpon Democoon; who was sprung of Priams wanton force;
 Came from Abydus, and was made the maister of his horse;
 Through both his temples, strooke the Dart, the wood of one side shew'd,
 The pyle out of the other look't, and so the earth he strow'd;
 With much sound of his weightie armes; then back the formost went;
 Euen Hector yeelded; then the Greekes gaue worthy clamors vent,
 Effecting, then, their first dumb powers; some drew the dead and spoild;
 Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confesse it foilde.
 Apollo, (angrie at the sight) from top of Ilion cried,
 Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feede not the Grecians pride;
 They are not charm'd against your points, of Steele, or Iron framde;
 Nor fights the faire-hair'd Thetis sonne, but sits at fleete, inflam'd.
 So spake the dreadfull God from Troy, The Greekes, Ioues noblest seede,
 Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where sit spirit did need,
 She gaue it; marching in the midst; Then slewe the fatal houre,
 Backe on Dioces, in returne of Ilions sun-burn'd powre;
 Dioces Anarincides; whose right legges ankle bone,
 And both the sinewes, with a sharpe and hand-full charging stone,
 Pirus Imbrasides did breake, that led the Thracian bands;
 And came from AEnos; downe he fell, and vp he held his hands
 To his lou'd friends; his spirit wingd to flie out of his breast;
 With which, not satisfied, againe Imbrasides addrest
 His Iaueline at him, and so ript his Nasill, that the wound,
 (As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (opened) on the ground,
 It pour'd his entrailles; As his foe went, then suffi'de away,
 Thoas AEtolus threw a Dart, that did his pile conuaye
 About his Nipple, through his Lungs, when (quitting his sterne part)

He

He clos'd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart,
 His sword slew in; and by the midst it trip't his bellie out;
 So, tooke he life; but left his armes, his friends so flockt about,
 And thrust forth Lances of such length before their slaughtered king;
 Which, though their foe were bigge and strong, and often brake the Ring,
 Forg'd of their Lances; yet (enforc't) he left th' affected prise;
 The Thracian, and Ipeian Dukes, layd close with closed eyes,
 By either other; dround in dust; and round about, the plaine
 All hidde with slaughter'd Carcasses; yet still did hotely raigne
 The Martiall planet; whose effects had any eye beheld,
 Free, and unwounded (and were led by Pallas through the field
 To keepe of Iauelines, and suggest the least fault could be found)
 He could not reprehend the fight, so many strowd the ground.

The ende of the fourth Booke.





THE FIFT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



King Diomed (by Pallas spirit inspir'd,
With will, and powre) is for his Acts admir'd:
Meere men, and men deriv'd from Deities,
And Deities themselves he terrifies;
Addes wounds, to terrors: his inflamed Lance
Drawes blood from Mars, and Venus in a Trance,
He casts Aeneas, with a weightie stone;
Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone:
Mars is recurr'd by Pæon; but by Ioue
Rebuk't, for Authoring breach of humane Ioue.

Another Argument.

In Epsilon, heavens blood is shed,
By iacred rage of Diomed,

Then Pallas breath'd in Tydeus sonne: to render whom supream
To all the Greekes, at all his parts; she cast a hotter beame,
On his high minde; his body fill'd with much superiour might,
And made his compleate armour cast a farre more compleat light:
From his bright Helme, and shield, did burne a most unwearied fire:
Likerish Autumnus goulden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
Past all the other Hoast of starres, when, with his cheerfull face,
Fresh washt in lastrie Ocean waues, he doth the skies embrace;
To let whose glorie lose no sight, still Pallas made him turne,
Wher tumult most exprest his powre, and where the fight did burne.

Am

An honest, and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;
Dares the Priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enjoy,
Idæus, and bould Phegeus, wel seene in euery fight;
These (sing'd from their Troopes, and horst) as faile Mineruas knight,
Whoraz'd from fight, to fight, on foote; All hasting mutuall charge,
(And now drawne neere) first, Phegeus threw a laneline swift and large:
Whose head, the kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:
Then rusht he out a Lance at him, that had no idle fall;
But in his breast stucke, twist his pappes, and strooke him from his horse.
In high sterne fight, when Idæus saw (distrustfull of his force
To saue his slaughter'd brothers spoyle) it made him headlong leape
From his faire Chariot, and leaued all: yet had not scap't the heape
Of beaueie funerall; If the Gods, great president of fire,
Had not (in soudaine cloudes of smoke, and pittie of his Syre,
To leaued him utterly vnheyr'd) giuen safe passe to his feete.
He gone; Tydides sent the horse and Chariot to the fleete.

The Troians, seeing Dares fornes, one slaine, the other fled;
Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyde maide (to grace her Diomed
In giuing free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact,
Asit aduantage to remouue the warre. God out of Act,
Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; she grip't his hand, and said;
Mars, Mars, thou ruinor of men, that in the dust hast laide
So many Citties, and with bloud thy Godhead dost distaine;
Now shall we cease to shoue our breasts, as passionat as men,
And leaued this mixture of our hands? resigning Ioue his right
(As rector of the Gods) to giue the glorie of the fight,
Where he affecteth? least he force what we should freely yeeld?
He held it fit; and went with her from the tumultuous field;
Who set him in an herby seat, on brode Scamanders shore.
He gone; All Troy, was gone with him, the Greekes draue all before;
And euerie leader slewe a man; but first the King of men
Defer'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,
And slewe a leader; one more huge, then any man he led;
Great Odus, Duke of Halizons, quite from his Charriots head,
He strooke him with a Lance to earth, as first he slight addrest;
It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breast;
His huge Trunke founded; and his arms did echo the resound.
Idomeneus, to the death, did noble Phæltus wound,
The sonne of Mæon Borus, that from cloddie Terna came;
Who (taking Chariot, tooke his wound, and tumbld with the same,

K 3

From

From his attempted feat, the Lance through his right shoulder strooke,
 And horrid darknesse strooke through him: the spoyle his souldiers tooke.
 Attilas-Menclaus flew (as he before him fled)
 Scamandrius, sonne of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;
 A skilfull huntsman; for his skill Dianas selfe did teach;
 And made him able with his Dart, infallible to reach
 All sorts of subtilest sauaiges; which many a wooddie hill
 Bred for him; and he much prefer'd, and all to shoue his skill.
 Yet, not the Dart-delighting Queen, taught him to shun this Dart;
 Nor all his hitting so farre off, (the masirie of his arte):
 His backe receiv'd it, and he fell upon his breast withall:
 His bodies ruine, and his armes so sounded in his fall,
 That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life;
 Meniones flew Phereclus; whom she that nere was wise,
 I.e. Goddess of good huswines, held in excellent respect,
 For knowing all the wittie things that grace an architect;
 And having power to give it all the cunning use of hand;
 Harmonides, his Sire built shippes, and made him understand,
 (With all the practise it requir'd) the frame of all that skill;
 He built all Alexanders shippes, that anchor'd all the ill
 Of all the Troians, and his owne; because he did not knowe
 The Oracles aduising Troy (for feare of ouerthrowe)
 To meddle with no sea affaire, but linc by tilling Land;
 In his man Meniones surpris'd, and auaue his deadly hand,
 Through his right hippe; the Lances head ran through the region
 About the bladder; underneath the muscles, and the bone;
 His sickling bow'd his knees to death; and sacrifice to earth.
 Phylides starr Pedarus flights Antenois bastard birth:
 His comely Venus Theano his wife (to please her husband) kept,
 As tenderly as those she lou'd. Phylides neer him slept:
 And in the fountaine of the nerues, did drench his seruient Lance,
 At his heads backe-part; and so farre the sharpe head, did aduance,
 As left the Organe of his speech; and th' iron (colue as death)
 He toke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gaue the ayre his breath.
 Eurypilus, the much renown'd, and great Euemons sonne,
 Duing Hyphenor flew, begot by Icar Dolopion;
 And consecrate Scamanders Priest, he had a Gods regard,
 Amongst the people; his hard fight, the Grecian followed hard;
 Rust in, so close; that with his sword, he on his shoulder layde
 A blowe; that his armes brauue cut off, nor there his vigor staides

But

But drane downe; and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,
 That gush'd out blood, and down it dropt upon the blubbing sand;
 Death, with his purple finger shut and violent fate, his eyes.
 Thus fought these, but distinguish'd well, Tydides so implies
 His furie; that you could not know, whose side had interest,
 In his free labours: Greece or Troy. But as a flood encreast,
 By violent, and soudaine showers, let downe from hills, like hills
 Melted in furie; swelles and fomes, and so he ouer-filles
 His naturall Channell, that, besides, both hedge, and bridge resignes
 To his rough confluence; farre spread, and lustie flourishing vines:
 Drown'd in his outrage, Tydeus sonne so ouer-ran the field,
 Strow'd such as flourish'd in his way: and made whole Squadrons yeeld.

When Pandarus, Lycaons sonne, beheld his ruining hand,
 With such resistlesse insolence, make lanes through euerie band;
 He bent his gould-tipt bowe of horne, and shot him rushing in,
 At his right shoulder; where his armes were hollow; forth did spin
 The blood, and downe his Curets ranne; then Pandarus cryed out,
 Ranke riding Troians, Now rush in: Now now, I make no doubt,
 Our brauest see is markt for death, he cannot long sustaine
 My violent shaft; if loues bright sonne, did worthily constrain
 My foot from Lycia: thus he brau'd; and yet his violent shaft
 Strooke short, with all his violence, Tydeus life was fast;
 Who yet with-drew himselfe behind his Charriot, and Steedes,
 And cald to Sthenelus; Come friend, my wounded shoulder needes
 Thy hand to ease it of this shaft. He hast'd from his seate,
 Before the Coach, and drew the shaft: the purple wound did sweat,
 And drowne his shirt of male in blood: and as it bled he prayde.

Feare me; of loue, Aeglochus, thou most vnconquer'd maide,
 If euer in the cruell field thou hast assistfull stood,
 Or to my Father, or my selfe, now loue, and do me good;
 Give him into my Lances reach, that thus hath giuen a wound,
 To him thou guardst; preventing me, and bragges that neuer more,
 I shall behould the cheerefull Sunne: thus did the king implore.
 The Goddess heard; came neere, and tooke the wearinesse of fight,
 From all his nerues, and lyneaments, and made them fresh, and light,
 And said; Be bold, O Diomed, in euerie combat shine,
 The great shield-baker Tydeus strength (that knight; that Syre of thine)
 By my infusion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing minde,
 I haue remou'd those erring mists, that made it lately blinde;
 That thou maist difference Gods from men: and therefore use thy skill,

Against

Against the tempting of the Deities, if any haue a will
 To trie if thou presum'st of that, as thine, that flowes from them;
 And so assum'st about thy right; where thou discern'st a beame
 Of any other heauenly power, then the that rules in loue,
 That calles thee to the change of blowes, resist not, but remoue;
 But if that Goddesse be so bould (since she first stirde this warre;
 Assault and marke her from the rest, with some infamous scarre.
 The blew-eyde Goddesse vanished, and he was seene againe,
 Amongst the foremost; who before though he were prompt and saine
 To fight against the Trojan powers; now, on his spirits were cold,
 With thrice the vigor; Lion-like, that hath been lately gald,
 By some bould shepheard in a field, where his curld stockes were laid;
 Who tooke him as he leapt the sloud, not slaine yet, but appaide,
 With greater spirit; comes againe, and then the shepheard hides,
 (The rather for the desolate place) and in his Coate abides,
 His stockes left guardlesse; which amaz'd, shake and shrinke up in heapes;
 He (ruthles) freely takes his prey, and out againe he leapes:
 So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great Heroe slewe,
 Upon the Troians; and at once, He two Commanders slewe;
 Hyppenor, and Aistynous; in one his Lance he fixt,
 Full at the nipple of his breast: the other smote betwixt
 The necke and shoulder, with his sword, which was so well layd on,
 It swept his arme, and shoulder off: these left, he rusht upon
 Abbas, and Polyeidus, of olde Eurydamas
 The haples sonnes; who could by dreames tell what would come to passe:
 Yet, when his sonnes set forth to Troy, the old man could not read
 By their dreames, what would chance to them; for both were stricken dead
 By great Tydides; after these he takes into his rage,
 Xanthus, and Thoon, Phenops sonnes, borne to him in his age;
 The good old man, euen pinde with yeares, and had not one sonne more,
 To heyre his goods: yet Diomed tooke both and left him store
 Of teares, and sorrowes in their steads; since he could neuer see
 His sonnes leaue those hate warres aliu; so, this the end must be
 Of all his labors; what he heapt to make his issue great,
 Authoritie beyde; and with her seede fild his forgotten seat;
 Then snatcht he vp, two Priamids, that in one Chariot stood,
 Echemon, and faure Chromius; as feeding in a wood,
 Oxen, or steeres are; One of which, a Lyon leapes upon,
 Teares downe, and wings in two his necke: so sternely Tydeus sonne
 Threw from their Chariot both these hopes of olde Dardanides;

Then

Then tooke their Armes; and sent their horse to those that ride the seas:
 Aeneas (seeing the Troopes thus tost) brake through the heate of fight;
 And all the whizzing of the Darts, to finde the Lycian knight,
 Lycaons sonne; whom hauing found, he thus bespake the peere;
 O Pandarus, where's now thy Bowe thy deathfull arrowes where?
 In which no one in all our Host, but giues the palme to thee;
 Nor in the Sunne-lou'd Lycian greens that breed our Archerie,
 Lues any that exceeds thy selfe. Come list thy hands to loue,
 Ana send an arrow at this man (if but a man he prone,
 That winnes such God-like victories; and now affects our host,
 With so much sorrow: since so much of our best blood is lost,
 By his high valour;) I haue seare some God in him doth threat,
 Incens'd for want of sacrifice; the wrath of God is great.
 Lycaons famous sonne replied, Great Counsaile of Troy;
 This man so excellent in armes I thinke is Tydeus son;
 I know him by his fierie shield, by his bright three-plum'd Caske,
 Ana by his horse; nor can I say, if or some God doth maske
 In his apparance; or he be (whom I nam'd) Tydeus sonne;
 But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done;
 Some great Immortal, that conuayes his shoulders in a clowde,
 Goes by, and puts by euery Dart at his bould breast bestowd;
 Or lets it take, with little hurt; for I my selfe let flie
 A shaft that shot him through his armes, but had as good gene by;
 Yet, which I gloriously affirm'd, had driuen him downe to hell,
 Some God is angrie, and with me for fauour hence, where I dwell,
 My horse and Chariots idle stand, with which some other may
 might repaire this shamefull misse: elcuen faire Chariots stay
 in old Lycaons Court; new made, new trim'd, to haue bene gone;
 Curtain'd, and arrast vnder-foote, two horse to euery one,
 That eat white Barley and blacke Otes and do no good at all;
 And these Lycaons (that well knew how these affaires would fall)
 Charg'd (when I set downe this designe) I should command with here;
 And gaue me many lessons more, all which much better were
 Then any I tooke forth my selfe: the reason I layde downe,
 Was but the sparing of my horse, since in a sieged towne,
 I thought our horse-meat would be scant, when they were us'd to haue
 their dangers full; so I left them, and like a lackey slaue,
 I come to Lion, content in nothing but my Bowe,
 that nothing profits me; two shafts I wunnely did bestow.
 into great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither flew,

L

Nor

Nor: this, nor Atreus younger sonne: a little bloud I drew,
That seru'd but to incense them more: in an unhappy starre,
I therefore from my memory, haue awayne these tooles of warre,
That day, when for great Hectors sake, to amiable Troy,
I came to leade the Trojan bands. But if I euer ioy,
(in safe returne) my Countries sight, my wines, my lofty Towers;
Let any stranger take this head; if to the fiery powres,
This Bowe, these shafts, in peeces burst (by these hands) be not throwne
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renoune.

Aeneas sayd; Use no such words: for any other way,
Then this, they shall not now be of de: we first will both assay
This man, with Horse, and Chariot. Come then, ascend to me,
That thou maist trie our Trojan horse, how skild in field the be,
And in pursuing those that flie, or flying, being pursued,
How excellent they are of foote: and these (if thou wilt) guide
The scape of Tydeus againe, and grace him with our speere;
Shall serue to bring vs safely off: Come, he be first shall fight:
Take thou these faire reignes, and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fight it out:
And leaue the horses care to me. He answered; and now
Descend to fight; keep thou the Reignes, and guide thy selfe thy horse,
Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force
Of the impulsive Chariot, if we be driuen to flie,
Then with a stranger; vnder whom they will be much more shy
And (fearing my voice, wishing thine) growe restie, nor goe on,
To beare vs off; but leaue engag'd, for mighty Tydeus sonne,
Them: selues, and vs; then be thy part, thy one hand horses guide;
He make the fight: and with a Dart, receive his utmost stride.

With this the gorgeous Chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend,
And make full way at Diomed; which noted by his friend,
Mine owne most loued Minde, sayd he, two mighty men of warre
I see come with a purpos'd charge; one's he that hit so farre,
With Bowe and shaft; Lycia's sonne: the other famous Ith. brood
Of great Anchiles, and the Queene, that rules in Amors blood,
Aeneas, excellent in armes; come vp, and vse your steeds,
And looke not warre so in the face, least that desire that feeds
Thy great minde, be the bane of it. This did with anger sling
The bloud of Diomed, to see his friend that chid the King,
Before the fight, and then preferd his ablesse, and his minde,
To all his Ancestors in fight, now come so farre behinde:
Whom thus he answerd; Vse no flight: you cannot please me so;

Nor

Nor is it honest, in my minde, to feare a comming foe;
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire.
And scorne the help-tyre of a horse; I will not blowe the fire
Of their hot valours with my flight, but cast vpon the blaze
This body, borne vpon my knees: I entertaine Amaze?
Minerua will not see that shame: and since they haue begun,
They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes, shall runne;
Or stay, and take the others fate: and thus I leaue for thee;
If amply wise, Athenia, giue both their lines to me,
Reigne our horse to their Chariot hard, and haue a speciall heed
To sease vpon Eneas Steeds, that we may change their breed,
And make a Grecian race of them, that haue been long of Troy;
For, these are bred of those braue beasts, which for the lonely Boy,
That was now on the Cuppe of Ioue, Ioue, that farre seeing God,
Gave Tros the King, in recompence; the best that euer troa
The founding Cener, vnderneath, the Morning and the Sunne.
Anchises stole the breed of them: for where their Syres did runne,
He closely put his Mares to them, and neuer made it knowne,
To him that hejrd them, who was then the King Laomedon.
Six horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept seare,
And gaue the other two his sonne; and these are they that scoure
The field so brauely towards vs, expert in charge and flight;
If these we haue the power to take, our prize is exquisite,
And our renewne will farre exceed. While these were talking thus,
The first horse brought th' assailants neere: and thus spake Pandarus;
Most suffering-minded Tydeus sonne, that hast of warre the Art;
My shaft that strook thee, slew thee not, I now will proue a dart:
Thus sayd, he booke, and then he threw, a Lance, aloft and large,
That in Tydides Cures stuck, quite driuing through his Targe;
Then braid he out so wilde a voyce, that all the field might heare;
Now haue I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall heare
Our prayse: chiefe prize from the field: Tydides, and dismaide,
Replyde; Thou err'st: I am not toucht: but more charge will be laide,
To both your lines before you part: at least the life of one
Shall satiate the throat of Mars; this sayd, his lance was gone:
Minerua led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,
And as he sloopt, strook through his iawes, his tongues roote, and his chinne.
Downe from the Chariot he fell, his gaye armes shine and rung,
The swift horse trembl'd, and his soule for euer charmd his tongue.
Aeneas with his Shield and Lance, leapt swiftly to his friend,

L 2

Affraid

As ifraid the Greekes would force his trunk; and that he did defend,
 Bould as a Lyon of his strength: he hid him with his shield,
 hooke round his Lance, and horribly did threaten all the field
 With death, if any durst make in; Tydides rayd a stone,
 With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powrd it mainly on
 The hip of Anchiliades, where in the ioynt doth moue
 The thigh; 'tis call'd the huckle bone, which all in Iheras, it droue;
 Brake both the Nerues; and with the edge, cut all the flesh away:
 It staggerd him, upon his knees, and made th' Heroe stay
 His shooke-blind temples, on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
 And there this Prince of men had died; if she that gaue him birth,
 (Kist by Anchises on the Greene, where his faire Oxen fed,
 Loues louing daughter) instantly, had not about him spread
 Her soft embraces, and conuaid, within her heavenly vaile,
 (As if as a rampier, gainst the Darts, that did so hate assaile)
 Her deare-lou'd Issue from the field: Then Sthenelus in hast,
 (Remembring what his friend aduise) from forth the press made fast
 His owne horse to their Charriot, and presently laide hand,
 Upon the loutly-coated horse, Aeneas aid command;
 Which (bringing to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend,
 To his below a Deiphylus; who was his inward friend,
 And (of his equals) one to whom he had most honor shovne;
 That he might see them safe at fleet: then slept he to his owne,
 With which he cheerfully made in, to Tydeus mightie race;
 He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in desperate chase
 Of her that made it; with his Lance arm'd, lesse with Steele then spight)
 With knowing her, no Deitie, that had to doe in fight,
 Minerua, his great Patronesse; nor she that raceth Townes,
 Bellona; but a Goddesse, weake, and soe to mens ren-wines;
 Her (through a world of fight) pursude, at last he ouer-tooke,
 And (thrusting up his ruthless Lance) her heavenly vaile hee strooke,
 (That euen the graces wrought themselves, at her diuine command)
 Quite through, and hurt the tender backe of her delicious hand:
 The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th' immortal blood,
 (Blood, such as flowes in blessed Gods, that eate no humane food,
 Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodlesse are,
 And call'd Immortals): out she cryed, and could no longer beare
 Her lou'd sonne, whom she cast from her; and in a sable clowde,
 Phoebus (receiuing) hid him close, from all the Grecian crowd;
 Least some of them should take his life. Away flew Venus then,

And

And after her, cried Diomed; Away, thou spoile of men;
 Though sprung from all-preseruing loue, these hote encounters, leaue
 is 't not enough, that silly Dames, thy forceries should deceiue,
 I lesse thou thrust into the warre, and robbe a Souldiers right?
 I thinke, a few of these assaults will make thee feare the fight,
 Where euer thou shalt heare it nam'd: She sighing, went her way,
 Extreamely grien'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay;
 And black her Tuory body grew. Then from a dewy mist,
 Brake swift-foote Iris to her ayde, from all the Darts that hist,
 At her quick rapture; and to Mars, they tooke their plaintife course,
 And found him on the fights left hand; by him his speedy horse,
 And iuge Lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,
 Her loned brother on her knees, besought, with instant prayer,
 His golden-ribband-bound-man'd horse, to lend her up to heauen,
 For she was much grien'd with a wound, a mortall man had ginen;
 Tydides: that gainst loue himselfe, durst now aduance his arme.

He granted; and his Charriot (perplex with her late harme)
 She mount'd; and her Waggonne (se, was she that paints the ayre;
 The horse she reignd, and with a scourge, importun'd their repaire,
 That of themselves out-slew the winde, and quickly they ascend
 Olympus, high seat of the Gods; th' horse knew their iourneys end,
 Stood still; and from their Charriot, the windie footed Dame
 Dissolu'd and gaue them beaucnly food; and to Dione came
 Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; (she kindly bad her stand,
 With sweet embraces helpt her up, strok't her with her soft hand,
 And call'd her by her name; and askt, what God hath beene so rude,
 (Sweet Daughter) to chastise thee thus? as if thou were pursude,
 Euen to the act of some light sinne, and deprehended; se;
 For otherwise each close escape, is in the Great let go.

She answered; Haughty Tyd: us sonne hath beene so insolent;
 Since he in hom most my heart esteemes of all my low'd descent
 Iriscude from his bloodie hand: now battaile is not ginen,
 To any Troians by the Griekes, but by the Griekes to heauen.

She answered; Laughter, think not much, though much it greene thee: use
 The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,
 In many bitter ills receiv'd, as well that men sustaine,
 By their inflictions; as by men repaid to them againe.

Mars sufferd much more then thy selfe by Euphantes poure,
 And Otus, Aloclus sonnes; who in a brazen towre,
 (And in inextricable Chaines) cast that warre-greedy God;

L 3

Where

Where twice sixe months and one he liu'd; and there the period
Of his sad life perhaps had clos'd; if his kind step-dames eye,
Fairst Eiebara had not seene, who told it Mercurie;
And he by stealth enfranchis'd him, though he could scarce enjoy
The benefit of franchisement, the Chaines did so destroy
His vitall forces with their weight; so Iuno suffer'd more,
When with a three-forkt arrowes head, Amphytrios sonne did gore
Her right breast, past all hope of cure: Pluto sustain'd no lesse,
By that selfe man; and by a shaft of equall bitternesse,
Shot through his shoulder, at hell gates; and there (amongst the dead,
Were he not deathlesse) he had died: but vp to heauen he fled
(Extreme ly torture) for recure, which instantly he won,
At Paxons hand, with soveraigne Balme; and this did Ioues great sonne,
Findest, great high-aed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
That with his bowe durst wound the Gods; but by Minetuas will,
Thy wound, the foolish Diomed was so prophane to giue;
Not knowing he that fights with heauen, hath neuer long to liue;
And for this deed, he neuer shall haue childe about his knee,
To call him Father comming home; besides, here this from me,
(Strength-trusting man) though thou be strong, and arkin strength a Towre,
Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
Contains not that superiour strength; and least that woman be,
Adrastus daughter and thy wife, the wise Ægiale;
When (from this houre not farre) she wakes, euen sighing with desire
To kindle our reuenge on thee, with her enamour'd fire,
In choos'ng her some fresh young friend; and so drowne all thy fame,
Wonne here in warre; in her Court-peace, and in an open shame.

This said, with both her hands she clea'd the tender backe and palme,
Of all the sacred blood they lost; and neuer vsing Balme,
The paines ceas'd, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde. *Queene of Loue.*

Iuno and Pallas, seeing this, assaide to anger Ioue,
And quit his late made mirth with them, about the louing Dame,
With some sh'pse iest in like sort built, vpon her present shame.
Grey-eyd Athenia began, and askt the Thunderer,
If (nothing mouing him to wrath) she boldly might preferre
What she conceiu'd, to his conceits: and (saying no reply)
She bade him view the Cyptian fruits, he lov'd so tenderly,
Whom she though hurt, and by this meanes; intending to suborne
Some other Lady of the Greeks (whom louely vailles adorne)
To gratifie some other friend of her much-loued Troy,

As

As she embrac't and stirr'd her bloud, to the Venean ioy,
The golden clasp, those Grecian Dames vpon their gyrdles weare,
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it; she had feare.

The thunaerer smil'd, and a call'd to him, Ioues golden Arbitresse,
And told her, those rough workes of warre, were not for her access:
She should be making marriages, embraces, kisses, charmes;
Sterne Mars, and Pallas had the charge of those affaires in armes.

While these thus talkt, Tydides rage still thirsted to atchieue
His prize vpon Anchiles sonne, though well he did perceiue
The Sunne himselfe protect'd him: but his desires (inflam'd
With that great Trojan Princes bloud, and armes so highly fam'd)
Not that great God did reuence. Thrice rusht he rudely on;
And thrice betwixt his darts, and death, the Sunnes bright target shone:
But when vpon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,
The far-off-urking Deitie, excee'ding wrathfull grew,
And askt him; What? Not yeeld to Gods? they equals learne to know:
The race of Gods is farre aboue men creeping here below.

This draue him to some small retreat, he would not tempt more neere
The wrath of him, that strooke so farre; whose powre had now set cleere
Æneas from the stormy field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his so soueraigne grace
A goodly Temple was aduanc't; in whose large inmost part,
He left him; and to his supply, enclin'd his Mothers heart
(Latona) and the Dart-pleas'd. *Queene*, who cur'd, and made him strong.

The silver-bow'd faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,
An image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create
Like Venus senne; for which, the Greekes and Troians made debate,
Layd lowd brookes on their Ox-hide shields, and bucklers easily borne:
Which error Phœbus pleas'd to vrg, on Mars himselfe in skorne;

Mars, Mars, (said he) thou plague of men, sinest d'with the dust and blood
Of humanes, and their ruin'd walls; yet thinks thy God-head good
To fight this Furie from the field? who next will fight with Ioue.
First, in a bold approche he hurt the moist palme of thy Loue:
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)
He held out his assault on me. This said, the lostie Towre
Of Pergamus he made his seate, and Mars did now excite
The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight
The Thracian troopes, swift Acamas, O Priams, Iones (said he)
How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see?
Euen till they braue yee at your gates? Ye suffer beaten downe

Æneas,

As great Anchises sonne; whose proesse we renounce
 As much as Hector: fetch him off; from this contentious presse.
 With this, the strength and spirits of all, his courage did embrace;
 And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this particular taunt
 Of noble Hector; Hector? where is thy outstake full want,
 And that huge strength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,
 With all thy brothers (without aid of us or our supplies,
 And troubling not a Citizen) the citie safe would hold;
 In which, friend, and brothers helps I see not nor am told
 Of any one of their exploits; but (all held in dismay
 Of Diomed, like a sort of dogges, that at a Lion bay,
 And entertaine no spirit to pinch) we (your assistants here)
 Fight for the towne, as you helpt us: and I, (an aiding Peere,
 To Cytizen, quen out of care that dothb. come a man,
 For men and childrens liberties) adde all the aide I can:
 Not out of my particular cuse; far thence my profit grows:
 For far hence, Asian I yea lies, where gulfy Xanthus flows:
 And where my lou'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing skant,
 I see behinde me, which I see if women would haue that want:
 And therefore they that haue, would I keep yet (as I would) lo'e
 Their sure fruition; cleere my troups, and with their lues propose
 Mine owne life; both to generall fight, and to particular coze,
 With this great souldier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope
 To haue such vittings as the Greekes nor feare to lose like Troy,
 Yet thou (euen Hector) deedelesse standst, and car'st not to employ
 Thy towne-borne friends; to bid them stand to fight and save their wiues;
 Least as a Fowler cast his nets, upon the siue lines
 Of Birds of all sorts; so the foe, your walls and houses haile,
 (me with another) on all heads, for such a scape their falls,
 Be made the prey and pri'e of them; (as willing ouerthrowne)
 That here not for you, with their force, and so this braue-built towne
 Will prone a Chaos; that deserves in thee so hote a care
 As should consume thy daies, and nights, to barren and prepare
 Thy assistant Princes: pray their mindes, to beare their far-brought toyles;
 To giue them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and soles
 Still to be equal; and thy selfe (examping them in all)
 Neede no reproofes nor spurs; all this in thy free choice should fall.
 This sung great Hector's heart; and yet, as euerie generous minde,
 Should silent beare a iust reproofe, and show what good they finde
 In worthy Counsailes, by their ends put into present decdes,

Not

Not stomach, nor be vainly sham'd; so Hector's spirit proceeds;
 And from his Charriot (wholly arm'd) he inuapt upon the sand;
 On foote, so toying through the host, a dart in either hand;
 And all hands turn'd against the Greekes; the Greekes despise their worst,
 And (thickening their instructed powres) expected all they durst:
 Then with the feet of horse and foote, the dust in clouds did rise.
 And as in sacred fiores of Burnes, upon Corne-Winners flies
 The chaffe, driuen with an opposite winde, when yellow Ceres dities;
 Which all the Dicers fecte, legges, armes, their heads, and (shoulders) whites:
 So look't the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heaven,
 Rav'de from returning Charriots, and troups together driuen:
 Each side stood to their labours firme; fierce Mars flew through the ayre,
 And gatherd darkenesse from the fight, and with his best affaire,
 Obed the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the goulden sword;
 Who had him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas cast't afford
 Her helping office, to the Greekes; and then, his owne hands wrought;
 Which from his Phanes rich Chancell (curde) the true Aeneas brought,
 And plac't him by his Peeres in field, who did (with ioy) admire,
 To see him both aliue, and safe, and all his powers entire:
 Yet stood not sifting, how it chan'd; another sort of taske,
 Then stirring th'idle siue of newes, did all their forces aske:
 Inflam'd by Phcebus, by mesfull Mars, and Eris, eager farre:
 The Greekes had none to hearten them, their hearts rose, like the warre;
 But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th' Aiaces v'de
 Stirring examples and good words: their owne fames had infus'de
 Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare
 The Troians force, nor what they forc't, but still expecting were
 When most was done, what would be more; their ground they still made good;
 And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still cloudes they stood,
 With which, loue crownes the tops of hills in any quiet day,
 When Boreas and the ruder winde (that vse to drive away
 Ayres duskie vapors (being loose) in many a whistling gale)
 Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;
 So firmly stood the Greekes, nor fled for all the Iliions ayde.

Atides yet coasts through the troups, confirming men so stayde:
 O friends (sayd he) hold up your mindes, strength is but strength of will;
 Renewance each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:
 Where souldiers show an honest shame, and loue of honor lues,
 That ranks men with the first in fight; death fewer lueries giues
 Then like, or than where Fames neglect makes cow-herds fight at length:

M

F. ght,

Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor shewes the minde hath strength:
He sayd; and swiftly through the troopes, a mortall Lance did send,
That rest a stander-bearers life, renown'd Æneas friend;
Deicoon Pergasides, whom all the Trojans lou'd,
As he were one of Priams sonnes; his minde was so approu'd
In alwaies fighting with the first: the Lance his target tooke,
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerely strooke,
And in his bellies rimme was sheath'd beneath his girdle steade:
He founde falling, and his armes, with him, resounded, dead.

Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great Æneas ire,
Diocleus sonnes, Orsilochus, and Crethron, whose kind Sire
In brauely-builde Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred blood;
He was descended lineally, from great Alphæus flood,
That broadly flows through Pylus hills: Alphæus did beget
Orsilochus; who in the rule of many men was set:
And that Orsilochus begat the rich Diocleus;
Diocleus sire to Crethron was, and this Orsilochus:
Both these, arriv'd at mans estate, with both th' Attrides went,
To honor them in th' Illion warres, and both were one way sent;
To death as well as Troy; for death hid both in one blacke houre.
As two young Lions (with their damme, sustaine but to deuoure)
Bred on the toppes of some steepe hill, and in the gloomy deepe
Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheepe,
Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens flocks, so long that they come short,
And by the Owners Steele are slaine: in such unhappie sort,
Fell these beneath Æneas powre. When Menelaus view'd
(Like two tall fir-trees) these two fall; their timelesse falls he rewde;
And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengefull course he tooke;
His armes beat backe the sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he shooke;
Mars put the furie in his minde, that by Æneas hands,
(Who was to make the slaughter good) he might haue strowde the sands.
Antilochus, (olde Nestors sonne) observing he was bent
To urge a combat of such ods, and knowing the euent
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone sustaine for him)
Err'd from their end; made after hard, and tooke them in the trimme
Of an encounter; both, their hands and darts aduanc't, and shooke,
And both pitcht, in full stand of charge; when sodainly, the looke
Of Anchiliades tooke note of Nestors valiant sonne,
In full charge too; which two to one, made Venus issue shunne
The hote aduenture, though he were, a souldier well approu'd.

Then

Then drew they off their slaughter'd friends; who giuen to their belou'd,
They turn'd where fight shou'd deadliest hate; and there mixt with the dead
Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led;
A man like Mars; and with him fell good Mydon that did guide
His Charriot; Atymnus sonnethe Prince Pylemen died
By Menelaus. Nestors joy, slew Mydon; one before,
The other in the Charriot; Attrides Lance did gore
Pylemens shoulder, in the blade; Antiochus did force
A mightie stone vp from the earth, and (as he turn'd his horse)
Strooke Mydons elbow in the midst: the reigns of luorie
Fell from his hands into the dust: Antilochus let slip,
His sword withall, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly layd
Vpon his temples, that he gronde, tumb'd to earth and stayde
A mightie while preposterously (because the dust was deepe)
Vpon his necke and shoulders there, euen till his foe tooke keepe
Of his pride horse, and made them stirre, and then he prostrate fell:
His horse Antilochus tooke home. When Hector had heard tell,
(Amongst the vpror) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
And ran vpon the Greeks; behind came many men of choice;
Before him marcht great Mars himselfe, matcht with his semall mate,
The drad Bellona: she brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
A tumult that was wilde, and madde: he (booke a horrid Lance,
And, now, led Hector, and anon, behind would make the chance.
This fight, when great Tydides saw, his hayre stood vp on end:
And him, whom all the skill, and powre of arms did late attend,
Now like a man in counsaile poore, that (trauailing) goes amisse,
And (hauing past a boundlesse plaine) not knowing where he is,
Comes on the sodaine, where he sees a riuer rough, and raues
With his owne billowes rauish'd into the King of waues,
Murmurs with some, and frights him backe: so he, amaz'd, retirde,
And thus would make good his amaze; O Friends, we all admire
Great Hector as one of himselfe, well-darting, bould in warre,
When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre,
Now Mars himselfe, for made like a man, is present in his rage:
And therefore, what soeuer cause, importunes you to wage
Warre with these Trojans, neuer striue, but gently take your rods
Least in your bosomes, for a man, yee euer finde a God.
As Greece retirde, the powre of Troy did much more forward prease;
And Hector, in a braue men of warre, sent to the fields of peace;
Menesthes, and Anchialus; one Charriot bare them both:

M 2

Their

Their falls made Ajax Telamon, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;
 Who lightned out a Lance, that mote Amphius Selages;
 That dwelt in Pados; rich in lands, and did huge goods possesse:
 But Fate, to Priam and his sonnes, conductea his supply:
 The Laueline on his girle strooke, and pierced mortally
 His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes so trim,
 That Ajax needs would proue their spoyle; the Troians pourde on him
 Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number stucke
 In his tough shield; yet from the laine, he did his laueline pluck:
 But could not from his shoulders force the armes he did affect;
 The Troians, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect;
 And wisely Telamoniuss fear d their valourous defences
 So many, and so stronge of hand, flood in, with such expence,
 Of deadly Provelse; who repell'd (though big, strong, should he were)
 The famous Ajax; and their friend did from his rapture beare.

Thus this place fill'd with strength of fight; in th'armies other prease,
 Tlepolemus, a tall bigge man, the sonne of Hercules,
 A cruell destinie inspir'd, with strong desire to proue
 Encounter with Sarpedons strength, the sonne of Clewely Ioue;
 Were, comming on to that sterne end, had chosen him his foe:
 Thus Ioues great Nephew, and his sonne, gainst one another goes
 Tlepolemus (to make his end more worth the will of Fate)
 Began, as if he had her powre, and show'd the mortall state
 Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous braue;
 Sarpedon, what necessitie, or needeleffe humor draue
 Thy for me, to these warres? which in heart I know thou dost abhorre;
 A man not seene in deedes of armes, a Lycian Counsaillor;
 They lie that call thee sonne to Ioue, since Ioue bred none so late;
 The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat;
 Such men, as had Herculean force; my Father Hercules
 Was Ioues true issue, he was bould, his aeces did well expresse
 They sprung out of a Lyons heart; he whylome came to Troy,
 (For horse that Iupiter gaue Tros for Gaiymed his boy)
 With sixe shippes onely and few men, and tore the Cittie downe,
 Left all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horse his onely
 For thee; thy minde is ill disposed, thy bodys powers are poore,
 And therefore are thy troopes so weak: the soulaier euer more
 Followes the temper of his chiefe, and thou pull'st downe a side:
 But say thou art the sonne of Ioue, and hast thy meanes supplied.
 With forces fitting his descent; the powers, that I compell,

Shall

Shall I throw thee hence; and make thy head run ope the gates of hell.
 Ioues Lycian issue answerde him, Tlepolemus, his true;
 Thy father, holy Iliou, in that sort ouer-threw;
 Th'iniustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had
 Vsd good desertings to his state, he quitted him with bad.
 Helyone, the ioy and grace of king Laomedon,
 Thy father rescu'd from a whale, and gaue to Telamon
 In honourd Nupt all. Telamon, from whom your strongest Greeke
 Boas's to haue issue; and this grace might well expect the like:
 Yet he gaue taunts for thanks, and kept against his oath, his horse;
 And therefore both thy fathers strength, and iustice might enforce
 The wreake hee tooke on Troy; but this and thy cause differ farre;
 Sonnes Ielaome heire their fathers worths, thou canst not make his warre;
 What thou assum'st from me, is mine, to be on thee imposde;
 With this, he threw an ashen dart, and then Tlepolemus losde
 Another from his glorious hand, both at one instant flew;
 Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, Sarpedons laueline drew
 The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the midst it fell;
 And what he threatned: th'other gaue, that darkenes, and that hell;
 Sarpedons left thigh toke the Lance, it pierst the solide bone;
 And with his raging head, ranne through; but Ioue preferu'd his sonne:
 The dart yet vext him bitterly which should haue bene puld out;
 But none considerd then so much, so thicke came on the rowte,
 And fild each hand so full of cause to ply his owne defence;
 Was held enough (both false, that both were nobly carried thence.

Allies knew the enents of both and tooke it much to hart,
 That his friends enemy should scape; and in a twofould part
 His thoughts contended; if he should pursue Sarpedons life,
 Or take his friends wreake on his men Fate did conclude this strife;
 By a hom was otherwise decreede, then that Vlysses siele
 Should end sarpedons: in this doubt, Minerva tooke the wheele,
 From fickle Chance; and made his minde resolute to right his friend
 With that blood he could surest draue. Then did reuenge extend
 Her full powre on the multitutes; Then did he neuer misse;
 Alastor, Halus Chromius Noemon, Prytanis,
 Alcander, and a number more, he slew and more had laine,
 If Hector had not understoor; whose powre made in amaine,
 And strooke feare through the Grecian troopes, but to Sarpedon gaue
 Hope of full rescue; in ho thus cryed, O Hector help and saue
 My body from the spoyle of Greece; that to your loved Towne,

M 3

My

*My friends may see me borne; and then let earth possesse her owne,
In this soyle, for whose sake I left my Countries; for no day
Shall ever showe me that againe; nor to my wife display
(And young hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirsted sight;
Ail which, I left for Troy; for them let Troy then do th's right.*

*To all this, Hector giues no word: but greedily he straines,
With all speede to repell the Greekes, and shed in floods their liues,
And left Sarpedon: but what face soeuer he put on
Of following the common cause, he left this Prince alone
For his particular grudge; because so late, he was so plaine
In his reprooffe before the host; and that did he retaine;
How euer, for example sake, he would not show it then;
And for his shame to; since twas iust. But good Sarpedons men
Venturd themselves, ana forc't him off and set him underneath
The goodly Beeche of Iupiter, where now they did vnshearth
The ashen Lance; strong Pelagou, his friend, most lov'd, most true
Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which, his spirit flew;
And darkenes ouer flew his eyes; yet, with a gentle gale
That round about the dying Prince, coole Boreas did exhale,
He was reuiu'd, recomforted; that else had griev'd and dyed.*

*All this time, flight draue, to the fleete, the Argiues, who applyed
No weapon gainst the proud pursuite, nor euer turnd a head;
They knew so well that Mars persude, and dreadfull Hector led.
Then who was first, who last, whose liues the Iron Mars did sease,
And Priams Hector? Heleius, furnam'd Oenopides,
Good Teuthras, and Orestes, skild in manadging of horses;
Bould Oenomaus; and a man renown'd for Martiall force,
Trechus, the Great Etolian Chiefe; Orestibus, that did weare
The gawdy Myter, studied wealth extreamely, and dwelt nere
Th' Atlantique lake, Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose seate,
The good men of Baotia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great,
It flew to heauen; Saturnia discern'd it; and cryed out
To Pallas; O unworthy fight, to see a field so fought,
And breake our words to Spartas king, that Ilion should be ra't,
And he returne reuengde? when thus we see his Greekes disgrac't
And beare the harmefull rage of Mars? Come, let vs use our care
That we dishonor not our powres; Minetua was as yare
As she, at the despight of Troy. Her goulden-bridl'd steeds,
Then Saturns Daughter brought abroad, and Hebe she proceedes
T' adresse her Charriot; instantly, she giues it either wheele,*

Beam'd

*Beam'd with eight Spokes of sounding brasse; the Axel-tree was Steele;
The Felles, incorruptible gould; their upper bands of brasse;
Their matter most vnallow'd; their worke of wondrous grace;
The Naues in which the spokes were driuen, were all with siluer bound;
The Charriots seate, two hoopoes of gould and siluer strengthned round;
Edged with gould, and siluer frimdge; the beame that lookt before,
Was massie siluer; On whose top, Geres all of gould it wore,
And goulden Poirils; Iuno mounts, and her hot horses reign'd;
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complain'd;
Minetua wrapt her in the Robe, that curiously she woue
With glorious colours, as she sat on th' Azure floore of Ioue;
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field;
About her brode-spread shoulders hung, his huge and horrid shield,
Frimdg'd round with euer-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life
The miseries, and deaths of fight; in it found bloodie strife;
In it shinde sacred Fortitude; in it fell Pursuit flew;
In it, the monster Gorgons head, in which (held out to view)
Were all the dire offents of Ioue; on her big head she plac't
His foure-plum'd glittering Cask of gould; so admirably vast,
It would a hundred Guarifons of souldiers comprehend.
Then to her shining Charriot her vigorous feete ascend;
And in her violent hand she takes his graue, huge, solid Lance,
With which the conquests of her wrath, she vseth to aduance,
And ouerturne whole fields of men, to showe she was the seede
Of him that thunders. Then heauens Queene (to urge her horses speede)
Takes up the scourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heauen
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is giuen
(With all Olympus, and the skie) to the distinguisht Howres,
That cleere, or hide it all in clouds, or poure it downe in Showres.
This way their scourge-obeying horse made hast, and soone they won
The top of all the toppesfull heauens; where aged Saturns sonne
Sat seuer'd from the other Gods; then slayd the white-arm'd Queene
Her Steedes, and askt of Ioue, if Mars did not incense his spleene
With his soule deedes, in ruining so many, and so great
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heate.
At which (she said) Apollo laugh't, and Venus; who still sue
To that madde God for violence, that neuer iustice knew;
For whose impietie she askt, if with his wish'd Ioue
Her selfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather moue
Athenia to the charge she sought, who vs'd of olde to be*

The

The bane of Mars, and had as well the gift of spoyle as he.

This grace she slackt not; but her horse scow'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the Cope of starres and earth: and how farre at a veire
A man into the purple sea, may from a hill descende;

So farre a high neighing horse of heauen, at erieie steppe would flie.

Arriu'd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two-floods mix their force,

(Scamander, and bright Simois) Saturnia laid her horse;

Tooke them from Chariot, and a Clowde of mightie depth disfusde

About them; and the verdant banks of Symois produc'd

(in nature) what they eate in heauen; then, both the Goddesses

Marcht like a paire of timorous Dones, in hastling their acceffe,

To th' Argiue succour: being arriu'd, where both the most and best

Were kept together, showing all, like Lyons at a feast

Of new slaine Carcasses, or Bores beyond encounter strong,

There found they Diomed; and there, midst all th' admiring throng,

Saturnia put on Stentors shape, that had a brazen voice,

And spake as lowde as fiftie men; like whom she made a noyse,

And chid the Argiues; Oye Greeks; in name, and appetite,

But Princes onely; not in arte; what scandall, what despight

Use ye to honor? all the time the great Æacides

Was conuersant in armes, your foes durst not a foot adresse,

Without their Ports; so much they feard his Lance that all contrould,

And now they outray to your flecte. This did with shame make bould

The generall spirit, and powre of Greece; when (with particular note

Of their disgrace) Athenia, made Tydeus issue hote

She found him at his Chariot, refreshing of his wound

Inflited by slaine Pandarus; his sweat did so abound,

It much annoyd him, underneath the brode belt of his Shields,

With which, and tyred with his toyle, his soule could hardly yeeld

His body motion; with his hand, he lifted up the Belt,

And wip't away that clottred blood, the feruent wound did melt:

Minerua leand against his horse, and neere theyr withers laid

Her sacred hand; then spake to him, Beleue me Diomed,

Tydeus exampl'd not himselfe in thee his sonne; not Great,

But yet he was a souldier; a man of so much heate,

That in his Ambassie for Thebes; when I forbade his minde

To be too ventrous; and when Feasts his hart might haue declinde

(With which they welcom'd him) he made a Challenge to the best,

And soild the best; I gaue him aide, because the rust of rest

(That would haue seas'd another minde) he sufferd not; but vsde

The triall I made like a man, and their soft feasts refuse;

Yet when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort,

That (abetting thee) thou should'st be to the Greekes a Fort,

And a dismay to Ilion; yet thou obey'st in nought;

Affraide, or slouthfull, or else both: henceforth, renounce all thought

That euer thou wert Tydeus sonne. He answerd her; I know

Thou art Ioues daughter; and for that, in all iust ductie owe

Thy speeches reuerence; yet affirme, ingenuously, that feare

Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor slouth; I onely feare

Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I should neuer warre

With any blessed Deitie, vnlesse (exceeding farre

The limits of her rule, the Queene that gouernes Chamber sport

Should please to fildes; and her, thy willeniousd my Lance to hurt;

But he whose powre hath right in armes, I knew in person here

(Besides the Cyprian Deitie) and therefore did forbear;

And here haue gatherd, in retreat, these other Greeks you see

With note and reuerence of your charge. My dearest mind (sayd she)

What then was fit is chang'd; 'Tis true, Mars hath iust rule in warre,

But iust warre; otherwise he raues not fihts; he's alterd farre;

He vow'd to Iuno, and my selfe, that his aide should be vsde

Against the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abuse

Hus rule in armes; infrin'g'd his word, and made his warre vnjust;

He is inconstant, impious, mad; Resolue then, firmly to trust

My ayde or thee against his worst, or any Deitie;

Adde scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perfidiously.

This sayd; as that braucking, her knight, with his horse-guinding friend,

Were set before the Chariot (for signe he should descend

That she might serue for waggennesse) She pluckt the waggoner back,

And vp into his seat she mounts; The Beechen tree did cracke

Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it bore so huge a thing;

A Goddess so replete with powre, and such a puissant king.

She snatcht the scourge up and the reignes, and shut her heauenly looke

In hels vast helme, from Mars his eyes, and full carier she tooke

At him; who then had newly slaine the mighty Petiphas,

Renown'd sonne to Ocheilus; and farre the strongest was

Of all th' Actolians; to whose spoyle the bloodie God was run:

But when this man-plague saw th' approche of God-like Tydeus sonne,

He let his mightie Petiphas lye, and in full charge he ran

At Diomed; and he, at him, both neer, the God began,

and (thirstie of his blood) he throwes a brazen Lance, that beares

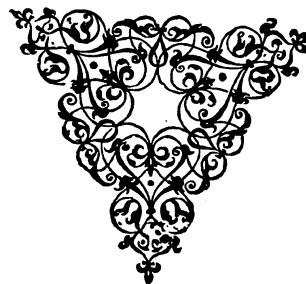
Full on the breast of Diomed, about the reigns and geres;
 But Pallas tooke it on her hand, and strooke the eager Lance
 Beneath the Chariot: then the knight of Pallas doth aduance,
 And cast a laueline off, at Mars; Minerva sent it on;
 That (where his arming girdle yert) his bellie gras'd vpon,
 Iust at the rim, and ranche the flesh: the Lance againe he got;
 But left the wound, that stung him so. he layd out such a throat,
 As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd out all their breaths
 in one confusion; hauing felt as many soudaine deaths:
 The rore made both the hoasts amaze. I'p flew the God to heauen;
 And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tincture driuen
 (To Diomedes eyes) as when the earth halfe chok't with smoking heat
 Of gloomie Clouds, that stifle men, and a pitchy tempests threat,
 Vsher'd with horrid gusts of winde: with such black vapors plumde
 Mars flew t' Olympus, and broade heauen; and there his place resumde;
 Sadly he went, and sat by Ioue; shewde his immortall blood,
 That from a mortall-man-made wound, pourd such an impious flood;
 And (weeping) pourd out these complaints; O Father, stormst thou not
 To see vs take these wrongs from men? extreame griefes we haue got
 Euen by our owne deepe counsayls held, for gratifying them;
 And thou (our Counsayles President) conclud'st in this extreame
 Of fighting euer; being rulde, by one that thou hast bred;
 One neuer well, but doing ill; a Gyrl so full of head,
 That, though all other Gods obey, her madde moodes must command,
 By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand
 Conforming her; thy reason is she is a spark of thee,
 And therefore she may kindle rage in men, gainst Gods; and shee
 May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods that are, besides, thy seed;
 First in the palms height, Cyprides, then runs the impious deede
 On my hurt person: and could life giue way to death in me;
 Or had my feet not fetcht me off, heaps of mortalitie
 Had kept me consort. Iupiter, with a contracted browe,
 Thus answerd Mars; Thou many minds, inconstant changeling thou,
 Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods
 (Inhabiting the starrie hill) I hate; No periods
 Being set to thy contentions, brawles fights, and pitching fields;
 Iust of thy mother Iunos moodes, stiff-neckt, and neuer yeelds,
 Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbear offence,
 Though to her sonne, this wound, I knowe, taste of her insolence;
 But I will proue more naturall, thou shalt be curde, because

Thou

Thou com'st of me: but hadst thou bene so crosse to sacred lawes,
 Being borne to any other God, thou hadst bene throwne from heauen
 Long since, as lowe as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driuen.

This said; he gaue his wound in charge to Pæon; who applyed
 Such soueraigne medicines; that as soone the paine was qualified,
 And he recurde; as nourishing milke, when runnet is put in,
 Runnes all in heapes of tough, thicke Curd, though in his nature thin:
 Euen so soone, his wounds parted sides ran close in his recure;
 For he (all deathle(s)) could not long the parts of death endure.
 Then Hebe bath'd, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate,
 Exulting by his Syre againe, in top of all his state;
 So (hauing from the spoyle of men, made his desir de remoue)
 Iuno, and Pallas reascend the starrie Court of Ioue.

The end of the fift Booke.





THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES



The Argument.

THe Gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greeks preuaile, the slaughtered Troians yeeld;
Heitor (by *Hellenus* aduice) retires
In haste to *Troy*; and *Hecuba*, desires
To pray *Minerva*, to remoue from fight
The sonne of *Tydeus*, her affected knight;
And vow to her (for fauour of such price)
Twelue Oxen should be slaine in sacrifice.
In meane space, *Glaukus* and *Tydidus* meete;
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of ould loue twixt their Fathers; which encheers
Their harts to friendship; who change Armes for signes
Of a continu'd loue for eithers life.
Heitor, in his returne, meetes with his wives
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,
He prophesies the fall of *Iliou*.

Another Argument.

In *Zeta*, *Heitor* prophesies;
Prayes for his sonne; wills sacrifice.

The sterne fight freed of all the Gods; Conquest, with doubtfull wings,
Flew on their Lances; euerie way the restless field beslings,
Betwixt the floods of *Symois*, and *Xanthus*; that confinde
All their affaires at *Iliou*, and round about them binde.
The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular side,
Was *Ajax*, sonne of *Telamon*: who like a Bullwarke plyde
The Greeks protection; and of *Troy* the knottie orders brake;
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd them how to make

W 49

Way to their conquest; he did wound the strongest man of *Thrace*,
The tallest, and the biggest set, (*Eustorion* *Acamas*):
His Lance fell on his Caskes plum'd top in slooping; the fell head
Droue through his forehead to his Jawes, his eyes it darkned dead;
Tydidus slew *Teuthranides* *Axilus*; that did dwell
In faire *Arisbas* well-built Towers; he had of wealth a Well;
And yet was kind and bountifull; he wold a traualer pray
To ke his guest; his friendly house stood in the brode high way;
In which he all sorts, nobly vsde: yet none of them wold stand,
Twixt him and death; but both himselfe, and he that had command
Of his faire horse, *Calbissus*, fell huclefs on the ground.
Euryalus, *Opheltius* and *Dreus* dead did wound;
Nor ended there his fierie courses; which he againe begins,
And ran it too successefully upon a paire of Twins,
Ætopus, and hould *Pedalus*; whom good *Bucolion*,
(That first calde father, though base borne, renown'd *Laomedon*)
On *Nais* abharbar: got; a Nympe that (as she fed
Her curle, & flocks) *Bucolion* woo'd, and mixt in loue and bed;
Both these were spoyle of armes, and life, by *Mecitiades*;
Then *Polypates* for sterne death, *Astialis* did sease;
Vlysses slane *Percosius*; *Teucer*, *Arætaon*;
Anticlus (olde *Nestors* ioy) *Ablerus*; the great sonne
Of *Aeneas*, and king of men, *Elatus*, whose abode
He held at *upper Pelasus*, where *Saturnus* river flow'd;
The great Heroe *Leitus* slayde *Philacus* in flight,
From further life; *Eurypilus*, *Melanthius*, rest of life;
Two brother to the king of men, *Adrestus* tooke aliue;
Whose horse, (affrighted with the sight) their driuer now did driue,
Amongst the low-growne *Tamricke* Trees, and at an arme of one,
The Charriot in the Draught-tree brake; the horse brake loose and ron
The same way other flyers sled, contending all to towne;
Himselfe close at the Charriot wheele, upon his face was throwne,
And there lay flat, roun'd up in dust; *Aurides* inwards draue;
And (houlding at his breast his Lance) *Adrestus* sought to saue
His head by losing of his feete, and trusting to his knees;
On which, the same parts of the king, he hugges, and offers fees
Of worthe valew for his life; and thus pleades their receipt;
Take me aliue, O *Arreus* sonne, and take a worthy weight
Of brasse, elaborate Iron, and gould: a heape of precious things
Are in my Fathers riches hid; which when your seruant brings

N 3

N 405

Nemes of my safetie to his eares he largely will diuide
With your rare bounties: Atreus sonne thought this the better side,
And meant to take it; being about to send him safe to flecte:
Which when (farre off) his brother sawe, he wingd his royall Feet,
And came in threatening, crying out; O soft hart whats the cause
Thou farest these men thus? have not they obseru'd these gentle lawes
Of mild humanitie to thee with mightie argument,
Which thou shouldst deale thus? In thy house? and with all president
Of humane quest rites entertainde? not one of them shall flie
Whither end for it, from heauen, and much lesse (dotingly)
Seeke our reuengefull fingers; all, euen th' infant in the wombe
Shall taste of what they merited, and haue no other tombe
Then naced Iliou; nor their race haue more fruite, then the dust.
This is my cause, turnd his brothers minde, who violently thrust
The Prisoner from him; In whose guttes the King of men impeare't
His scullance; which (pitching downe, his foote vpon the brest,
Of him that upwards fell) he drew; then Nestor spake to all:
O Friends and household men of Mars, let not your pursue fail,
With those ye sell, for present spoyle; nor (like the king of men)
Let any scape vnfeld: but on, dispatch them all, and then
Ye shall haue time enough to spoyle. This made so strong their chace,
That all the Troians had bene kousde, and neuer turnd a face,
Had not the Priamist hellenus (an Augure most of name)
With a Hector, and Aeneas thus; Hector, Anchises fame,
Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burthen lyes
Of Troy and Lycia; being both of noblest faculties
For Counsell, strength of band, and apt to take chance at her best,
In every turne she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest,
(By any way searcht out for scape) to come within the Ports;
Least (shed into their winde kinde armes) they there be made the sports
Of the pursuing enimie; exhort and force your bands,
To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands
(Though in a hard condition) to make the other staye;
Hector, goe thou to Iliou; and our Queen mother pray,
To take the richest Robe she hath, the same that's chiefly deare
To her Court fancie; with which gem (assembling more to her,
Of Troyes chiefe Matrones) let all goe, (for feare of all our Fates)
To Pallas Temple; take the key, unlocke the leauy gates;
Enter, and reach the highest Towre, where her Palladium stands;
And on it, put the precious vayle, with pure, and reuerent hands;

And

And vow to her (besides the gift) a sacrificing stoke
Of twelue fat Heifers, of a yeares that neuer yet the stoke;
(Most answering to her maiden state) if she will pittie vs;
Our towne, our wines, and youngest wyes, and him that plagues them thus)
Take from the conflict, Diome; that Furie in a fight,
That true sonne of great Tydeus, that cunning Lord of flight:
Whom I esteeme the strongest Greeke; for we haue neuer se'd
Achilles (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddesse bre'd)
Like him; his furie flies so highe, and all mens wraths commands;
Hector intends his brothers will; but first through all his bands,
He made quick way encouraging, and all (to feare) aspraye;
All turnd their heads and made Greece turne slaughter flood still dismaide
On their parts; for they thought some God, false from the vault of starres,
Was rust into the Ilioues ayre; they made such dreadfull warres.

Thus Hector, toying in the waues and thrusting backe the flood
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leaue; So, so, now runnes your bloud
In his right current; Forwaras now Troians, and farre cold friends
Awile hold out; till for successe to this your braue amends,
I haste to Iliou, and procure our Counsailors, and wies
To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their states in our lines.

Then faire-helm'd Hector turnd to Troy and (as he trode the fildes)
The blacke Bulls hide that at his backe he wore about his shield,
(In the extreame circumference) was with his gate for rock,
That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

And new betwixt the hoasts, were met, Hippolochus braue sonne,
Glaucus; who (in his verie looke) hope of some wonder won,
And little Tydeus mightie heire; who seeing such a man
Offer the fildes, (for vsuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

What art thou (strongest of mortall men) that putt'st so farre before?
Whom these fights neuer shov'd mine eyes? they haue becne euer more
Sonnes of unhappie parents borne, that came within the length
Of this Minerua-guided Lance, and durst close with the strength
That she inspires in me; If heauen be thy diuine abode,
And thou a Lettie, thus inform'd no more, with any God,
Will I change Lances: the strong sonne of Prias did not linc,
Long after such a conflict darde; who godlesly did drine
Niueus Nurfes through the hill, made sacred to his name,
And cald Nilius; with a gode, he puncht each furious dame,
And made them euerie one cast downe their greene and leauie speares:
This t' Homicide Lycurgus did, and those vngodly feares,

Et

He put the Froes in; seas'd their God; euen Bacchus he did drine
 From his Nisfeius; who was faine (with huge exclaymes) to diue
 Into the Ocean; Thetis therein her bright bosome tooke
 The flying Deitie; who so feard Lycurgus threats, he shooke:
 For which, the freely-living Gods, so highly were incens'd,
 That Saturns great sonne strooke him blind, and with his life dispenc'd
 But small time after; all because th'immortals lou'd him not;
 Nor lou'd him, since he striu'd with them: and his end hath begot
 Feare in my powrs, to fight with heauen: but if the fruits of earth
 Nourish thy body, and thy life be our humane birth;
 Come neere, that thou maist soone arrive on that life-bounding shore,
 To which I see thee hoyse such saile. Why dost thou so explore,
 (sayd Glaucus) of what race I am? when like the race of leues
 The race of man is? that deserves no question; nor receiues
 My being any other breath; The winde in Autumn strowes
 The earth with oide leues; then the Spring, the woods with new idewes;
 And so death scatters men on earth, so life puts out againe
 Mays leaue issue: but my race is (like the course of men)
 Thou seekst in more particular tearmes, tis this; (to many known)
 In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands the walled Towne
 Ephyre; where the Mansion house of Sylliphus did stand;
 Of Sylliphus Aelids, most wise of all the Land;
 Glaucus was sonne to him, and he begot Bellerophon,
 Whose body heauen indued with strength, and put a beautie on,
 Exceeding louely; Praxus, yet his cause of loue aid hate
 And banisht him the towne: he might, he rulde the Argiue state;
 The vertue of the one, loue plac'd beneath the others powre.
 His exile grieue, since he denied, to be the Paramour
 Of fayre Anteia, Praxus wife; who felt a raging fire
 Of secret loue to him: but he whom wisdom did inspire
 As well as prudence (one of them aduising him to shunne
 The danger of a Prince/esse loue; the other, not to runne
 Within the danger of the Gods; the act being simple ill)
 Still intertaining thoughts diuine, iudg'd the earthly still;
 She (rulde by neither of his wits) preferd her lust to both;
 And, false to Praxus, would seeme true, with this abhor'd vntroth;
 Praxus, or dye thy selfe (sayd she) or let Bellerophon die,
 He'ng a dishonour to thy bed: which since I did denie,
 He thought his violence should grant, and sought thy shame by force.
 The king, incens'd with her report, resolu'd vpon her course:

But

But doubted, how it should be runne; he shunn'd his death direct;
 (Holding a way so neere, not safe) and plotted the effect,
 By sending him with Letters seald (that open'd, toucht his life)
 To Rheus king of Lycia, and father to his wife:
 He went; and happily he went; the Gods walkt all his way.
 And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth display
 The siluer enignes of her wanes; the King of that brode Land
 Receiv'd him, with a wondrous free and honourable hand;
 Nine daies he feasted him; and kild an Ox in euery day,
 In thankfull sacrifice to heauen, for his faire guest; whose stay
 With rosie fingers brought the world the tenth wel-welcome morne;
 And then the king aduanc'd to see the Letters he had borne
 From his lou'd sonne in law: which seene, he thus wrought their contents,
 Chymæra the invincible, he sent him to conuince;
 Sprung from no man, but weere diuine; a Lyons shape before;
 Behind, a Lyons; in the midst, a Gores shag'd forme he bore;
 And flames of deadly seruencie flew from her breath and eyes;
 Yet her he slew; his confidence, in sacred prodigies
 Render'd him victor; then he gaue his second conquest way;
 Against the famous Solyimi, when (he himselfe would say
 Reporting it) he enter'd on, a passing vigorous fight;
 His third huge labor he approv'd against a womans spight,
 That fill'd a fild of Amazons: he ouercame them all,
 Then set they on him sic deceit, when force had such a fall;
 An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lycia bred,
 Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd a sure, they neuer rayde a head.
 His deeds thus showing him deriv'd from some Celestiall race;
 The king d'vande, and made amends, with doing him the grace
 Of his faire Daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a Dowre)
 Gaue half his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did poure
 More then was given to any King: a goodly planted field,
 In some parts, thicke of groues, and woods; the rest rich croppes did yeild.
 This field, the Lycians saturely (of future wandrings there
 And other errors of their prince, in the unhappy Rere
 Of his sad life) the Errant cald: the prince/esse brought him forth
 Three Children (whose enies griev'd him more, the more they were of worth)
 Ifander, and Hippolochus, and faire Laodomys;
 With whom, euen Iupiter himselfe, left heauen it self, to lie;
 And had by her the man at armes Sarpedon, cald diuine;
 The Gods then left him (least a man should in their glories shine)

O

And

And set against him: for his sonne, Ilandrus, (in a strife,
Against the valiant Solymus) Mars rest of light and life;
Laodamia (being enuied of all the Goddesses)
The goulden barde himing Queene, the mayden Patroneffe,
Slew with an arrow; and for this he wandred euermore,
Alone through his Aëlian field, and sed upon the core
Of his sad boosome; flying all the loth'd comforts of men:
Yet had he one suruiv'd to him, of those three children,
Hippoclothus, the root of me, who sent me here with charge,
That I should alwaies beare me well, and my deserts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar; least I should my race; that farre exceld
Ail that Ephyras famous Towns, or ample Lycia held.
This is my stock, and this am I: this cheerd Iyides hart;
Who pitcht his speare downe, leand and talkt in this affectionate part;
Certes, in thy great Ancestor, and in mine owne, thou art
A guest of mine, right ancient; king Oeneus twentie daies
Detaind, with Feasts, Bullerophon, whom all the world did prayse;
Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were giuen; my Grandfathers gaue to thine,
A gyrdle of Ibanician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:
Thine gaue a two-neckt luge of gould; which though I use not here,
Yet still it is my gemme at home: but if our fathers were
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not; since my sire
Left me a childe, at siege of Thebes, where he left his lifes fire;
But let vs proue our Grandfathers sonnes, and be each others guests;
To Lycia, when I come, do thou receiue thy friend with feasts;
Peleponessus, with the like, shall thy wisht presence greet;
Meane space, I bunne we each other here, though in the preise we meet;
There are enow of Troy beside, and men enough renownde
To right my Powers, whom euer heauen shall let my Lance confound;
So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canst; and now
For signe of Amitie twixt vs, and that all these may know
We glorie in th' hospitious rites, our Grandfathers did commend,
Change we our armes before them all: from horse then both descend,
Ioyne hands, giue faith, and take, and then did loue elate
The mind of Glaucus; who to shoue his reuerence to the state
Of vertue in his grandfathers hart, and gratulate beside
The offer of so great a friend, exchang'd (in that good pride)
Curets of gould, for those of brasse, that did on Diomed shine;
One, of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.
By this, had Hector reacht the ports of Scam, and the Towns;

About

About him flockt the wiuers of Troy, the Children, Paramours;
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, lones.

He stood not then to answer them, but said; It now behoues
Ye should goe all t' implore the aide of heauen, in a distresse
Of great effect, and imminent: then halted he accesse,
To Priams goodly builded Court; which round about was runne
With walking porches, galleries, to keep off raine and sunne;
Within of one side, on a row of sundrie colour'd stones,
Fittie faire lodgings were built out, for Priams fiftie sonnes;
And for as many sort of their wiuers; and in the opposite viewe
Twelue lodgings of like stone, like height were likewise built arowes
Where, with their faire and virtuous wiuers, twelue Princes, (sonnes in Law
To Honourable Priam laye; And here met Hecuba
(The loking mother) her great sonne; ana with her, needes must be
The fairest of her small Race, the bright Laodice;
The Queene gript hard her Hectors hand, and said; O worthyest sonne,
Why leauest thou field? is't not because, the cursed Nation
Assist our Countrymen and friends? They are their mones that moue
Thy minde to come and lift thy hands (in h' high Towre) to loue:
But stay a little, that my selfe may fetch our sweetest wine,
To offer first to Iupiter; then that these ioynts of thine
May be refresh't; for (woe is me) how thou art toyld, and spent!
Thou for our Citties generall state; thou, for our friends farre sent,
Must now the prease of fight endure, now solitude to call
Upon the name of Iupiter, thou onely for vs all;
But wine will somet'ime comfort thee; for to a man dismaide,
With careful spirits; or too much, with labour overlaid,
Wine brings good resce, strenghtening much the bodie and the minde.
The great helme-mouer thus receiv'd the author of his kind;
My royall mother, bring no wine, least rather it impayre,
Then helpe my strenght, and make my minde forgetfull of th' affaire,
Committed to it: and (to oure it out in sacrifice)
I feare, with vnwasht hands, to serue the pure-liu'd Deities;
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd with blood, and dust, to proue
The will of heauen; or offer vowes to cloud compelling loue;
I onely come to use your paines (assembling other Damies,
Matrons, and woemen honour'd most, with high and vertuous names)
With wine and odors; and a robe most ample most of price,
And which is dearest in your loue, to offer sacrifice
In Pallas Temple; putting on the precious robe ye beare,

on her Palladium and to vow, twelve oxen of a yeare,
Whose necks were neuer wrung with yoke, shall pay her Grace their dues,
If she will pittie our sieg'd Towne pittie our selves, our wives,
Pittie our children; and remove, from sacred Thron,
The dreadful Souldiour Diomed; and when your selves are gone,
About this worke; my selfe will goe, to bring into the fieldes,
(If he will heare me) Hellens Leue; whom would the earth would yeeld
And heaue; take into her Guts, euen quicke before mine eyes:
For then my heart, I hope, would cast his load of miseries;
Borne for the plague he hath been made, and bred to the desceit
(By great Olympius) of Troy, our Sire, and all our Race;

This said, great Hecuba went home; and sent her maids about,
To bid the Matrones, she her selfe descended, and searcht out
(Within a place that breath'd perfumes, the richest hole she had:
Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made,
By women of Sydonia; which Paris brought from thence,
Saying the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,
In which he brought home Hellena, That Robe, transferd so farre,
(That lay the vndermost) she took; it glittered like a shure;
And with it, went she to the Fire, with many Ladies more;
amongst whom, faire check'd Theano which the folded dore;
Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife and of Cisseus race,
Sister to Hecuba both borne to that great king of Thrace;
Her, the Athens made Minervas Priest, and her they followed all,
Up to the Temples highest Towre; where on their knees they fall,
Lift up their hands, and fill the Aire with Ladies pittious cries.
Then loudly Theano took the vail, and with it she implies
The great Palladium praying thus, Goddess of most renowne,
In all the heauen of Goddesses, great guardian of our Towne;
Renewen Minerva; break the Lance of Diomed, cease his graces,
Gue him to fall in shamefull flight headlong, and on his face,
Before our Ports of Thon; that instantly we may,
Twelve smok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple paye,
To thy sole honor, take their bloods and banish our offence,
Accept Troys zeale, her wives, and save our infants innocence.

She prayed, but Pallas would not grant. Meane space was Hector come
Where Alexanders lodgings were, that many a goodly roome
Had, built in them by Architects of Troys most curious sort;
And were no lodgings, but a house, nor no house, but a Court;

Or had all these containde in them; and all within a Towre,
Next Hectors lodgings and the kings: the lord of heauens chiefe powre,
Hector, here entred; in his hand a goodly Lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the brazen head went shining in before,
Tiept with a burnisht Ring of gould; he found his brother then
Amongst the woemen; yet prepaire to goe amongst the men.
For in their Chamber he was set, trimming his armes, his shield,
His Cuyets; and was trying how his crooked Bowe would yeeld
To his straight armes; amongst her mayds, was set the Argiue Queene,
Commanding them in choicest works. When Hectors eyes had seene
His brother thus accompanied, and that he could not beare
The verie touching of his armes, but where the woemen were;
And when the time so needed men; right cunningly he chid
That he might do it bitterly; his Cowherdise he hid,
(That simply made him so retire) beneath an anger fainde,
In him, by Hectors; for the hate the Citizens sustaine
Against him, for the foyle he took in their cause; and againe,
For all their generall joyes in his; so Hector seemes to plaine
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his Cowherdise,
As that were it that shelterd him, in his effeminacies;
And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aide in fight:
For which he chid thus; Wretched man, so timelesse is thy flight,
That tis not honest; and their hate is iust, gainst which it bends;
Warre burns about the Towne for thee; for thee our slaughtered friends
Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose heapes our high walls
Are ouerlook't by enemies: the sad sounds of their falls,
Without, are echo'd with the cries of wines and babes within,
And all for thee; and yet for them thy honor cannot winne
Head of thine anger: thou shouldst need no spirit to stirre up thine,
But thine should set the rest on fire, and with a rage diuine
Chastise impartially the best, that impiously forbeares:
Come forth; least thy faire Towns and Troy be burnd about thine eares.

Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all iust that Hector spake;
Allowing iustice, though it were for his iniustice sake:
And where his brother put a wrath upon him, by his art;
He takes it (for his honors sake) as sprung out of his hart;
And rather would haue anger seeme his fault, then cowherdise;
And thus he answerd; Since with right, you ioynd checke with aduise;
And there you: giue equall care; It is not any spleene,

Against the Towne (as you conceiue) that makes me so vnscene;
 But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest,
 (Within my selfe) I lue so close; and yet since men might wrest
 My sad retreat; like you, my wife (with her aduice) enclinde
 This my addeijon to the field, which was my owne free minde,
 As well as th' instance of her words; for though the foyle were mine,
 Conquest brings forth her wreaths of turnes: stay then this hazzard of thine
 But till I arme, and I am made a comfort for thee streight;
 Or goe, lic ouertake thy hazzard. Hellen stood at receipt,
 And tooke vp all great Hectors powers, t' attend her heauie words;
 By which had Paris no reply; this vent her grieffe affords;

Brother, (if I may call you so, that had bene better borne
 A dogge, then such a horrid Dame, as all men curse and skorne,
 A mischief maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day,
 That first gaue light to me, had bene a whirlewinde in my way;
 And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
 Of earths most farre-reounding seas, ere I should thus engage
 The deare liues of so many friends: yet since the Gods haue bene
 Helpeless foreseers of my plagues, they might haue likewise me,
 That he thee put in yoke with me, to beare out their awarde,
 Had bene a man of much more spirit, and, or had nobler dar'd
 To shield mine honor with his deed; or with his minde, had knowne,
 Much better the vbraids of men; that so he might haue shonne
 (More like a man) some sense of grieffe, for both my shame and his;
 But he is senseless, nor conceives, what any manhood is;
 Or now, nor euer after, will. O then what hope haue I
 Of any least ioy in my loue? or why should miserie
 Let me respect my selfe at all? deare brother, and to you
 That know my worthinesse, all cares that lioe ouerflowe
 (By my meanes, being pourd on you, sit yet and something ease
 By me your toyles; which haue this good, that fame shall make their peace,
 Through all times future: but my cares, by Paris got; as long,
 Blacke infamie shall thunder out, and be the vulgars song.

He answerd; Hellen, do not seeke, to make me sit with thee;
 I must not stay; though well I knowe thy honor'd loue of me;
 My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds
 Longings to see mee; for whose sake, importune thou, to deeds,
 This man by ali meanes; and let him be to himselfe a spurre,
 And meet me ere I passe the towne, that he may yet incurre

The good opinion of his friends; my selfe will home, and see
 My household, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me.
 For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall euer more,
 Returne and see them; or to earth her right in me restore;
 The Gods may stoupe me by the Greeks. This said, he went to see
 The vertuous Princesse, his true wife, white arm'd Andromache.
 She (with her infant sonne, and maide) was climbd the towre about
 The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.
 Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retire,
 Stood in the gate, her woman calld, and curiously enquird,
 Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see
 His sisters, or his brothers wiues? or whether she should be
 At Temple with the other Dames, t' implore Minetuas ruth.
 Her woman answerd; since he askt and urg'd so much the truth,
 The truth was, she was neither gone, to see his brothers wiues;
 His sisters; nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas on their liues;
 But (she aduertise of the bane Troy sufferd; and how vast
 Conquest had made her selfe, for Greece) like one distraught, made hazzard
 To ample lioe, with her sonne and nurses; and all the way,
 Mournd, and dissolv'd in teares for him. Then Hector made no stay;
 But trode her pathe, and through the street (magnificently built)
 All the great City past, and came, where (seeing how blood was spilt)
 Andromache might see him come; who made as he would passe
 The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was;
 She, with his sight, made breathles hazzard to meet him; she whose grace
 Brought him, with all, so great a dowre, she that of all the race
 Of King Action, onely liu'd; Action whose house stood
 Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuiron'd with the wood
 Of Thebane Hippoplax; being Court, to the Cilician Land;
 She ran to Hector, and with her (tender of hart and hand)
 Her sonne, borne in his nurses armes; when like a heauenly Signe,
 Compact of many goulden stars, the princely childe did shine;
 Whom Hector calld Scamandrius, but whom the Towne did name
 Allianax; because his sire did onely prop the name.
 Hector, (though grieffe bereft his speech, yet) smil'd upon his ioy;
 Andromache cryed out, mixt hands, and to the strength of Troy,
 Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire;
 Thy minde, enflam'd with others good, will set thy selfe on fire;
 Nor pittiest thou thy sonne, nor wife, who must thy widow be;

if now thou were, all the felds wuld each run on thee;
 better my shoulders vnderwent the earth then thy decease;
 For then wuld earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the black encrease
 of griefs (like Greeks on Iliou): Alas, what one surmises
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft iessen brothers liues,
 By some Achilles; by his hand my father breath'd his last;
 two high-walld rich Cilician T'ebes, ficht by him, and layd must;
 The royal booke yet he left vnspoyld; keep thou canst mid
 That act of stoyles; and al in iure, he burnd him compleat armd,
 Built ouer him a royall Tombe; and to the Monument
 He left of him; th' Orades (that are the high descent
 of Arg's-bearing Iupiter), another of their owne
 Inlaidde to it; and set it round with elms, by which is showne
 (In theirs) the Burraignes of death; yet might it serue beside
 To p'eter the sad Monument from all the ruffenous pride
 of piermes, and tempests, w'de to hurt things of that noble kind;
 The short life yet, my mother liu'd, he said, and seru'd his mind
 With all the riches of the Realme, which not enough hee made,
 He kept her prisoner; whom (small time, but much more wealth redeem'd):
 And she in Syluane laypplace, Cilicianulde againe;
 But soone was ouer-ruled by death: Dianas chaste disdain
 Gane her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all these gone from me,
 Thou amply reuengst all; thy life makes still my father be;
 My mother, brothers: and besides, thou art my husband to;
 Most iou'd, most worthy. P'ittie then (deare loue) and do not goe;
 For thou gone, all these goe againe; pittie our common ioy;
 I canst of a Fathers patronage, the Bullwark of all Troy)
 Thou canst him a poore widdowes charge; stay stay then, in this Towre,
 And call vp to the wilde Figge tree, all thy retired towre;
 For then the wall is easiest skuld, and ttest for surprises
 And there, th' Aiazes, Idomen th' Atrides, Diomeu, th' ice
 Hane both suraid, and made attempts; know not if indu'd
 By some wise Augure, or the fact was naturally insuide,
 Into their wits, or courages. To this great Hector said;
 Be well assur'd in life, all these things in my mind eues are waide:
 But what a shame, and feare it is, to think how Troy would skorne
 (Both in her husbands and her wiues, whom long-traind gounes adorne)
 That I should Cowherdly lye off? the spirit I first did breath
 Did neuer teach me that; much lesse, since the contempt of death

Was

Was sett'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthie was;
 whose office is, to lead in fight, and giue no danger passe
 Without improuement; in this fire must Hectors triall shine;
 Here must his Countrie, Father, friends be (in him) made diuine.
 And such a stormie day shall come, in minde and soule I know,
 When sacred Troy shall shed her Towns for teares of ouerthrow;
 When Priam, all his birth, and powre, shall in those teares be drownd;
 But neither Troies posteritie, so much my soule doth wound;
 Priam, nor Hecuba her selfe; nor all my brothers woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must all be good for foes)
 As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall leade thee weeping hence,
 These free daies clowdied, and a night of captiue violence
 Lodging thy temples; out of which, thine eyes must neuer see;
 But spin the Greek wiues webs of task, and their fetch-water be,
 To Argos, from Meseides, or cleave Hyperias spring:
 Which (howeuer thou abhorst) Fate's such a shre-wish thing,
 She will be mistress; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries
 From thy oppressions; (being beheld by other enemies)
 Thus they will nourish thy extreames; This dame was Hectors wife;
 A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthiest life;
 Of all their armie. This againe will rub thy fruitfull wounds;
 To misse the man, that to thy bands could giue such narrow bounds:
 But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heape of night
 Shall enterpose, and stop mine eares against thy plaints, and plight.
 This said, he reacht to take his sonne; who (of his armes affraide)
 And then, the horse-haire plume, with which he was so ouerlaide,
 Nodded so horribie he cling'd back to his nurse and cryed;
 Laughter affected his great Syre, who doft and laid aside
 His fearefull Helme, that on the earth cast round about it light;
 Then tooke ana kist his loued sonne; and (ballancing his weight
 In dancing him) these louing vowes, to liuing loue he vsde,
 And all the other bench of Gods; O you that haue insuide
 Soule to this Infant, now set downe this blessing on his starre,
 Let his renoune be cleare as mine; equal his strength in warre;
 And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeelde
 His facts this fame; (when rich in spoyles, he leaues the conquerd field
 Sonne with his slaughters) These high deeds exceede his fathers worth;
 And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
 Of his kind mother, with my life. This said, th' Heroike Syre

P

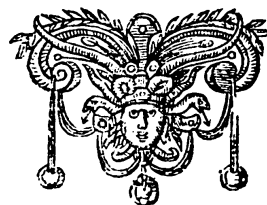
Gaue

Gave him his mother; whose faire eyes fresh streames of loues salt fire,
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to heare the lust of Hectors speech,
 In which his vov'es compris'de the summe of all he did befeech
 In her wisht comfort; so she tooke, into her oderous breast,
 Her Husbands gift; who (mou'd to see her hart so much oppress)
 He dried her teares; and thus desired: Afflict me not (deare wife)
 With these vaine griefes; For does not line, that can disloyne my life
 And this firme bosome; but my Fate: and Fate whose wings can flie,
 Noble, ignoble. Fate controules; Once borne, the best must die;
 Goe home, and set thy huswiserie, on these extreame: of thought;
 And drine warre from them with thy maydes; keep them from doing nought:
 These will be nothing; leaue the cares of warre, to men, and mee;
 In whom (of al. the lion race) they take their high'st degree.
 On went his helme; his Prince'sse home, haile colde with kindly feares,
 When euerie feare turn'd backe her looks, and euerie looke shed teares.
 Foe-slaughtering Hectors house, soone reacht her many woemen there,
 Wept all to see her; in his life great Hectors Funerals were;
 Neuer look't any eye of theirs, to see their Lord safe home,
 Scap't from the gripes, and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come
 From his high Towres; who made no stay, when once he had put on
 His richest armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon
 Sparkled with luster of his armes; his long-cbd spirits now slowde
 The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a fayre Steed, proud
 With full-giuen Mangers; long tyed up, and now (his head-stall broke)
 He breakes from stable, runnes the fildes, and with an ample stroke
 Measures the Center, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head;
 About his shoulders shakes his Crest, and where he hath been fedd,
 Or in some calme flood washt; or (stung with his high plight) he flies
 Amongst his femalls; strength put forth his beautie beautifies,
 And like Lifes mirror beares his gate: so Paris from the Towre
 Of lostie Pergamus came forth; he showde a Sun-like powre
 In carriage of his goodly parts, addrest now to the strife;
 And found his noble brother, neere the place he left his wife;
 Him (thus respected) he salutes; Right worthy, I haue feare
 That your so serious hast to field, my slay hath made forbeare,
 And that I come not, as you wish. He answered, Honour'd man,
 Be confident: for not my selfe, nor any others can
 Reproue in thee the worke of fight; at least, not any such,
 As is an equall iudge of things; for thou hast strength as much

As

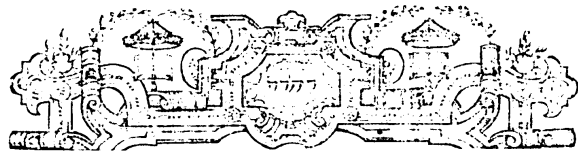
As serues to execute a mind verie important: But,
 Thy strength two readily flies off: enough will is not put
 To thy habilitie: my heart is in my spirit sad,
 When Troy (out of the much distresse, she and her friends haue had
 By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noble'sse in mine eares:
 But come, hereafter we shall calme the billowye splene she beares;
 When, from her Ports the foe expulst, high loue to her hath giuen
 Wisht peace; and vs free sacrifice, to all the Powers of heauen.

The end of the sixt Booke.



P 2

THE



THE SEAVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



Hektor, by Helenus advise doth seeke
An adventurous combat on the boldest Greeke.
Nine Greeks stand vp, Acceptants every one,
But lot selec'ts strong *Alex Telamon*;
Both, with high honour, stand in important fight,
Till Heralds part them by approach'd night.
Lastly, they graue the dead: the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Nauie to protect;
Which angers Neptune. *Tonely* haplesse signes,
In depth of night, succeeding woes diuines.

Another Argument.

In Gamut, Priams strongest Sonne
Combats with *Alex Telamon*.

THis said, braue Hector through the ports, with Troys bane bringing
Made issue to th' insatiate filds, yfould to feruent fight. (Knight,
And as the weather-wieder sends to Seamen prosperous gales,
When with their fallow-polisht Oares, long lifted from their Jalls,
Their wearied armies, dissolued with toyle, can scarce sink one stroke more;
Like those sweet winds appeare these Lords, to Troians tyrac before.
Then fell they to the works of death: by Paris valour fell
King Arcichous haplesse sonne, that did in Atina dwell,
(Menesthius) whose renowned Syre, a Club did euer beare,
And of Philomeleula gat (that had her eyes so cleare)

This

This slaughter'd issue: Hectors dart strooke Eioneus dead;
Beneath his good Steele caske, it pier'd above his gorget slead.
Glaucus (Typpolochus his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades, with soudaine laueline flew,
As he was mounting to his horse: his should'ers took the speares,
And ere he sat; in tumbling downe, his powers dissolued were.
When gray-cyde Pallas aid perceue the Greeks so sat in fight,
From high Olympus top she swoopt, and did on Ithion light.
Apollo, to encounter her, to Perganius did lye;
From whence he (lookin' to the peids) with Troians victorie,
At Ioues broad beach these godheads met, and first Ioues sonne obiec'ts;
Why, burning in contention thus doe thy extreame affects
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to ouersway
The doubtfull victorie of fight, and gine the Greeks the day?
Then neuer pittiest perishing Troy: yet now let me perswade,
That this day no more mortall wounds may either side invade.
Hereafter, till the end of Troy they shall apply the fight,
Since your immortal wils resolute to ouerturne it quight.

Pailas replied, it likes me well, for this came I from heauen:
But to make either armie cease, what order shall be giuen?
He said; We will direct the spirit that burnes in Hectors brest,
To challenge any Greek to wounds, with single powers imprest;
Which Greeks (admiring) will accept; and make some one stand out,
So floute a Challenge to receiue, with a defence as floute;
It is confirm'd, and Helenus (King Priams loued seede)
By Augurie, decreed, that these two powers decreede.
And (greeting Hector) askt him this: Wilt thou be once aduise?
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is euery pryde;
Command the rest of Troy and Greece to cease this publike fight;
And what Greek beares the greatest mind, to single strokes excite:
I promise thee that yet thy soule shall not defend to fates;
So heard I thy furniaill cast, by the celestiaall States.
Hector, with glad allowance, gaue his brothers counsaile care;
And (fronting both the godheads) aduanc'd, cast in the midst, his speare.
The Troians instantly surceas'd, the Greeks Atides flaine:
The God that beares the siluer Bowe, and wars triumphant Maide,
On Ioues beach, like two Vultures sat, pleas'd to behold both parts,
Flowe in to heare; so sternely arm'd with huge shields helmes and dart.
And such fresh horror as you see giuen through the wrinkled waves
By rising Zephyre; vnder whom the sea grooves black and rages:

P 3

Such

Such did the kassie gathering troupes of both hostes make to heare;
 Those tumult settl'd; twist them both, thus spake the Challenger;
 I care Trojans, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong minde diffin'de,
 Through all my spirits, commands me speake; Saturnius hath not us'd
 His promise fauor for our truce, but (studying both our ills)
 Will neuer cease till Mars, by you, his rauens stomacke fills,
 Withruinde Troy, or we consume your mightie Seaborne flecte.
 Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voice meete;
 Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive minde,
 Let him stand forth as combattant, by all the rest design'de.
 Before whom thus I call high Ioue, to witnesse of our strife;
 If he with home-thrust Iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
 (Spoiling my armes) let him at will conuey them to his tent;
 But let my bodie be return'd; that Troys two-sex't descent
 May waste it in the funerall Pyle: if I can slaughter him,
 (Apollo honoring me so much) Ile spoyle his conquer'd lim,
 And beare his armes to Ilion, where in Apollos shrine
 I hang them, as my trophies due: his bodie Ile resigne
 To be dispos'd of by his friends, in stamy funerals,
 And honor'd with erected tombe, where Hellefpontus fals
 Into Egæum, and doth reach, euen to your nauall rode;
 That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their periede;
 Survivors, sayling the blacke sea, may thus his name renew;
 This is his monument, whose blood long since did fates embrew;
 Whom, passing farre in fortitude, illustrate Hector slew:
 Thus shall posteritie report, and my fame neuer dy.
 This said, dumbe silence seas'd them all, they shamed to denie,
 And feard to undertake: At last, did Menelaus speake,
 Checkt their remissnes, and so sigh't, as if his heart would breake;
 As me but onely threatening Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
 This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
 If Hector's honorable prooffe be entertain'd by none;
 But you are earth and water all, which (symboliz'de in one)
 Haue fram'de your faint vnfire breasts: ye sit without your harts,
 Grossly inglorious: but my selfe will vse acceptiue darts,
 And arme against him; though you thinke, I arme gainst too much odds:
 But conquests Girlands hang aloft, amongst th'immortall gods.
 He arm'd, and gladly would haue fought: but (Menelaus) then,
 By Hector's farre more strength, thy soule had fled th' abodes of men;
 Had not the kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restrain'd,

And

And euen the king of men himselfe, that in such compasseraign'de;
 Who tooke him by the bould right hand, and sternely pluckt him backe:
 Mad brother, it is no worke for thee, thou seekest thy wilfull wracke:
 Containe though it despite thee much, nor for this strife engage
 Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all feare t'engage:
 I ca whom Achilles himselfe, in men-renowning warre,
 Makes doubt t'encounter: whose huge strength surpasseth thine by farre;
 Sit thou then by thy regiment; some other Greeks will rise
 (Though he be dreadlesse, and no warre will his desires suffice,
 That makes this challenge to our strength) our valors to auow:
 To whom: if because scape with life, he will be glad to bow.
 This drew his brother from his will, who yelded knowing it true,
 And his glad souldiers tooke his armes: when Nestor did pursue
 The same reprooffe he set on soote, and thus replyd his turne.
 What huge magnitie is this! how will our Countrey mourne!
 Old Pelous that good King will weepe: that worthy counsaylor,
 That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for
 All men of name that went to Troy: with ioy he did enquire
 Their valor and their towardnes: and I made him admire.
 But that ye all feare Hector now, if his graue eares shal heare,
 Lion will be lift his hands to heauen, and pray that death may beare
 His greued soule into the deepe! O would to heauens great King,
 Minerva and the God of light, that now my youthfull spring
 I raflourish in my willing vaines, as when at Phæas towers,
 About the streames of Iardanus, my gaihered Pylean powers,
 And dart employ'd Arcadians fought, nere raging Celadon:
 Amongst whom, first of all stood forth, great Ereuthalion,
 Who th'armes of Arcithous wore (braue Arcithous)
 And since he fell fought with a club (surnam'de Clauigerus;
 All men, and faire girt Ladies both for honor call'd him so:
 He fought not with a keepe of speare, or with a farre shot bowe;
 But with a massie club of iron, he brake through armed bands;
 And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands;
 With sleight (encontring in a Lane, where his club wanted sway)
 He thrust him through his spacious waste, who fell and upwards lay;
 In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did despoyle,
 Which Iron Mars bestowed on him: and thoe, in Mars his toyle,
 Lycurgus euer after wore, but when he aged grew,
 Enforst to keepe his peacefull house, their use he did renew,
 On mightie Ereuthalions lim, his souldier lou'd well;

And

And with these Armes he chalenge all that did in Armes excell;
 All shooke and stood dismaide, none durst this aduerse champion make;
 Yet this same forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake
 To fight with all his confidence, though yourgeſt enemy
 Of all the armie we conſucte; yet I fought with him, I;
 Minerva made me ſo renownd, and that moſt tall ſtrong peere
 I ſlew; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,
 As it were cownets to ſpread the center euerie where.
 O that my youth were now as freſh, and all my powers, as ſound;
 Soone ſhould bould Hector be impugne: yet you that moſt are crounde,
 With ſortitude, of all our hoſt; euen you, me thinks are ſlow,
 Not free, and ſet on fire with luſt t' encounter ſuch a foe.

With this nine royall princes roſe, Atides far the firſt;
 Then Diomed: th' Aiaces then, that did th' encounter thiſt;
 King Idomen and his conſorts; Mars-like Meriones;
 Euemons ſonne, Euripilus, and Andremonides,
 Whom all the Grecians Thoas calld, prong of Andremons blond,
 And wiſe Vlyſſes; euerie one propoſe, for combat ſtood;
 Againe Gereneus Neſtor ſpake; Let lots be drawne by all,
 His hand ſhall helpe the well-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;
 And to his wiſh ſhall he be helpt, if he eſcape, with iſſe,
 The harmefull danger-breathing fit of this aduentrous ſtriſe.
 Each markt his lot, and caſt it in to Agamemnons caſke;
 The ſouldiers prayd, held up their hands, and this of Ioue did aſke
 (With eyes aduanſt to heauen); O Ioue, ſo lead the Heraldes hand,
 That Ajax or great Tideus ſonne, may our wiſht Champion ſtand:
 Or elſe the king himſelfe, that rules the rich Mycenian land.

This ſaid, olde Neſtor mixt the lots: the formeſt lot, ſuruiſe,
 With Ajax Telamon was ſign'd; as all the ſouldiers prayde,
 One of the tierce diſ drew it forth, who brought and ſhowde it round,
 Beginning at the right hand firſt, to all the moſt renownde:
 None knowing it; euerie man denide: but when he forth did paſſe,
 To him which markt and caſt it in, which famous Ajax was;
 He ſtretcht his hand; and into it, the Heralde put the lot,
 Who (viewing it) th' inſcription knew, the Duke denied not,
 But ioſully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
 And ſaid (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my ſoule is ſweet;
 For now I hope my fame ſhall riſe in noble Hectors fall:
 But wiſh I arme my ſelfe, do you on great Saturnius call;
 But ſilently, or to your ſelues, that not a Trojan heare:

Or

Or openly (if you thinke good) ſince none alie we ſcare;
 And eue with a will, if I will not can my bould powers aſſright,
 At leaſt for plaine fierce ſwindge of ſtrength, or want of ſkill in fight:
 For I will well proue that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
 Was not all conſecrate to meat, or meere eſſects of wine.

This ſaid, the wel giuen ſouldiers prayd: up went to heauen their eyne;
 O Ioue that Iſda doſt protect, moſt happy, moſt diuine;
 Send victorie to Ajax ſide, ſame grace his goodly lim:
 Or (if thy loue bleſſe Hectors liſe, and thou haſt care of him)
 Beſlowe, on both, like power, like fame. This ſaid, in bright armes ſhone
 The good ſtrong Ajax: who, when all his warre attire was on,
 Marcht like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Iupiter,
 With ſtrength, on people proud of ſtrength, ſenſ him forth to inferre
 Wreakfull contention; and comes in with preſence full of feare;
 So th' Achine rampire, Telamon, did twiſt the hoſts appeare:
 Smille, yet of terrible aſpect; on earth with ample paſſe,
 He bouldly ſtalkt, and ſhooke aloſt his dart, with deadly grace.
 It did the Grecians good to ſee; but hart quakes ſhooke the ioynts
 Of all the Troians; Hectors ſelfe felt thoughts, with horrid points,
 Tempt his bould boſome: but he now muſt make no counter ſlight;
 Nor (with his honor) now reſuſe, that had prouok't the fight.
 Ajax came neere; and like a tower, kis ſhield his boſome bard;
 The right ſide braſſe, and ſeauen Oxen hides, within it, quilted hard:
 Old Tycheus the beſt coorjer, that did in Hyla dwell,
 Did frame it for exceeding prooſe, and wrought it wondrous wel.
 With this ſhield he to Hector cloſe, and with this Braue began:
 Now Hector thou ſhalt clearly know, this meeting man to man,
 What other leaders arme our hoſt, beſides great Thetis ſonne:
 Who, with his hardie Lyons hart, hath armies ouerrunne.
 But he lies at our crookt ſterneſde ſleet, a Riual with our king
 In height of ſpirit; yet to Troe, he many knights did bring,
 Coe quall with Aicides; all able to ſuſtaine
 All thy bould challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

The Heime-grac't Hector answerd him; Renowned Telamon,
 Prince of the Souldiers came from Greece; ſay not me like one,
 Tong and immortall, with great words, or like an Amazon dame;
 I haue the habit of all fights, and know the bloody frame
 Of euerie ſlaw jiter: I well know the ready right hand charge;
 I know the left, and euerie ſway of my ſecure full lurge;
 I triumph in the crueltie of fixed combat fight,

2

And

*And in my horse to all deserves; I thinke then with good right,
I may be confident as farre, as thus my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty bowes.
But being a souldier so renowned I will not worke on thee,
With least advantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me;
And so with fruitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive:
But at thy best (even open strength) if my countenours thrive.*

*Thus sent he his long lance line forth: it strooke his foes huge shield,
Acere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eight it helde.
Six shoules it untamed dart strooke through, and in the seaventh tough hide
The point was cheekt; then Ajax threw: his angry Lance did glde
Quight through his bright orbiculare targe, his Curace, shirt of myle;
And did his manly stomacks mouth, with dangerous taint assaile:
But in the bending of himselfe, blacke death too short did strike;
Then both to plucke their lanelines forth, encountred Lyon like,
Whose bloodie violence is increast by that raw soode they eate;
On Bores, whose strength wilde nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
Againe Ariamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,
Yet perst not through the upper plate: the head reflected was:
But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,
And stand bold Hector rushing in; the Lance held way out right,
And hurt his neck, cut gush the blood: yet Hector ceast not so,
But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backward goe)
Blacke, sharp and bigge, laied in the field: the seavenfolde target smit,
Full on the bosse, and round about the brasse did ring with it.
But Ajax a faire greater stone lift up, and wreathing round,
With all his boane laid to it) he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasured force to it; the round stone broke within
His yndica target: his lou'd knees, to languish did begin,
And he leand, stretcht out on his shield; but Phœbus rais'd him streight.
Then had they layd on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight,
In lesse the Heralds (messengers of gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperiall scepters: when the one (Idæus, graue and wise)
Said to them; Now no more my Iones, the Soucraine of the skies
Both loue you both; both souldiers are, all witnesse with good right.
But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t'obay the night.*

*Idæus (Telamon replied) to Hector speake, not me:
He that cild all our Achive Peeres, to station fight t'was he;
If he first cease, I gladly yeeld; great Hector then began:*

Ajax,

*Ajax, since I owe to thy bigge forme, made thee so strong a man,
And gave thee skill to use thy strength; so much, that for thy speare,
Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let vs fight forbear:
Hereafter we shall warre againe, till Ioue our Heralds be,
And grace with conquest, which he wil; heauen yeelds to night, and we.
Goe thou and comfort all thy Fleet, all friends and men of thine,
As I in Troy my fauourers; who in the Faine diuine
Hauē offered Orisons for me; and come let vs impart
Some ensignes of our strife, to shew each others suppled hart;
That men of Troy and Greece may say, Thus their high quarrell ends:
Those that encountering were such foes, are now (being seperate) friends.
He gaue a sword, whose handle was with siluer studs through driuen,
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By Telamon was giuen
A faire wel glossed purple waste, Thus Hector went to Troy,
And after him a multitude, filld with his Iasetics ioy;
Despairing he could euer scape the puissant fortitude
And unimpached Ajax hands: the Greeks like ioy renewed,
For their reijted victorie, ana brought him to the King,
Who to the great Saturnides preferd an offering:
An Ox that fed on fine fayre springs; they sleade and quartred him,
And then (in peeces cut) on spits they roasted euerie lim:
Which neatly drest, they drew it off; worke done, they fell to feast:
All had enough; but Telamon, the king fed past the rest,
With goo. a larg. peeces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid,
Nestor (whose counsels late were best) vov'es new, and first he said:
Attices, and my other Lords, a sort of Greeks are dead,
Whose black blood neere Scamanders streame, inhumaine Mats hath shed:
Their soules to hell descended are: it pites thee then our king,
To make our souldiers cease from war, and by the dayes first spring
Let vs our selues, assembled all, the bodies beare to fire,
With Mules and Oxen neere our Fleet; that when we home retire,
Each man may carrie, to the sonnes of fathers slaughtered here,
Their honord bones: one tombe for all for euer let vs reare,
Circling the Pyle without the field: at which we will erect
Wid. and a raeling, that may safe our Fleet and vs protect.
And in them let vs fashion gates, soli. and bard about,
Through which our horse and Charrits: may well get in an out.
Without all, let vs digge a dike, so deepe it may auailē
Our forces gainst the charge of horse, and foote that come t'assailē:
And thus th' attempts, that I see well in Troys proude hart, shal faile.*

2 2

Ths

The Kings doe his aduise approve: so Troy doth Court conuent,
At Priams gate, in th' Ilion tower, searfull and turbulent.
Amongst all, wise Antenor spake: Troians and Dardan friends,
And Peeres assistants, giue good eare to what my care commends
To your consents, for all our good: resolve, let vs restore
The Argiue Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before:
We now defend but broken suites. If therefore ye refuse,
No good euent can I expect of all the warres we vse.

Heceast, and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argiue Queene;
Antenor, to mine eares thy words harsh and vngracious been:
Thou canst vse better if thou wilt: but if these truly sit
Thy serious thoughts; the Gods, with age, haue rest thy grauer wit:
To warlike Troians I will speake. I clearly doe denie
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth Ile render willingly,
What euer I from Argos brought, and vow to make it more;
Which I haue readie in my house, if peace I may restore.

Priam surnam'd Dardanides (godlike in Counsailes graue)
In his sonnes fauor well aduise, this resolution gaue:
My royall friends of euerie state, there is sufficient done,
For this late counsell we haue cald in th' offer of my sonne;
Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be set,
And euerie court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth wet
The high raise of battlements of Troy; Idæus shall be sent
To th' Argiue Fleet, and Atreus sonnes, to vnfold my sonnes intent,
From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will, obtaine
Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume our souldiers slaine:
And after, our most fatall warre, let vs importune still,
Till loue the conquest haue dispose to his unconquered will.

All heard and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,
That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall.
Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achæue Iceres did find
In counsell at Atreides ship: his audience was assignde:
And in the midst of all the Kings, the vocall Herald said;

Atreides; my renowned King, and other Kings his aide,
Propose by me, in their commands, the offer Paris makes;
(From whose toy all our woe proceeds) he princely undertakes
T' at all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will, with other added wealth, for your amends restore.
But famous Menelaus wife he still meanes to enioy,
Though he be yrge the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.

And

And this besides, I haue in charge; that if it please you all,
They with both sides may cease from warre; that rites of funerall
May on their bodies be perform'd, that in the fields lie slaine:
And after to the will of Fate, renew the fight againe.

All silence held at first at last, Tydides made reply;
Let no man take the wealth, or dame; for now a childes weeke eye
May see the imminent black end of Priams emperie.
This sentence quicke, and briesly giuen, the Greeks did all admire;
Then said the King: Herald, thou hear'st in him, the voice entire
Of all our Peeres to answer thee for that of Priams sonne;
But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne
To satisfie thy king therein, without the splend'ring gaine
Made of their spoyled carcases; but freely (being slaine)
They shall be all con'um'd with fire: to witnesse which, I cite
High thundering Ioue, that is the king of Iunos beds delight.
With this, he held his scepter up, to all the skie throne powers:
And graue Idæus did returne, to sacred Ilion towers;
Where Iliaus, and Dardanian, did still their counsailes ply,
Expecting his returne: he came, and tolde his Legacie.
All, whirlewinde like, assembled then; some, bodies to transport,
Some to hew trees: on th' other part, the Argiues did exhort
Their souldiers to the same affaires; then did the new fir'd sunne
Smite the broad fieldes, ascending heauen, and th' Ocean smooth did run:
When Greece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know;
Then wast they off their blood and dust, and did warme teares beslow
Vpon the slaughtered, and in carres conuaid them from the field:
Priam commanded none should mourne, but in still silence yeeld
Their honor carcases to fire, and onely grieve in hart.
All buride, to Troy. Troys friends retire; to flee, the Grecian part:
Yet doubtfull night obscur'd the earth, the day did not appeare:
When round about the funerall pile, the Grecians gathered were;
The pile, they circled with a tombe, and by it rais'd a wall,
High towres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midst of all
They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had:
Without therampire, a brode dike, long and profound they made:
On which they Palestados pitch'd, and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge works in so little time, were to perfection brought,
That all Gods, by the Lightner Jet, the frame thereof admire;
Amongst whom, the earthquake making God, this of their King enquire;
Father of Gods, wil any man, of all earths endles sphere,

23

Aske

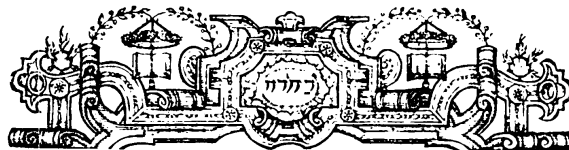
Aske any of the Gods consents to any actions there,
 If thou wilt see the flag-beard Greeks, with headstrong labors frame
 So huge a worke, and not to vs due offerings first enflame?
 As far as white Auroras deanes are sprinkled through the ayre,
 Fame will renoune the hands of Greece, for this diuine affaire:
 Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sun and I did rayse,
 For King Laomedon; bright Troy, and thus will beare the prayse.

Ioue was extreamely mou'd with him, and said: What words are these,
 Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?
 Some other God, of far lesse power, might could corcepts dismaide,
 With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well apaide;
 For it will glorifie thy name, as far as light extends:
 Since, when these Greeks shall see againe their native soyle and friends
 (The bulwarke battred) thou maist quite deuoure it with thy waues,
 And couer with thy fruitlesse sands) this fatall shore of graues:
 That what their ferie industries haue so diuinely wrought,
 In raising it, in racing it, thy power will prouoe it nought.

Thus spake the Gods amongit themselves: set was the seruent sunne;
 And now the great worke of the Greeks was absolutely done.
 Then slew they Ixion in their tents, and strength with food reuinde;
 When out of Lemnos a great flete of odorouse wine arriue,
 Sent by Euneus, Iasons sonne, borne of Hyppophile.
 The flete containd a thousand tunne: which must transported be,
 To Atreus sons, as he gaue charge, whose merchandize it was.
 The Greeks bought wine, for shining Steele, and some for sounding brasse;
 Some for Oxen hydes: for Oxen some, and some for prisoners.
 A sumptuous banquet was preparde, and all that night the peeres,
 And faire kayde Greeks consumed in feast: so Troians and their aide,
 And all the night Ioue thundred lowde: pale feare all thoughts dismaide.
 While they were gluttonous here in earth, Ioue wrought their banes in heauen:
 They poure full cups vpon the ground, and were to offerings driuen,
 In sicke of quaffings: and to drinke, none awst attempt, before
 In solemn sacrifice they did almighty Ioue adore.
 Then to their rests they all repaire: bould Zeale thir feare bereaunde:
 And Iodine sleepes refreshing gift, securely they receiue'd.

The ende of the seauenth Booke.

THE



THE EIGHT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



VHen Ioue to all the Gods had giuen command
 That none, to either host, should helpfull stand,
 To Ido he descends: and fees from thence
 Iuno and Pallas haste the Greeks defence:
 Whose purpo'e, his command by Iris giuen,
 Doth interuents, then came the silent Euen;
 When Hellor charge de fires should consume the night,
 Least Greekes in darkenes tooke suspected flight.

Another Argument.

In Thetis gods a Counsell haue,
 Troyer conquest, glorious Helions Braue.

THe chearefull Ladie of the light, deckt in her saffron robe,
 Disperst her beames through euery part of this enflowred Globe,
 When thundring Ioue a Court of Gods assembled by his will,
 In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th Olympian hill.
 He spake, and all the Gods gaue eare: heare how I stand inclinde;
 That God nor Godlesse may attempt t'infringe my soueraigne minde:
 But all giue suffrage that with speed, I may these discords end.
 What God, o euer I shall finde, endeavour to defend
 Or Troor or Greece, with winds to heauen, he (shamde) shall reasend;
 Or (taking him with his offence) he cast him downe as deepe

As

As Iactatus (the brood of night) where Barathrum doth sleepe
 To ment in his profoundest sinkes; where is the store of brasie,
 And gates of iron: the place, for depth, as far doth hell surpass,
 As heauen (for height) exceeds the earth; then shal he know from thence,
 How much my power, pass all the Gods, hath soveraigne eminence.
 Indanger it, the whiles and see: let aovne our golden chaine;
 And, at it, let all deities their utmost strenghts constrain,
 To draw me to the earth from heauen: you neuer shal prenaile,
 Though with your most contention ye dare my state assaile:
 But when my will shall be asposde, to draw you all to me;
 Even with the earth it selfe, and seas ye shall enforced be.
 Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,
 And by it cerie thing shall hang, by my command enclinde:
 So much I am supream to Gods, to men supream as much.
 The Gods sat silent, and admire; his dreadfull speech was such.
 At last, his blue-eyde daughter spake: O great Saturnides,
 O Father, O heavens highest king, well know we the excessse
 Of thy huge power, comparde with all; yet the balce Grecks esteate
 We needs must mourne, since they must fall, beneath so hard a fate:
 For if thy grane command enioyne, we wil abstaine from fight:
 But to asforde them such aduise, as may relieue their plight,
 We wil (with thy consent) be bould; that all may not sustaine
 The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their shames be slaine.
 He smilede and said; Be confident, thou art below'd of me:
 I speake not this with serious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.

This said, his brasie hound winged horse, he did to Charriot binde,
 Whose crests were fring'd, with manes of gold, and golden garments shinde
 On his rich shoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden scourge,
 Dimmly fashion'd, and with blowes their willing speed did urge,
 And way betwixt the earth and heauen; to Ida then he came,
 Abounding in delitious springs, and a nurse of beasts vntame;
 Where on the mountaine Gargarus, men did a Fane erect,
 To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he checkt;
 Dissolde them from his Charriot, and in a clowde of iocate
 He couered them, and on the top tooke his triumphant seate;
 Behoulding Priams famous towne, and all the Fleet of Grece.
 The Grecks tooke breakfast speedily, and armde at euerie pece:
 So Troians; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes.
 Dire Need enforst them, to avert their wues and childrens harmes.
 All gates flew open, all the hoast did issue, foote and horse,

In

In mightie tumult: strait one place adioynd each aduerse force:
 Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strenght against strenght op-
 The bosse-pikt Targets were thrust on, and thundred as they closde (posde:
 In mightie tumult, grone for grone, and breath for breath and breath:
 Of men then slaine and to be slaine, earth flowae with fruit of deatb.
 While the faire mornings beutie held, and day increast in height;
 Their lauelines mutually made death, transport in equall freight:
 But when the hote Meridian point, bright Phoebus did ascend,
 Then loue his goulden Ballances did equally extend:
 And of long-rest-conferring death, put in two bitter fates
 For Troy and Grece he held the midst: the day of finall dates
 Fell on the Grecks: the Grecks hard lots sunk to the slowrie ground.
 The Troians leapt as high as heauen, then did the claps resound:
 Of his fierce thunder lightning leapt, amongst each Grecian troope:
 The fight amafde them pallid feare made bouldest stomacks sloope:
 Then Idomen durst not abide, Atrides went his way,
 And both th' Aiaces: Nestor yet, against his will did stay
 (That grane Protector of the Grecks): for Patris with a dart
 Enrage one of his Charriot horse, he smot the upper part
 Of all his skull, euen where the hayre, that made his foretop, sprung:
 The hurt was deadly, and the paine so sore the Courser slung,
 (Pierst to the braine) he stampd and plunge: one on another beares:
 Entangled round about the beame, then Nestor cuts the geres
 With his new drawn autentique sword; meane while the firy horse
 Of Hector brake into the prease, with then bold rulers force:
 Then good old Nestor had been slaine, had Diomed not espied;
 Who to Vlysses as he fled, importunately cryed,
 Thou that in counsell dost abound, O Laertiades,
 Why flyest thou? why thus cowardlike (hun)st thou the honord prease?
 Take heed, thy backe take not a dart: stay, let vs both intend
 To drine this cruell enimie, from our deare aged friend.

He spake, but marie Ithacus would find no patient care:
 But sled forth right, euen to the Fleet; yet though hee single were,
 Braue Diomed mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the speed:
 Of old Nicles, whose estate thus kindly bearedes:
 O father, with these youths in fight, thou art vnequall plait,
 Thy willing sinewes are vnknit, grane age pursues thee fast,
 And thy unruly horse are slow: my charriot therefore vse,
 And trie how ready Troian horse can slie him that pursues.
 Pursue the slyer, and euery way performe the varied fight:

R

I

*I forſt them from Anchyles ſonne, well ſkild in cauſe of flight.
Then let my Squire lead hence thy horſe: mine thou ſhalt guard, whilſt I
(By thee aduanc'd) aſſay the fight; that Hectorſ ſelfe may trie
If my Lance dote with the defectſ, that ſayle beſt minds in age,
Or find the Falſey in my hands, that doth th; life engage.*

*This noble Neſtor did accept; and Diomedes two friends,
Eurymedon, that valour loues, and Sthenelus, aſcends
Old Neſtors Coach: of Diomedes horſe, Neſtor the charge ſuſtaines,
And Tydeus ſonne tooke place of fight; Neleides held the raines,
And ſcourge the horſe; who ſwiftly ran direct in Hectorſ face,
Whom fierce Tydides brauely charge: but he turnd from the chace:
His ianeline Euipeus ſmit, mighty Thebeus ſonne,
And was great Hectorſ Chariotere; it through his breaſt did run,
Neere to his pappe; he fell to earth; back ſlew his frighted horſe;
His ſtrength and ſoule were both diſſolude. Hector had deep remorse
Of his miſhap: yet left he him, and for another ſought;
Nor long his ſleeds did want a guide: for ſtraight good fortune brought
Bold Archeptolemus, whoſe liſe did from Iphytis ſpring;
He made him take the raygues and mount: then ſoules were ſet on wing,
Then high exploits were undergone; then Troians in their wals
Had been inſolded like meek Limbs, had loue winkt at their falſ;
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly
Into the earth, before the horſe, that Neſtor did apply.
A dreadfull ſlaſh burnt through the aire, that ſauord ſulphur like,
Which downe before the Chariot, the daſeled horſe did ſtrike:
The ſayre raigues fell from Neſtors hands, who did (in feare) intreat
Renownd Tydides, into flight to turne his furies beate.
For knoweſt thou not, ſaid he, our aide is not ſupplied from Loue?
This day he will giue fame to Troy, which when it fits his loue
It ſhall inioy; let no man tempt his vnreſiſted will,
I though he exceed in gifts of ſtrength: for he exceeds him ſtill.*

*Father (replyed the king) it is true: but both my hart and ſoule
Are moſt extreameſly grieu'd to think, how Hector will controule
My valour with his vaunts in Troy: that I was terror-ſicke
With his approche: which when he boasts, let earth deuour me quick.*

*Ah warlike Tydeus ſonne (ſaid he) what needleſſ words are theſe?
Though Hector ſhould report thee faint, and amorous of thy eaſe,
The Troians nor the Trojan wiues, would neuer giue him truſt,
Whoſe youthfull husbands thy free hand hath ſmotherd ſo in duſt.*

This ſayd, he turnde his one-hou'd horſe to flight, and troope did take;

When

*When Hector and his men with ſhowts did greedie purſute make,
And pourd on darts, that made ayre ſigh: then Hector did exclaim;
O, Tydeus ſonne, the Kings of Greece doe moſt renowne thy name
With higheſt place, feaſts and full cups; who now will doe thee ſhame:
Thou ſhalt be like a woman vſde, and they will ſay, Depart
Immortall mynions; ſince to ſland Hector, thou haſt no hart:
Nor canſt thou ſkale our turrets tops, nor lead the wiues to Fleete
Of valiant men; that wiſelike fear'ſt, my aduerſe charge to meete.*

*This, two waies moou'd him; ſtill to flie, or turne his horſe and fight:
Thiſe thruſt he forward to aſſault, and enery time the fright
Of Loues fell thunder, draue him back: which he propoſde for ſigne
(To ſhew the change of victorie) Troians ſhould victors ſhine.
Then Hector comforted his men; All my aduenturous friends,
Be men, and of your famous ſtrength, thinke of the honored ends.
I know, beneuolent Iupiter did by his becke profeſſe
Conqueſt, and high renowne to me; and to the Greekes diſtreſſe.
O ſooles, to raiſe ſuch ſilly ſorts, not worth the leaſt account,
Nor able to reſiſt our force; with eaſe our horſe may mount,
Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their Fleet I reach,
Let Memory to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:
For, I will all their ſhips inſlame; with whoſe infeſtiue ſmoke
(Feare-brunk & hidden neer their keeles) the conquerd Greeks ſhal choke.
Then chriſt he his famous horſe: O Xanthus now, ſaid he,
And thou Podargus: Aithon to, and Lampus, deare to me;
Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choiſe of meate,
Giuen you by faire Andromache; bread of the pureſt wheat;
And wiſt it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheere,
Still ſeruing you before my ſelfe (her husband young, and deere):
Purſue and uſe your ſwifteſt ſpeed, that we may take for priſe
The ſhield of old Neleides, which Fame liſts to the ſkies;
Euen to the handles, telung it, to be of maſſy Gold:
And from the ſhoulders let vs take, of Diomedes the bold,
The royall Curace Vulcan wrought, with art ſo exquisite.
Theſe if we make our ſacred ſpoile, I doubt not, but this Night,
Euen to thir Nauie to enforce the Greekes vnturned flight.*

*This Iuno tooke in high diſdaine; and mad: Olympus ſhake,
As ſhe but ſiſt within her throne, and thus to Neptune ſpake;
O Neptune, what a ſpight is ths? thou God ſo huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honor'd hart, to ſee rude ſpoile deuour
Theſe Greeke, that haue in Helice, and Aege, offred thee*

So many and such weaithy gifts, let them the victors be;
 If we that are the aides of Greece, would beat home these of Troy,
 And hinder bread-cyde Ioues proude will, it would abate his ioy.
 He (angry) told her she was rash, and he would not be one,
 Of all the rest, should strue with one whose power was matcht by none:
 Whiles they conferrd thus, all the space, the trench containde before,
 (From that part of the fort that flankt the nauic-anchoring shore)
 Was filld with horse and targateers, who ther for refuge came,
 By Mars, swift Hector's power engagde; Ioue gaue his strength the same;
 And he with spoylefull fire had burnd the fleet, if Iunus grace
 Had not inspirde the king himselfe, to run from place to place,
 And stir vp euerie souldiers power to some illustate deed,
 First visiting their leaders tents; his ample iurpic weed
 He wore, to shew all who hee was, and did his siation take
 At wise Villes sable barks, that did the battell make,
 Of all the flecte: from whence his spech might with more ease be drin,
 To Ajax and Achilles ships; to whose chiefe charge encre giuen
 The Vanguard and the Reregarde both: both for their force of hand,
 And true lie hosomes. There arriv'd, thus urgde he to withstand
 Th' insulting Troians; O what shame, ye emptie harted words,
 Is this to your admirea formes? where are your glorious words?
 In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?
 We are the strongest men (ye sayd) we wil command the most:
 Eating most flesh of high-horned beeves and drinking cups full crounde,
 And euerie man a hundred soes, two hundred, wil confound:
 Now all our strength, darde to our worst one Hector cannot tame,
 Who presently with horria fire will all our fleet inflame.
 O father Ioue, hath euer yet, thy most vnasserd hand
 Afflicted, with such spoyle of soules the king of any land?
 And taken so much fame from him? when I aid neuer faile
 (Since vnder most unhappie stars, this flecte was vnder sayle)
 Thy glorious altars I protest; but aboue all the Gods,
 Haue burnd fat th' hebes of buls to thee, and prayd to race th' abodes
 Of rape, defending Iliions: yet grant (almightie Ioue)
 One fauor, that we may at least, with life from hence remoue;
 Not vnder such inglorious hands, the hands of death employ,
 And where Trex should be sloopt by Greece, let Greece fall vnder Troy.
 To this euen weeping king, did Ioue remorsefull audience giue,
 And shooke great heanen to him, for signe his men and he should liue:
 Then quickly cast he off his hault, the Eagle prince of aire,

That

That perfects his vnspotted vowes, who seafde in her repayre
 A sucking kind calfe; which she trust in her enforce iue seeres,
 And by Ioues altar let it fall, amongst th' amased peeres,
 Where the religious Achue kings with sacrifice did please
 The author of all oracles, diuine Saturnides.

Now when they knew the birde of Ioue, they turnd couragious head;
 When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he leade
 Tydides to renewde assault: or issued first the dike,
 Or first did fight; but for the first, slone dead his Lance did strike
 Armd Agelaus, by descent, furnamde Phradimonides;
 He turnd his ready horse for flight, and Diomedes Lance did seaze
 His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and lookt out of his breast;
 He fell, and his armes rang his fall. The Atides next adrest
 Themselus to fight; th' Aiaces next, with vehement strength endude:
 Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion, next pursudes
 And after these Eutripilus, Euemons honored races
 The ninth, with backward wreathed bowe, had little Teucet places
 He still fought vnder Ajax shield; who sometimes held it by,
 And then he lookt his obiect out, and let his arrow flie:
 And whomsoeuer in the prease he wounded, him he slew;
 Then vnder Ajax seauen sold shield he presently withdrew.
 He farde like an unhappie child, that doth to mother run,
 For succour, when he knowes full well he some shrewde turne hath done.
 What Troians then were to their deaths by Teucets shafts imprest?
 Haples; Orloachus was first, Ormcnus, Ophclest,
 Detor, and hardie Cronius, and Lycophon diuine;
 And Amopaon, that aid spring from Polyemons lyne,
 And Menalippus: all on braps, he tumbled them to ground.
 The king reioys to see his shaftes, the Phrygian ranks confound:
 Who straight came neere and spake to him; O Teucet louely man,
 Strike still so sure, and be a grace to euery Grecian,
 And to thy Father Telamon, who tooke thee kindly home,
 (Although not by his wife, his sonne, and gane thee softer roome,
 Euen from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remou'd,
 Make good same reach; and to thy selfe, I vow what shal be prou'd:
 If he that dreadfull Egis beares, and Pallas, grant to me
 Th' expugnance of wel-built Troy, I first will honor thee,
 Next to my selfe with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
 A three-foot vessel, that for grace, in sacred Fanes doth stand:
 Or two horse and a Charriot, or else a louely dame,

R 3

That

That may ascend one bed with thee, and amplifie thy Name.

Teucer right nobly answered him: *Why (most illustre King)
I being thus forward of my selfe, doest thou asioyne a singe?
Without which, all the power I haue, I cease not to employ:
For, from the place where we repulst the Troians, towards Troy,
I all the purple field haue strowde, with one or other slaine:
Eight shafts, shot, with long Steele heads; of which not one in vaine;
All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres constraint:
I et this wilde dogge, with all my aime, I haue no power to taint.
This said, another arrow forth from his stiffe string he sent,
At Hector, whom he long to wound; but still amiss it went:
His shaft smit faire Gorgythion, of Priams princelie race,
Who in Aspinia was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)
By Castianira; that, for forme, was like celestiall breed.
And as a Crimson poppy flower, furcharged with his seed,
And vernall humors falling thick, declines his beaue brow:
So, of one side, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:
I et Teucer would another shaft at Hector, use dispose;
So faine he such a marke would hit: but still beside it goes;
Apollo did auert that shaft: but Hector's charrioteere
Bold Archeptolemus he smit, as he was rushing neere
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horse back did flie,
And there were both his strength and soule exile eternally.
Huge grieve, for Hector's slaughtered friend, pincht in his mighty mind:
Yet was he forc't to leaue him there, and his void place resign'd
To his sad brother, that was by; Cebrione: whose eare
Receiuing Hector's charge, he straight the waightie raignes did beare;
And Hector, from his shining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,
To wreake his friend on Teucers hand: and vp he tooke a stone,
With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiner, drew
A sharpe-pylde shaft, and nockt it sure: but, in great Hector flew,
With such fell speed, that in his draught, he his right shoulder strooke,
Where twixt his necke and breaſt, the ioynt his natine closure tooke:
The wound was wondrous full of death; his string in sunder flees;
His nummed hand fell strengthlesse downe, and he upon his knees.
Aiax neglected not to aiae his brother thus deprest;
But came and faste him with his Shield, and two more friends adrest
To be his aide, tooke him to Fleet, Mecitius, Echius son,
And gay Alastor: Teucer sigh't, for all his seruice done.
Then did Olympus, with fresh strength, the Troian powers reuiue;*

Who,

*Who to their trenches once againe the troubled Greeks did drine.
Hector brought terror with his strength, and ener fought before.
As when some highly stomakt hound, that hunts a syluan bore,
Or kingly Lion loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behinde,
Bould of his feet, and still obserues, the game to turne inclinde,
Not utterly dissolude in sight: so Hector did pursue;
And whosoeuer was the last, he euer did subdue:
They fled: but when they had, their dike, and Palefados pass,
(A number of them put to sword) at ships they staide at last:
Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eies,
Admanst to all the Gods, their plagues wrang from them open cries.
Hector with his fower rich-mans horse, assaulting alwayes rode;
The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and wars vermilion God.
The Goddesse that all Goddeses (for snowye armes) out shinde,
Thus spake to Pallas: to the Greeks, with grations ruth inclinde.*

*O Pallas, what a grieve is this? is all our succour past
To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last?
Euen now, when one mans violence must make them perish all
In satisfaction of a Fate, so full off funerall?
Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be indurde,
That hath already on the Greeks, so many harmes inurde.*

*The Azure Goddesse answerd her; This man had surely found
His fortitude and life dissolude, euen on his fathers ground,
By Grecian valour; if my Syre, infested with euill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too ielous of their bloods:
And euer an vniust repulse, stands to my willing powers;
Little remembring what I did in all the desperate howers
Of his affected Hercules: I euer rescued him,
In labours of Euristheus, vntoucht in life or lim.
When he (heauen knowes) with drowned eyes, lookt vp for helpe to heauen;
Which euer at command of Ioue, was by my suppliance giuen:
But had my wisdom reacht so farre, to know of this euent,
When to the solid-ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,
To hale out hatefull Plutoes dogge, from darke some Erebus,
He had not scapt the streames of Styx, so deepe and dangerous:
Yet Ioue hates me, and shewes his loue in doing Thetis will,
That kist his knees, and strok't his chinne; prayd, and importunde still,
That he would honour with his ayde her Citty-raizing sonne,
Displeasde Achilles; and for him our friends are thus vndone:
But time shall come againe, when he (to doe his friends some aide)*

Will

Will call me his Glaucopides, his sweet and blew-eyde maides;
Then harness thou thy horse for me, that his bright Pallace gates
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:
And I will trie if Priams sonne will still maintaine his cheare,
When in the crimson paths of warre, dreadfully appears
For some proud Troians shall be sure to nourish dogs and foules,
And paine the shore with fette, and sleib, depriv'd of lues and soules.

Iuno prepare her horse, whose manes, Kyhanas of gold ensh'e't:
Pallas her particuloired robe, on her bright shoulders cast,
Divinely wrought with her owne hands, in th'entrie of her Syre;
Then put she, on her ample breast, her under-arming tyre:
And on it her celestiall armes, the Chariot streight she takes,
With her huge heauie violent Lance, with which she slaughter makes
Of armies, fatall to her wrath: Statutia whipt her horse;
And heauen gates, guarded by the towers, opte by their proper force:
Through which they flew: whom when Ioue saw, set neere th'Idatian Springs
Highly displead, he Iris call'd, that hath the golden wings,
And said; He Iris, turne them back, let them not come at me;
Our meetings (seuerally disposed) will nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, lie shiner their proud steeds;
Hurl downe themselves, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,
In ten whole yeres they shall not heale the wounds I will impresse
With horrid thunder; that my maide may know, when to adresse
Armes gainst her father: for my wife, she doth not so offend,
Tis but her vse to interrupt what euer I intend.

Iris, with this, left Iouis vils, and up Olympus flew,
Met (neere heauen gates) the Goddes, and thus their haste with-drew.
What course intend you? why are you rapt with your fancies storme?
Ioue likes not ye should aide the Greeks, but threats, and will performe
To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
Hurl downe your selues, your chariot breake: and those impoysoned strokes
His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,
In ten full Springs ye shall not cure; that she that tames proud hearts
Thy selfe, Minerva, may be taught, to know for what, and when,
Thou doost against thy father fight; for sometimes children
May with discretion plant themselves, against their fathers wils;
But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skills;
For, Iuno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;
For, 'tis her vse to crosse his will, her impudence is such:
The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract,

And

And so grieues or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact:
But thou most grien'it him (dogged dame) whom he rebukes in time,
Least licence should peruert thy will, and pride too highly clyme
In thy bold bosome (desperate syre) if seriously thou dare,
Lift thy inviclar Lance gainst Ioue, as thy pretences are.

She left them, and Saturnia sayd, Aye me thou seede of Ioue
By my aduice we will no more, enspire contention moue
With Iupiter for mortal men; of whom, let this man die
And that man live, who euer he pursues with destinie:
And let him (plotting all euents) dispose of either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become vs most.

Thus turn'd she backe, and to the flowres her rich man'd horse resounde,
Who them immortall mangers bound; the charriot they inclinde,
Beneath the Crystall walls of heauen, and they in goulden thrones
Consorted other deities, replete with passions.
Ioue, in his bright wheeld Chariot, his ferie horse now beates,
Up to Olympus; and aspired the Gods eternall seates,
Great Neptune loof'd his horse; his Carre upon the Altar plait,
And heavenly-linnen Coverings did vnbait the cast.
The firre-seer v'sde his throne of gould: the vast Olympus shooke
Beneath his feete; his wife, and mayde, apart their places tooke;
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts and said;
Why do ye thus torment your selues? you need not sit dismaide
With the long labours you haue v'sde, in your victorious fight,
Destroying Troians; gainst whose lues, you heape such high despight.
Ye should haue held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as farre
As all my power (by all means vrg'd) could haue sustain'd the warre;
Not all the host of Deities should haue retrayd my hand,
From vowde inflictions on the Greeks, much lesse you two withstand.
But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there,
Had all your goodly lineaments possest with shaking feare;
Ana neuer had your Chariot borne their charge to heauen againe:
But thunder should haue smit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.
Both Goddes let fall their chynnes upon their luyry breasts,
Set next to Ioue; contriuing still afflicted Troys vnrests;
Pailas for anger could not speake; Saturnia, contrary,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bould reply;
Not-to-be-suffred Iupiter, what needst thou still inforce
Thy matchlesse power? we know it well, and we must yeeld remorse

S

To

To them that yeeld vs sacrifice: nor needst thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefes; but beare our powers applyde
To my protection of the Greeks; that anger toomb not all
In Troys fowle gulf of periurie, and let them stand, should fall.

Greene not (say a loue) at all done yet; for if thy fayre eyes please,
This next red morning they shall see the great Saturnides
Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and Hector shall not cease,
Till he haue rowfed, from the Fleet, swift-foote Æacides,
In that day, when before their ships, for his Patroclus slaine,
The Greeks in great distresse shall fight; for so the Fates ordaine:
Inough not to be displeased spleene, though to th' extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carrie thee, where endles night confounds
Iapet, and my delected Syre, who sit so farre beneath,
They neuer see the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
Neere to profoundest Tartarus; nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pittie of thy moodes, since none more impudent.

To this, she nothing did reply: and now Sois glorious light
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the æonian night:
The Troians grieved at Phœbus fall, which all the Greeks desire;
And sable Night (so often wished) to Earths firme Throne aspired.

Hector, intending to consult, neere to the gulfie floode
Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure and exempt from blood,
The Troian forces: from their horse, all lighted and did heare
Th' Oration loue-lou'd Hector made, who held a goodly speare,
Eleauen full cubites long; the head was brasse, and did reflect
A wanton light before him still; it round about was deckt
With strong hoops of new burnisht gold: on this he leand, and saide;
Heare me my worthie friends of Troy, and you our honore aide;
A little since, I had conceipt, we should haue made retreat;
By light of the inflamed fleete, with all the Greeks escheate;
But darkenes hath prevented vs, and Iste, with special grace,
These Achiues, and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let vs then render place,
To sacred Night, our suppers dresse, and from our charriots free
Our faire-man' de horse, and meat them wel; then let there conuoe be,
From forth the Cittie presently, Oxen, and well fed sheepe;
Sweet wine, and bread, and sell much wood, that all night we may keep
Plenty of fires, euen till the light bring forth the louchy morne;
And let their brightnes glase the skies; that night may not suborne
The Greeks escape, if they, for flight, the seas broade backe would take;

At

At least they may not part with ease; but as retreat they make,
Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
Made with a shifte or sharpened speare, and others feare to come,
With charge of lamentable warre, gainst souldiers bred in Troy:
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices imploy,
To warne the youth, yet short of warre, and time-white fathers, past;
That in our god-built towers they see strong courts of garde be plasle,
About the wals; and let our dames, yet flourishing in years,
That (hauing beauties to keep pure) are most inclinde to feares
(Since darkenes in distressefull times more dreadfull is then light)
Make iostie fires in euerie house; and thus the dangerous night
Keld with strong watch, if th' enemie haue ambuscados layd
Neere to our wails (and therefore seeme in sight the more dismaide,
Intending a surprize, while we are all without the towne)
They euerie way shall be impugne to euerie mans remoune.
I performe all this braue Troian friends: what now I haue to say,
Is all exprest; the chearefull morne shall other things display;
It is my glorie (putting trust in loue, and other Gods)

That I shall now expulse these aegs fates sent to our abodes;
Who bring offents of destinie, and black their threatening fleet.
But this night let vs hold strong guardes: to morrow we will meete
(With fierce-made warre, before their shippes, and Ile make knowne to all
If strong Tydides, from their ships, can drine me to their wall,
Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloody spoyle;
The wished morne shall shoue his powre, if he can shun his foyle,
I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day ascends,
He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends.
O that I were as sure to liue immortall, and sustaine
No frailities with increasing yeares, but euermore remaine
Ador'd like Pallas, or the Sun, as all doubts dye in me,
That heauens next light shall be the last the Greeks shall euer see.

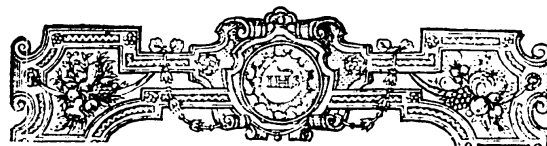
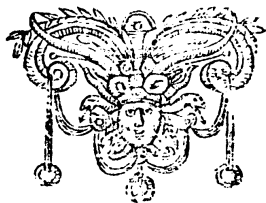
This speech all Troians did applaude; who from their traces losde
Their sweating horse; which severally with headstales they repose,
And fastned by their charriots; when others brought from towne,
Fat sheepe and Oxen, instantly bread, wine, and hewed downe
Huge store of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly sky,
Their suppers sauer, to the which they sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shinde;
As when about the siluer moone, when aire is free from winde,

S 2

And

And stars shine cleave to whose sweet beames, high prospects and the brows
 Of all sleepe hills, and pinacles, thrust up themselves for shewes;
 And euen the lowely vallis toy to glitter in their sight,
 When the vnmasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
 And all the Signes in heauen are scene, that glad the shepheards hart;
 So many fires disclose their beames, made by the Troian part,
 Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets shewde;
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and euerie garde allowde
 Fiftie stout men, by whome their horse eate oates and hard white corne,
 And w^{ch} did wishfully expect th^e siluer-thrined Morne.

The ende of the eight Booke.



THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



TO Agamemnon (vrging hopelesse flight)
 Stand Diomed and Nestor opposite:
 By Nestors counsaile Legates are dismiss,
 To Thetis sonne, who still denies t^h assist.

Another Argument.

In Epilon, the Ambassie,
 And great Achilles sternere replie.

So held the Troians sleeple's guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:
 The feeble consort of cold feare (strangely insulse from heauen)
 Griefe, not to be indurde, did wound all Greeks of greatest worth.
 And as two laterall-sited windes (the westwinde and the North)
 Meete at the Thracian seas black breast; ioyned in a sodaine blowe;
 Tumble together the darke waues, and powre vpon the shore
 A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:
 So loue and Troy did driue the Greeks and all their mindes confound;
 But Agamemnon most of all, was grieved at his hart,

It to the voiceful heralds went, and bade them cite apart,
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclame;
In which he labored with the first: and all together came.
They sadly sat; the king arose, and pourd out teares as fast
As from a loftie Rock, a spring doth his blacke waters cast;
And deeply sighing, thus bespake the Achives; O my friends,
Princes, and Leaders of the Greekes; heavens aduerse king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment to my so iust designe;
Since he hath often promist me, and bound it with the signe
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands should raze,
And safe returne: yet now engage, he plagues vs with disgrace,
When all our trust to him hath drawne so much blood from our friends.
My glorie, nor my Brother; wreake, were the proposed ends,
For which he drew you to these toyles, but your whole countries shame;
Which had been huge, to leaue the rape, of so diuine a dame,
Made in despite of our reuenge: and yet not that had mou'd
Our powers to these designes if Ioue had not our drifts approu'd;
Which since we see he did for blood, 'tis desperate sight in vs
To strive with him; then let vs flie, 'tis slight he vrgeth thus.

Long time still silence held them all; at last did Diomed rise:
Atides, I am first must crosse thy indiscret aduise,
As may become me, being a king in this our martiail court.
Be not displeas'd then: for thy selfe didst broadly misreport,
In open field, my fortitude, and calde me faint and weak;
Yet I was silent, knowing the times; loth any rites to break,
That appertainde thy publike rule; yet all the Greeks knew well
(Of euerie age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst reuell
My valour first of all the host; as of a man dismaide:
So now, with fit occasion giuen, I first blame thee affraid;
Inconstant: Saturns son hath giuen inconstant spirits to thee,
And with a scepter ouer all, an eminent degree:
But with a scepters soueraigne grace, the chiefe power, fortitude
(To briale thee) he thought not best, thy breast should be endue.
Vnhappy king, thinkest thou the Greeks are such a silly sort,
And so excessive impotent as thy weake words import?
If thy mind moue thee to be gon, the way is open, go:
Mycenian ships enow ride neere, that brought thee to this woe;
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till Troy be overcome,
With full euersion; or if not, but (doters of their home)
Will put on wings to flie with thee; my selfe and Schenelus

Will

Will fight, till (trusting fauouring Ioue) we bring home Troy with vs.
This, all applauded, and admird the spirit of Diomed;
When Neitor (rising from the rest) his speech thus seconded;
Tydides, thou art (questionless) our strongest Greek, in warre,
And grauest in thy counsailes too, of all that equall are
In place with thee, and stand on strength; Nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy speech; And yet thou hast not gone
So farre, but we must further goe; th' art yong, and well mightst be
My youngest sonne; though still I yeeld, thy words had high agreee
Of wisdom in them to our kings, since wel they did become
Their right in question, and refuse inglorious going home;
But I (well known thy senior far, will speak, and handle all
Let to propose; which none shall cheek, no not our Generall.
A hater of Societie, vnjust and wilde is he
That loues intestine warre, being swift with manles crueltie:
And therefore in perswading peace, and home-slight, we the leise
May blame our General; as one lothe, to wrap in more distresse
His loued souldiers: but because they brauely are resolu'd
To cast liues after toyles, before they part in shame inuolu'd,
Provide we for our honored stay; obay black night, and fall
Now to our Suppers; then appoint our guards without the wall,
And in the bottome of the dike, which guards I wish may stand
Of our braue youth: and (Ateus sonne) since thou art in command
Before our other Kings; be first in thy commands effect:
It well becomes thee; since tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;
And in the royall right of things, is no empaire to thee;
Nor shall it stand with leise then right, that they inuited be
To Supper by thee; all thy Tents are amply storde with wine,
Brought dayly in Greek ships from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to weight;
And many meeting there, thou maiest heare euery mans conceipt,
And take the best; it much concerns all Greeks to vse aduice
Of grauest nature; since, so neere our shippes, our enemies
Haue lighted such a sort of fires, with which, what man is ioyde?
Looke, how all beare themselves this night, so liue or be destroyde.
All heard and followed his aduise: there was appointed then
Seauen Captaines of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.
The first was famous Thralymed, aduicefull Nectors sonne;
Alcalaphus and Ialmen, and mighty Merion;
Alphareus and Deipyrus, and lonely Lycomed,

Gid

Our Ciccons joy: these seauen bold Lords, an hundred souldiers led
In euery seuerall company: and euery man his pike;
Some place on the rampiers top, and some amidst the dyke:
All pres made, and their suppers tooke: Attides to his tent
Invited all the Peeres of Greece, and foode sufficient
Of posde before them, and the Peeres appoyde their hands to it.
Luncheon and thirst being quickly quencht, to counsaile still they sit.
And first spake Nestor, who they thought of late aduise so well;
A father graue and rightly-wise, who thus his tale did tell.

Most high Attides, since in thee I haue intent to end,
From thee will I begin my speech; to whom loue doth commend
The Emperre of so many men, and puts into thy hand
A scepter and establishd lawes, that thou mayst well command
And counsaile all men vnder thee. It therefore doth behoue
Thy selfe to speake most since of all, thy speeces most will moue;
And yet to heare as well as speake: and then performe as well
As free must Counsaile; in thee still must sticke what others tell:
For we, what in my iudgement stands the most conuenient
I will aduise; and am assurde aduice more competent
Shall not be giuen: the generall prooffe, that hath before beene made
Of what I speake, confirms me still, and now may well perswade,
Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (most royal King)
Euen from the tent, Achilles Loue, didst violently bring,
Against my counsaile, vrging thee, by all meanes to relent:
But you (obaying your high minde) would venture the euent,
Dishonoring our ablest Greek: a man th'immortals grace;
Again, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field;
Both which; kind words, and pleasing gifts, must make his vertues yeeld.

Of other (answered the king) my wrongs thou tellest me right;
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue graunts; one man must stand in fight
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him Ioue loues from his hart:
Not euenes it in thus honoring him, who liuing thus apart
Prooues vs but number: for his want makes all our weakenes scene:
Yet after my confest offence, soothing my humorous spleene,
He sweeten his affects againe, with presents infinite;
It kitch (to approue my firme intent) he openly recite,
Seauen sacred Tripods, free from fire, ten talents of fyne gold,
Twentie bright caldrons, twelue young horse, well shap't and well controlde,
And victors too for they haue wonne the prize at many a race:

That

That man (should not be poore, that had but what their winged pafe
Hith added to my treasure, nor feele sweet golas defect:
Seauen Lesbian Laaies he shall haue, that were the most select,
And in their needles rarely skyld: whom (when he tooke the towne
Of famous Lesbos) I did choofe: who wonne the chiefe renowne,
For beautie from their whole fayre sex; amongst whom he resigne
Fayre Brytis; and I deeply sweare (for any fact of mine
That may discourage her receipt) she is vntoucht, and rests
As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if loue to our requests
Touchsafe performance, and afford the worke for which we waite;
Of winning Troy) with brasse and gold, he shall his Nanie freight;
And (entring when we be at spoyle) that princely hand of his
Shall choofe him Twentie Trojan Dames, excepting Tyndaris,
The fayrest Pergamus enfoldes; and if we make retreat
To Argos (cald, of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe (eat)
He shall become my sonne in law, and I will honor him
Euen as Orestes my sole sonne, that doth in honor synne.
Three daughters, in my wel-built Court, unmarried are and fayre,
Laodice, Chrylothemis, that hath the golden hayre,
And Iphianassa: of all three, the worthiest let him take
At ioyntureless, to Peleus Court: I will her ioynture make;
And that so great, as neuer yet did any maide preferre;
Seauen citties right magnificent, I will bestow on her;
Enope and Cardamile, Hyra for her herbs renownde,
The fayre Epira, Pedalus, that doth with grapes abound;
Antaxagaled with greene Meades: Phera, surname Diuine;
All whose bright Turrets, on the seas, in sandie Pylos shine:
Th' inhabitants, in flocks, and heards, are wondrous confluent;
It ho like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate;
All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
Let him be milde and tractable: 'is for the God of ghosts
To be unrulde impacable, and seeke the blood of hostis;
Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me;
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.

Braue King (saie Nestor) these rich gifts must make him needs relent:
Chuse then fit legates instantly, to greet him at his tent;
But stay, admit my choise of them, and let them strait be gone:
Ioue-loued Phoenix shall be chiefe, then Ajax Telamon,
And Prince Nylles; and on them, let these two heralds wait,

T

Graue

Græue Odious and Euribates: come Lords, take water strait,
 Make pure your hands, and with sweet words appease Achilles minde;
 Which, we will pray, the king of Gods may gently make inclinde.
 As lik't his speech, and on their hands, the Heraids water shed;
 The youths on ownde cups of sacred wine, to all distributed;
 But, having sacrific'd and drunke, to euery mans content,
 (With many notes by Nestor giuen) the Legates forward went;
 With courtship in fit gestures vs'd, he did prepare them well;
 But moſt Vlyſſes; for his grace, did not so much excell;
 Such rites beſeeme Ambassadors, and Nestor urged these,
 That their most honors might reflect enrag'd AEacides.
 They went along the shore, and prayed the God that earth doth bind
 in brackish chaines, they might not faile but bow his mightie minde.
 The quarter of the Myrmidons they reacht, and found him ſet
 Delighted with his ſolemn harpe, which curiously was ſet
 With workes conceipted, through the verdge: the bawdrick that embrast
 His loſtie necke, was ſiluer twiſt: this when his hand laide waſte
 Actions city, he did chuſe, as his eſpecial priſe,
 And (louing ſacred muſicke wel) made it his exerciſe;
 To it he ſung the glorious deeds of great Heroes dead,
 And his true mind, that praſtiſe ſayd, ſweet contemplation ſeald.
 With him alone and oppoſite, all ſilent ſat his friend,
 Attentive and beholding him, who now his ſong did end.
 Th Ambassadors did forwards preaſe: renown'd Vlyſſes led,
 And ſtood in view: their ſuddaine ſight, his admiration bred,
 Who with his Harpe and all aroſe: ſo did Menetius ſonne,
 When he beheld them: their receipts, Achilles thus begun.
 Health to my Lords: right welcome men aſſure your ſelues ye be,
 Though ſome neceſſitie I know, doth make you viſite me,
 Incenſt with iuſt cauſe gainſt the Greeks. This ſaid, a ſeueral ſeat
 With purple cuſhions he ſet forth, and did their caſe entreat;
 And ſayd: Now friend our greateſt bowle, with wine unmixt, and neate,
 Oppoſe theſe Lords; and of the depth, let euery man make prooſe;
 Theſe are my beſt-eſteemed friends, and vnderneath my rooſe.
 Patroclus did his deare friends wil: and he that did deſire
 To cheare the Lords (ſome faint from fight) ſet, on a blaſing fire
 A great braſſe pot; and into it, a chine of mutton put,
 And fat goates fleſh; Automedon held, while he peeces cut
 To roſt and boile, right cunningly: then, of a well fed ſwine,
 A huge fat ſhoulder he cuts out, and ſpits it wondrous fine;

His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once paſt,
 He laid the ſpit, lowe, neere the coales, to make it browne at laſt;
 Then ſprinkled it with ſacred ſalt, and tooke it from the racks:
 This roſted, and on dreſſer ſet, his friend Patroclus takes
 Bread in faire baskets; which, ſet on, Achilles brought the meat,
 And to diuineſt Ithacus, tooke his oppoſed ſeat
 Vpon the bench: then did he will his friend to ſacrifice;
 Who caſt ſweet incenſe in the fire, to all the deities.
 Thus ſell they to their readie food: hunger and thirſt allaide,
 Ajax to Phoenix made a ſigne, as if too long they ſtayd,
 Before they told their legacie. Vlyſſes ſaw him wink,
 And (ſtilling the great boule with wine) did to Achilles drink.
 Health to Achilles; but our plights ſtand not in need of meat,
 Who late ſupt at Atides tent, though for thy loue we eate
 Of many things; whereof a part would make a compleat feaſt;
 Nor can we ioy in theſe kind rites, that haue our harts oppreſt
 (O Prince) with feare of vtter ſpoyle: 't is made a queſtion now
 If we can ſaue our ſecte or not; vnleſs thy ſelfe in dow
 Thy powers with wonted fortitude; now Troy and her conſorts,
 Bould of thy want, haue pitcht their tents cloſe to our ſleets and ſortes;
 And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they ſay
 Will they be priſon'd in their wals, but force their violent way
 Euen to our ſhips; and loue himſelfe hath with his lightnings ſhowde
 Their bould aduentures happy ſignes; and Hector growes ſo proude
 Of his huge ſtrength, borne out by loue; that fearfully he raves;
 Preſuming neither men nor Gods can interrupt his braues.
 Wilde rage inuades him, and he prays, that ſome the ſacred morne
 Would light his fury; boaiſting then, our ſteamers ſhal be torne,
 And all our nauall ornaments fall by his conquering ſtroke,
 Our ſhips ſhall barne, and we our ſelues ly ſiſt in the ſmoke.
 And I am ſeriouſly afraid, heauen will performe his threats;
 And that 't is ſatall to vs all, far from our native ſeates
 To periſh in victorious Troy: but riſe, though it be late;
 Deluerr the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate;
 It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no ſtrength can ſuffiſe
 To remedy th' effected threats, of our calamities;
 Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maiſt uſe thy power,
 And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, ſates vnrecovered howre;
 O friend thou knoweſt, thy royall Syre forward what ſhould be done,
 That day he ſent thee from his Court to honor Atreus ſonne:

My sonne (said he) the victorie let loue and Pallas vse
 At their high pleasures; but do thou no honord meanes refuse
 That may aduance her; in fit boundes, containe thy mightie mind,
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be factiously enclinde,
 Contriuing mischiefs; be to fame, and generall good profess;
 The more will all sorts honor thee; Benignity is best.
 Thus charge thy Syre, which thou forgetst; yet now those thoughts appease
 That torture thy great spirit with wrath: which if thou wilt surcease,
 The king will merite it with gifts; (and if thou wilt giue eare)
 Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sitst angrie here.
 Seauen tripods that no fire must touch; twise ten pans fit for flame:
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelue horse, that euer overcame,
 And brought huge prizes from the field, with swiftnes of their feet:
 That man should beare no poore account, nor want golds quickning sweete,
 That had but what he won with them: seauen worthiest Lesbian dames
 Renownde for skil in huswiferye, and beare the soueraigne fames,
 For bewtie, from their generall sex; which at thy ouerthrow
 Of well-built Lesbos he did chuse; and these he will bestow;
 And, with these, her hee tooke from thee: whom (by his state since then)
 He sweares he toucht not, as faire dames vse to toucht by men.
 All these are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,
 By helps of Gods, this wealthy towne, thy ships shal burthen make
 Of gould and brasse at thy desires, when we the spoyle diuide;
 And twentie beutious Trojan dames, thou shalt select beside,
 (Next Hellen) the most beautifull; and (when returnde we be
 To Argos) be his sonne in law; for he will honor thee
 Like his Orestes, his sole sonne, maintaine in height of blisse:
 Three daughters beautifull his court, the faire Crylothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianels; of all, the fayrest take,
 To Peleus thy graue fathers court, and neuer iointure make:
 He will the iointure make himselfe, so great as neuer Syre
 Gave to his daughters nuptials: seauen citties left entire;
 Cardamile and Enoppe and Hyra full of flowers;
 Anthæa, for sweet meadows prayd, and Phæra deckt with towers;
 The bright Epæa, Pedalius, that doth God Bacchus please,
 All on the Sandie Pylos soyle, are seated neere the seas:
 Th' inhabitants, in drowes and flocks, exceeding wealthy be,
 Who like a God with worthy gifts, will gladly honor thee,
 And tribute of especiall rate, to thy high scepter pay:
 All this he freely wil performe, thy anger to allay.

But

But if thy hate to him be more then his gifts may repress,
 Tet pittie all the other Greeks, in such extreame distresse;
 Who with religion honor thee: and to their desperate ill,
 Thou shalt triumphant glorie bring, and Hector thou maist kill,
 When pride makes him incounter thee, sild with a banefull spirit;
 Who vaunts, our whole flecte-brought not owe, equal to him in fight.

Swift foot Eacides replyde, diuine Laertes sonne,
 T'is requisite I should be (hort, and shoue what place hath won
 Thy serious speech: affirming nought, but what you shal approoue
 Establisht in my settled hart; that in the rest I moue
 No murmure nor exception: for like hellmouth I leath,
 Who holde, not in his words and thoughts one indistinguisht troth.
 What fits the freeenes of my mind, my speech shal make displayde;
 Nor Atreus sonne nor all the Greeks shal winne me to their aide:
 Their sute is wretchedly enforst to free their owne despair;
 And my life neuer shall be hirde with thankless, desperate prayers:
 For neuer had I benefit, that euer foilde the foe;
 Eauen share hath he that keeps his tent, and he to fildes doth goe;
 With equall honor Cowards dye, and men most valiant;
 The much performer, and the man that can of nothing want.
 No ouerplus I euer found, when with my mindes most strife,
 To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue exposde my life.
 But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the care full dam brings meate,
 Which when she hath bestowde, her selfe hath nothing left to eate:
 So when my broken sleeps haue drawne the nights t'extreamest length,
 And ended manie blowdie dayes, with still-employed strength,
 To guard their weakenes, and preserve their wines contents in fract,
 I haue beene robd before their eyes; twelue citties I haue sackt,
 Assailede by sea: eleauen by land, while this siege held at Troy:
 And of all these, what was most deare, and most might crowne the ioy
 Of Agamemnon; he enioyd, who here behind remainde;
 Which when he tooke, a few he gaue, and many things retainde:
 Other, to Optimates and Kings he gaue, who hold them fast,
 Tet mine he forceth; only I sit with my losse disgrast;
 But so he gaine a louely dame, to be his beds delight,
 It is enough; for what cause else doe Greeks and Troians fight?
 Why brought he hither such an host? was it not for a dame?
 For sayre-hayrde Hellen? and doth loue, alone the harts inflame
 Of the Attrides to their wines of all the men that moue?
 Euery discrete and honest minde cares for his private lone,

T 3

As

As much as they: as, I my selfe low'd Brylis as my life,
 Although my captiue, and had will to take her for my wife:
 Whom since he for site preventing me, in vaine he shall prolong
 Hopes to appease me, that know well the deepenes of my wrong.
 But good Vissles, with thy self, and all you other Kings,
 Let him take stomacke to repell Troys fierie threatnings;
 Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
 Cut a dyke by it, pitcht with pales; broad, and of deep import:
 And cannot all these helpes repress this kil-man Hector's fright?
 When I was arme amongst the Greeks, he would not offer fight
 Without the shadow of his waile; but to the Scæan ports,
 Or to the holy beech of loue, come, backt with his consorts;
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
 And to make new prooue of our powers, the doubt is not so great:
 To morrow then, with sacrifice performe t' imperiall loue
 And all the gods, Ile launch my fleet, and all my men remoue;
 Which (if thou wilt vse so thy sight, or thinkest it worth respect)
 In for head of the morne thine eyes shall see with sayles erect
 Amidst the fishie Hellespont, heipt with laborious ores;
 And if the sea-god send free sayle, the fruitfull Pthian shores
 Within three dayes we shall attaine, where I haue store of prixe,
 Left, when with preiudice I came to these maine-murres;
 There haue I gold as well as here, and store of ruyneous arte.
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and ficle as brignons, I see:
 These will I take as I retire, as shares I firmly saue;
 Though a gamestnon be so base to take the gifts he gaue.
 Tell him all this, and openly, I on your honors charge;
 That others may take shame to heare his lusts command so large;
 And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue
 (Being dyde in endless impudence) that man may learne to leaue
 His trust and Empire: but alas, though like a Wolfe he be
 Shameles, and rude; he durst not take my prixe and looke on mee.
 I neuer will partake his works, nor counsaile as before;
 He once deceau'de, and iniurde me, and he shall neuer more
 Tye my affections with his words; enough is the encrease
 Of one succeffe in his deceipts; which let him ioy in peace,
 And beare it to a wretched end; wise loue hath rest his braine
 To bring him plagues, and these his gifts I (as my foes) disdaine;
 Euen in the numnes of calme death, I will reuengefull be;
 Though ten or twentie times so much, he would bestow on mee:

All

All he hath here, or any where; or Orchemen contains,
 To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remains
 In circuite of Aegyptian Thebes; where much hid treasure lyes,
 Whose wals containe an hundred ports, of so aduird a life,
 Two hundreth souleuers may, a front, with horse and charriots passe:
 Nor would he amplifie all this, like sand, or dust, or grasse,
 Should he reclaime me, till his wreake paid me all the paines,
 That, with his countenelie, burnde, like payson in my vaines;
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend
 With golden Venus for her forme, or if she did transcend
 Blew cyde Minerva for her works: let him a Greek select
 Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
 My safetie to my fathers court; she shall chuse me a wife.
 Many faire Achuee Princesses, of vnipeached life,
 In Helle and in Pthia lue, whose Syres doe cities hold,
 Of whom I can haue whom I wil. And more, an hundred fold,
 My true minde in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,
 Then in another Nation; and there delight my life
 With those goods that my father got; much rather then dye here;
 For all the wealth of wel-built Troy, posselt when peace was there;
 All that Apollos marble Fane, in stony Pthas holds,
 I value equall with the life, that my free breast enfolds.
 Sheepe, oxen, Tripods, crest-deckt horse, though lost, may come againe;
 But, when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
 Our humane soule; away it fues; and once gone, neuer more
 To her fraile mansion any man can her lost powrs restore.
 And therefore since my mother-queene (fame'de for her siluer feet)
 Told me two Fates about my death, in my direction meet;
 The one, that if I here remaine t' assill our victorie,
 My safe returne shall neuer lue, my fame shall neuer die:
 If my returne obtaine succeffe, much of my fame decays,
 But death shall linger his approche, and I lue many dayes:
 This being reucaled, I were foolish pride, to abridge my life for prayse.
 Then with my selfe, I will aduise others to horse their saile;
 For, against the height of Nilon you neuer shall prenaile:
 Loue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the souldiers bould.
 This tell the king in euerie part; for so graue Legates should;
 That they may better counsaile vse, to saue their Fleet and friends
 By their owne valours; since this course drownde in my anger ends:
 Phoenix may in my tent repose, and in the morne, steepe course

For

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, he will use no force.

All wondred at his fierne reply, and Phoenix, full of feares
his words would be more weak then my supplyed their wants with teares.

If thy returne incline thee thus (Peleus renowned is)
And thou wilt let our ships be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shall I after be
Alone in these extreames of death, yelinquished by thee?
I, whom thy royall father sent, as orderer of thy force,
When to Atides from his Court, he left thee, for this course
Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst not so abound,
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renowned:
In all which, I was sent by him, I instruct thee as my sonne,
That thou might'st speak when speech was fit, and doe when deed's were done;
Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;
No nor: if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore
Deckt with fayre dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore,
Who was the fayre Amyntor cald, surnam'd Otmenides;
And for a fayre-hayrde harlots sake, that his affects could please,
Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceaseles urged me
To vse his harlote Clytia, and still would claspe my knee
To doe her will, that so my Syre might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;
At last I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue, who straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a cur'e, and to the Furies prayde
No dame might loue nor bring me seede; the deities obaide
That gouerne heil: infernall loue, and fierne Perlephone.
Then durst I, no longer date, with my fierne Father be:
Yet did my friends, and meere aliyes enlosme with desires
Not to depart: like as sheepe, bores, beewes, roste them at solemne fires:
And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding store of wine:
Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chambers thicke-framde dores, and through the hal's garde past,
Vnscene of any man or maide: through Greece, then rich and vast,
I fled to Pthia, purse of sheepe, and came to Pelus court,

Who

Who entertaind me hartily, and in as gracious sort
As any Syre his onely sonne berne when his strength is spent,
And blest with great possessions to leaue to his descent:
He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commen!
I dwelt in th' utmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;
And gouerne the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art framde: since (dearest to my hart)
I vsde thee so, thou lon'dst none els, nor any where wouldst eate,
Till I had cround my knee with thee, and kern'd thee tender st meate;
And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
(Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)
My bosome louingly sustainde the wine thine could not beare:
Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
Much haue I suffred for thy loue, much labourde, wisht much;
Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)
I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did giue
What any Syre could giue his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
O mitigate thy mightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues
The harts of all, to liue vnmo'd, and succour hates for loues:
The Gods them selues are flexible; whose vertues, honors, powers
Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benigne deuotions: sauors of offrings burnde,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turnde,
By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified:
For, pray'rs are daughters of great loue, lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd;
And euer following iniurie; who (strong and sound of feet)
Flies through the world, afflicting men: pray'rs yet obtain their cures:
And who fouer reuerenceth that seed of loue, is sure
To haue them heare, and helpe him to: but if he shall refuse
And stand inflexible to them; they sye to loue, and vse
Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall
On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he sayles to call.
Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of loue,
And yeld to them: since other men, of greatest mindes they moue:
If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts he vomes,
But offer others afterwards, and in his still-bent browes
Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeasde) thy ayde to Greece, though plague in heauiest sort:
But, much he presently will giue, and after yeld the rest:

V

T' assure

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, ite vfe no force.

All wondred at his sterne reply; and Phoenix, full of feares
t. is words would be more weak seen iust, supplied their wants with teares.

If thy returne incline thee thus (Peleus renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our ships be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angry, O my sonne, how shal I after be
Alone in these extreames of death, relinquish'd by thee?
I, whom thy royall father sent as orderer of thy force,
When to Atides from his Court, he left thee, for this course
Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst not so abound,
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownde:
In all which, I was sent by him, to instruct thee as my sonne,
That thou might'st speak when speech was fit, and doe when deeds were done;
Not sit as dumbe for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;
No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore
Deckt with fayre dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore,
Who was the fayre Amyntor cald, surnam'd Ormenides;
And for a fayre-hayr'd harlots sake, that his affects could please,
Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceaseles vrged me
To vse his harlot Clytia, and still would claspe my knee
To doe her will, that so my Syre might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;
At last I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies prayde
No dame might loue nor bring me feede; the deities obaide
That gouerne hell; infernall loue, and fierne Perlephone.
Then durst I, in no longer date, with my sterne Father be:
Yet did my friends, and weere aliyes enclose me with desires
Not to depart: kilde sheepe, bores, beemes: rost them at solemne fires:
And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding store of wine:
Nine nights they guard'd me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chambers thicke-fram'd dore, and through the hal's garde pass,
Vnscene of any man or maide: through Greece, then rich, and vast,
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe, and came to Peleus court,

Who

Who entertain'd me hartly, and in as grations sort
As any Syre his onely sonne borne when his strength is spent,
And blest with great possessions to leaue to his descent:
He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend:
I dwelt in th' utmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;
And gouern'd the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art fram'd: since (dearest to my hart)
I vs'd thee so, thou lon'd'st none els, nor any where wouldst eate,
Till I had cround my knee with thee, and keru'd thee tenderst meate;
And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
(Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)
My bosome louingly sustain'd the wine thine could not beare:
Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
Much haue I suffer'd for thy loue, much labour'd, wish'd much;
Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)
I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did giue
What any Syre could giue his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
O mitigate thy mightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues
The harts of all, to liue vnmoou'd, and succour hates for loues:
The Gods: themselves are flexible; whose vertues, honors, powers
Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
Perfume; benigne deuotions: fauors of offrings burnde,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turn'd,
By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified;
For, pray'rs are daughters of great loue, lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd;
And euery following iniurie, who (strong and sound of feet)
Flies through the world, afflictting men: pray'rs yet obtain their cures;
And who soeuer reuerenceth that seed of loue, is sure
To haue them heare, and helpe him to: but if he shall refuse
And stand inflexible to them; they flye to loue, and vse
Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall
On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he sayles to call.
Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of loue,
And yeeld to them: since other men, of greatest mindes they moue:
If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts he voves,
But offer others after wards, and in his still-bent browes
Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeas'd) thy ayde to Greece, though plague in heauiest sort:
But, much he presently will giue, and after yeeld the rest:

V

T assure

*T*o assure which, he hath sent, to thee, the men thou louest best,
 And most renounde of all the host, that they might soften thee:
 Then let not both their paines, and prayers, lost and despised bee;
 Before which, none could reprehend the tumult of thy hart:
 But now, to rest inexpectate, were much too rude a part.
 Of ancient Worthies we haue heard when they were most displeasde:
 (To their high fames) with gifts and prayers they stil haue bene appeasle:
 For instance I remember well, a fact performde of old,
 Which to you all my friends I tell: The Curets wars did hold
 With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall lines had end
 About the citie Calidon; Th' Etolians did defend
 Their flourishing countrie; which to spoyle, the Curets did contend:
 Diana with the golden throne (with Oeneus much incens'd,
 Since with his plentious lands first fruits she was not reuerens'd;
 Yet other Gods, with Hecatombs, had feasts; and she alone,
 Great Ioues bright daughter, left vnseru'd; or by obliuion,
 Or vndue knowledge of her ducs) much hurt in hart she swore:
 And she, enrag'd, excited much: she sent a syluan Bore
 From their greene groues, with wounding tuskes, who vsually did spoyle
 King Oeneus fieldes; his lofty woods laide prostrate on the soyle;
 Rent by the roots Trees fresh, adorn'd with fragrant apple flow'rs:
 Which Meleager (Oeneus sonne) slew with assembled pow'rs
 Of hunters and of fiercest houndes, from many cities brought:
 For such he was, that with few lines his death could not be bought;
 Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funerall piles applide:
 Yet (slaine at last) the goddesse stir'd about his head and hyde
 A wondrous tumult; and a war, betwixt the Curets wrought
 And braue Etolians: all the while fierce Meleager fought,
 Ill farde the Curets: neere the wals, none durst aduance his crest
 Though they were many: but when wrath inflamde his haughty breast,
 (Which oft the firme minde of the wise with passion doth infect)
 Since twixt his mother, Queene and him, arose a deadly strife;
 He left the court, and priuately liu'd with his lawfull wife;
 Faire Cleopatra, small birth of bright Marpillas paine
 And of Idæus; who, of all terrestriall men, did raigne
 (At that time) King of fortitude, and, for Marpillas sake,
 Gai'd wanton Phoebus king of flames, his boaw in hand did take,
 Since he had rauisht her, his ioy; whom her friends, after, gaue
 The surname of Alcyone, because they could not saue
 Their daughter from Alcyones Fate: in Cleopatras armes

Lay

*L*ay Meleager, feeding on his anger for the harmes
 His Mother prayd might fall on him; who, for her brother slaine
 By Meleager, griev'd, and pray'd the Gods to wreak her paine,
 With all the horror, could be pow'd, upon her furious birth;
 Stil knockt she, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,
 To urge sterne Pluto and his Queene, s' incline their vengefull eares,
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast, deawde with her fierie teares,
 To make them massacre her sonne, whose wrath enrag'd her thus;
 Erinis (wandring through the aire) heard, out of Erebus,
 Prayers, fit for her vnpleas'd minde; yet Meleager lay,
 Obscure in furie; then the bruis of the tumultuous fray,
 Rang through the turrets as they skal'd; then came the Etolian peeres,
 To Meleager with low suites, to rise and free their feares:
 Then sent they the chiefe priests of Gods, with offer'd gifts s' attome
 His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-soild Calydon,
 Of the most fat and yeeldie soyle, what with an hundred steares,
 Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,
 And halfe of naked earth to plow; yet yeelded not his ire.
 Then to his lofty chamber dore, ascends his royall Syre
 With ruthfull plaints; shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries;
 His mother then, and all entreate; yet still more stiffe he lies;
 His friends most reuerend, most esteemde; yet none impression tooke,
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke
 With the innading enemies; who now forst dreadfull way
 Along the citie; then his wife (in pittifull dismay)
 Besought him weeping, telling him the miseries sustaind
 By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemy had gaind;
 Men slaughtered; children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forst with lust,
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them to heapes of fruitlesse dust.
 These dangers softned his Steele hart: up the stout prince arose,
 Indew'd his bodie with bright armes, and freedde th' Etolians woes,
 His smothered anger giuing ayre, which Gifts did not assuage,
 But his owne perill. And because he did not disingage
 Their liues for gifts, their gifts he lost: but for my sake (deare friend)
 Be not thou bent to see our plights to these extreames descend,
 Ere thou assist vs: be not so, by thy ill angel, turnde
 From thine owne honor: it were shame to see our Nany burnde,
 And then come with thy timeles aide; for offer'd presents come,
 And all the Greeks will honor thee, as of celestiall rome.
 But if without these gifts thou fight, forst by thy priuate woe,

V 2

Thou

Thou wilt be nothing so renownde, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles answerd the last part of this oration, thus;
Phoenix, renownde and reuerend; the honors urge on vs
We need not; loue doth honor me, and to my safetie sees,
And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees.
Then doe not thou, with teares and woes, impaſſion my affects,
Becomming grations to my foe: nor fits it the respects
Of thy vow'd loue, to honor him that hath diſhonord me;
Least ſuch looſe kindnes loſe his heart, that yet is firme to thee.
It were thy prayſe to hurt, with me, the hurter of my ſtate,
Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maiſt participate.
Let theſe Lords then returne th'euent, and doe thou here reſpoſe;
And when darke ſleep breaks with the day, our counſails ſhall diſcloſe
The courſe of our returne or ſtay: this ſaid, he with his eye
Made to his friend a covert ſigne, to haſten inſtantly
A good ſoft bed, that the old Prince ſoone as the Peeres were gone,
Might take his reſt; when ſouldierlike braue Ajax Telamon
Spake to Vlyſſes, as with thought, Achilles was not worth
The high direction of his ſpeech, that ſtood ſo ſternly forth
Vnmoūd with th' other Orators: and ſpake not to appeaſe
Pelides wrath, but to depart: his arguments were theſe;

High-iſſued Laertiades, let vs inſiſt no more
On his perſwaſion; I perceiue, the world will end before
Our ſpeeches end, in this affaire: we muſt with vtmoſt haſte
Returne his anſwere, though but bad: the Peeres are els where plaſte,
And will not riſe till we returne; great Thetis ſonne hath ſtorde
Prowd wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implorde,
Rude that he is, nor his friends loue respects, doe what they can:
Wherein paſt all we honour'd him. O ueremoreſul man!
Another for his brother ſlaine, another for his ſonne,
Accepts of ſatisfaction: and he the deed hath done
Liues in below'd ſocietie long after his amends;
To which, his foes high hart for giſt, with patience condeſcends:
But thee a wilde and cruell ſpirit, the gods for plague haue giuen,
And for one gyrl; of whoſe ſayre ſex, we come to offer ſeauen,
The moſt exempt for excellence, and many a better priſe.
Then put a ſweet minde in thy breaſt, reſpect thine owne allies
Though others make thee not remiſſe: a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our ſupreamſt care
Is to be moſt familiar, and hold moſt lone with thee,

of

Of all the Greeks; how great an hoſt ſo euer here there be.

He answered, Noble Telamon, Prince of our ſouldiers here;
Out of thy hart I know thou ſpeakſt, and as thou holdſt me deare:
But ſtill as often as I thinke, how rudely I was uſde,
And like a ſtranger for all rites, fit for our good, reſuſde;
My hart doth ſwell againſt the man, that durſt be ſo profane
To violate his ſacred place; not for my priuate bane,
But ſince wrackt vertues generall lawes, he ſhameleſs did inſtrinde:
For whoſe ſake I will looſe the raignes, and giue mine anger ſwindge,
Without my wiſdomes leaſt impeach, He is a ſoole, and baſe,
That pitties vice-plagued mindes, when paines, not loue of right giues place,
And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my iuſt wrath will not care
For all his cares, before my tents and naue charged are
By warlike Hector, making way through ſlocks of Grecian lines,
Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arrives
About my tent, and ſable barke, I doubt not but to ſhield
Them and my ſelfe; and make him ſtie the there-ſtrong bounded field.

This ſayd, each one but kiſt the cuppe, and to the ſhips retirde;
Vlyſſes firſt: Patroclus then, the men and mayds requirde
To make graue Phoenix bed with ſpeed, and ſee he nothing lacks:
They ſtrait obayde; and laide thereon the ſubtle fruit of flax
And warme ſheep-fels for cowering, and there the old man ſlept,
Attending till the golden Morne her uſuall ſtation kept.
Achilles lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought,
And that faire Lady by his ſide, that he from Lesbos brought,
Bright Diomeda, Phorbas ſeede; Patroclus did embrace
The bewitious Iphis giuen to him, when his bold friend did race
The loſtie Syrus, that was kept in Enyeus hold.

Now at the tent of Atreus ſonne, each man with cups of gold
Receiud th' Ambaſſadors returnde; all cluſterd neere to know
What newes they brought: which firſt the King would haue Vlyſſes ſhow.
Say moſt prayſe worthy Ithacus, the Grecians great renowne,
Will he defend vs? or not yet will his prowde ſtomacke downe?

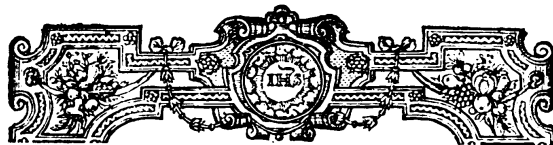
Vlyſſes made reply; Not yet, will he appeaſe be,
But growes more wrathfull, prizing light thy offerd giſts and thee,
And wils thee to conſult with vs, and take ſome other courſe
To ſaue our Armie and our Fleet; and ſayes with all his force,
The morne ſhall light him on his way, to Pthys wiſhed ſoyl;
For neuer ſhall high-ſeated Troy be ſackt with all our toyle;
Loue holdes his hand twixt vs and it: the ſouldiers gather hart.

V 3

Thw

Thus he replies: which Aiax here can equally impart,
 And both these herraids: Phoenix staves, for so was his desire
 To goe with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
 Allwondred he should be so sterne: at last, bold Diomedes spake;
 Would God Atides thy request were yet to undertake;
 And all thy gifts vnoffered, shes provide enough beside:
 But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride.
 But let vs suffer him to stay, or goe at his desire,
 Fight when his stomacke serues him best, or when Ioue shall inspire:
 Mesne while our watch being strongly held: let vs a little rest
 After our foode: strength lines by both, and vertue is their guest.
 Then, when the rosy-fingerd Morne, holds out her siluer light,
 Bring forth thy host, encourage all, and be thou first in fight.
 The kings admire the fortitude, that so diuinely mou'd
 The skilfull horseman Diomedes, and his aduice approu'd:
 Then with their nightly sacrifice, each tooke his seuerall tent;
 Where all receiv'd the soueraigne gifts, soft Somnus aid present.

The end of the ninth Booke.



THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



TH' Atides, watching, wake the other Peeres:
 And in the Fort, consulting of their feares,
 Two kings they send, most stout, and honorde most,
 For royall skowts, into the Trojan hoall;
 Who meeting Dolon (Hectors brybed Spie)
 Take him; and learne how all the Quarters lie.
 He tolde them in the Thracian regiment
 Otrich King Rhesus, and his royall Tent:
 Striving for safetie; but they end his strife,
 And ridde poore Dolon of a dangerous life;
 Then with digresse wyles, they vse their force
 On Rhesus life, and take his snowie horse.

Another Argument.
 Kappa the Night exploits applies,
 Rhesus and Dolons tragedies.

THe other Princes at their ships soft fingerd sleep did binde,
 But not the Generall; Somnus filkes bound not his laboring minde,
 That turnde and returnde many thoughts. And as quick lightning, flie
 From wel-deckt Lunos soueraigne, out of the thickest skie,
 It: sparing some exceeding rayne, or haye the fruit of cold,
 Or aown-like snow, that sodainely makes all the fields looke old;
 Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his en sulphurde hand
 In asfeling flashes, poure through cloudes, on any punisht land:

So from Atides troubled hart, through his darke sorrowes, flew
Redoubled sighes; his entrayles shooke, as often as his view
Admirde the multituae of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade,
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawmes, and tumults souldiers made:
But when he saw his fleet and host kneele to his care and loue,
He rent his hayre up by the rootes, as sacrifice to loue,
Burnt in his ferie sighes, still breath'd out of his royall hart;
And first thought good, to Nestors care, his sorrowes to impart;
To trie if royal diligence, with his approu'd aduise,
Might fashion counsailes, to preuent their threatned miseries:
So vp he rose, attirde himselfe, and to his strong feet tyde
Rich shooes, and cast vpon his backe, a ruddy Lions hide
So ample, it his ankles reacht; then tooke his royall speare:
Like him was Menelaus pierst with an industrious feare,
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, lest bitter Fates should quite
The Greeks high fauours, that for him resolu'd such endles fight.
And first a freckled Panthers hyde, hid his brode backe athwart:
His head, his brisen keime did arme; his able hand, his dart,
Then made he all his haste to rayse his brothers head as rare,
That he who most excelde in rule, might helpe & effect his care;
He found him at his ships crookt sterne putting himself in armes,
Who ioyde to see his brothers spirits awak't without alarmes,
Well waying th' importance of the time, and first the yonger spake;
Why, brother, are ye arming thus? is it to vncertake
The sending of some ventrons Greek, & explore the foes intent?
Alas I greatly feare, not one will giue that worke consent,
Expos'd alone to all the feares, that slowe in gloomy night,
He that doth this, must know death well; in which ends euerie fright.
Brother (sayd he) in these affaires we both must vse aduise;
Loue is against vs, and accepts great Hector's sacrifice;
For I haue neuer seene, nor heard, in one day and by one,
So many high attempts well urg'd, as Hector's power hath done
Against the hapless sons of Greece: being chiefly deare to loue;
And without cause being neither fruite of any Goddesse loue,
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare the deepnesse of his hand.
Ere it be act out of our thoughts, will many yeeres withstand.
But brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease
With warlike Atax: I will haste, to graue Neleides,
Exhorting him to rise, and giue the sacred watch command;
For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;

And

And now, his sonne, their captaine is, and Idomens good friend
Bould Merion; to whose discharge, we did that charge commend.
Commandst thou then (his brother askt) that I shall tarry here
Attending thy resolu'd approach, or els the message beare
And quickly make returne to thee? He answerd: Rather stay,
Least otherwise we faile to meet: for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian host; speake euer as you goe;
Command strong watch, from Syre to sonne, urge all t' obserne the foe;
Familiarly, and with their prayse exciting euerie eye,
Not with vnseason'd violence of proud authoritie.
We must our patience exercise, and worke our selues with them:
Loue in our birth combinde such cares to eithers Diademe.
Thw he dismiss him, knowing well his charge before he went
Himselfe to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent;
By him, his damaske curets hung, his shield, a paire of darts,
His shining eake, his orming waste in these he led the harts
Of his apt souldiers to sharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares;
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchfull eares
Intimely feet tolde some approach: he took his Lance in hand,
And spake to him; Ho, what art thou, that walk'st at midnight? stand;
Is any wanting at the guardes, or lack'st thou any peece?
Speake; come not silent towards me; say what intend'st thou heere?
He answerd, O Neleides, graue honor of our host:
Tis Agamemnon thou maist know, whom loue afflicteth most
Of all the wretched men that liue, and wil whilst any breath
Gives motion to my toyled lims, and beares me vp from death.
I walke the round thus, since sweet sleepe cannot inclose mine eyes,
Nor shut those Organs care breaks ope, for our calamities;
My feare is vehement for the Greeks: my hart (the fount of heat)
With his extreame affect: made cold, without my breast doth beat;
And therefore are my synewes strooke with trembling: euery part
Of what my friends may feelee, hath act in my disperst hart.
But if thou thinkst of any course may to our good redounde,
(Since neither thou thy selfe canst sleepe) come walke with me the round;
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euerie guard:
Least watching long, and weariness, with labouring so hard,
Drowne their oppressed memories of what they haue in charge:
The libertie we giue the foe (alas) is ouerlarge;
Their Campe is almost mixt with ours, and we haue forth no spies,
To learne their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprise.

X

Grane

Grave Nestor answerde: *Worthy king, let good hearts beare our ill: Ioue is not bound to perfect all this busie Hectors will; But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much dismayde With feare lest our distresse incite Achilles to our aide, And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride. But I will gladly follow thee, and stir vp more besiae: Tiddes, famous for his Lance, Vlisses, Telamon, And bould Phyleus valiant heire: or else if any one Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their saile Lie so remou'd; with much good speed, it might our haste auail.*
But (though he be our honorde friend) thy brother I will blame, Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame He should commit all paines to thee, that should himself employ, Past all our princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy; And be so farre from needing purses to these his due respects, He should applie our spirits himselfe, with prayers, and urge affects. Necessity (a law to lawes, and not to be inurde) Makes proofe of all his faculties, not sound, if not inurde.

Good father (said the King) sometimes you know I haue desired You would improve his negligence, too oft to easie retire; Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine; But with observing my estate, he thinks, he should abstaine, Till I commanded, knowing my place; unwilling to assume, For being my brother, any thing might proue he did presume; But now he rose before me farre, and came, & auoide delays; And I haue sent him for the man, your selfe desired to raise; Come, we shall finde them at the guardes we plaist before the fort; For thither my direction was, they should with speed resort.

Why now (said Nestor) none will grudge, nor his iust rule withstand; Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming trusse, faire shoes upon his feet, About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meete Of purple; large and full of fouldes; curld with a warme full nap; A garment that gainst colde in nights did souldiers vse to wrap: Then tooke he his strong Lance in hand, made sharpe with sharpened Steele, And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Vlisses keele, He cald, to breake the sylken fumes that did his fences binde: The voice through th' Organes of his eares straight rung about his minde. Forth came Vlisses, asking him; Why stirre yee thus so late? Sustaine we such enforceine cause? He answered, Our estate

Dott

Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthy friend, And come, let vs excite one more, to counsaile of some ende To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shield, And both tooke course to Diomedes; they found him laid in fielde Far from his tent: his armour by; about him was disspread A ring of souldiers; euery man, his shield beneath his head, His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground: The point, that bristled the darke earth, cast a reflection round, Like pallid lightnings throwen from Ioue; thus this Heroe lay And vnder him a big oxse hyde; his royall head had stay On Arras hangings, rowled vp: whereon he slept so fast That Nestor stir'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast In such deep sleep, in such deep woes: and askt him why he spent All night in sleep, or did not heare the Troians neere his tent? Their Campe drawne close vpon their dike, small space twixt foes and foes?

He, starting vp, sayd, Strange old man, that neuer tak'st repose, Thou art too patient of our toyle; haue we not men more yong, To be imployde from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.

Said like a king, replied the Syre: for I haue sonnes renownde, And there are many other men might goe this toyle some round; But you must see, imperious Neede hath all at her command; Now on the eager rasors edge, for life or death, we stand: Then goe (thou art the younger man) and if thou loue my ease, Call swift-foot Ajax vp thy selfe, and young Phyleides.

This said, he on his shoulders cast a yealow Lions hide Bigge, and reacht earth, then tooke his speare, and Nestors will applyde; Raide the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the Round they went, And found not any Captaine there, asleepe or negligent; But waing, and in armes, gaue care to any little sound: And as keene dogs keep sheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound, And grimms at euerie breach of aire, enuious of all that moues; Still listning when the rauenous beaist stalks through the billy groues: Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mightie tumults make, Sleepe wanting waight to close one winke: so did the captaines wake, That kept the watch, the whole sad night; all with intentive care Conuerted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare If they were stirring to surprize: which Nestor ioyde to see: Why so deare sonnes, maintaine your watch, sleepe not a winke said he, Rather then make your fames, the scorne of Trojan periurie. This said, he formost past the dyke; the others seconded;

X 2

Euen

Euen all the kings that had beene cald to counsaile, from the bed;
 And with them went Meriones, and Nestors famous sonne:
 For both were calde by all the Kings, to consultation.
 Beyond the dyke they chuse a place, neere as they could from blood;
 Where yet appeare the falls of some, and whence (the crimson flood
 Of Grecian liues being pourde on earth by Hectors furious chase)
 He made retreat, when night repourd grim darknes in his face.
 There sat they downe, and Nestor spake; Of friends remains not one,
 That will relie on his bold mind, and view the Campe alone
 Of the proude Troians? to approue if any stragling mate
 He can surprise neere th' vtmost tents, or learne the briefe estate
 Of their intentions for the time; and mixe like one of them
 With their outguards, expiscating if there nowde extreame,
 They force on vs, will serue their turnes, with glorie to retire,
 Or still encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,
 And make a braue retreat vntoucht: and this would winne him fame
 Of all men canapied with heauen; and euerie man of name
 In all this host shall honor him, with an enriching meede;
 A blacke Ewe and her sucking Lambe (Rewards that now exceed
 All other best possessions, in all mens choise requests)
 And still be bidden by our kings, to kinde and royall feastes.
 All reuerent one anothers worth; and none would silence breake,
 Lest worst should take best place of speech; at last did Diomed speake;
 Nestor, thou askst if no man heere haue hart so well inclinde
 To worke this stratageme on Troy: yes, I haue such a minde:
 Yet if some other prince would ioine, more probable will be
 The strengthened hope of our exploits: two may together see
 (One going before another still) the danger euerie way;
 One spirit vpon another workes; it takes with firmer stay
 The benefit of all his powers; for though one knew his course,
 Yet might he well distrust himselfe, which th' other might enforce.
 This offer euerie man assumde; all would with Diomed goe;
 The two Aiaces, Merion, and Menelaus too:
 But Nestors sonne enforst it much, and hardie Ithacus,
 Who had to euerie venturous deede a minde as venturous.
 Amongst all these thus spake the king; Tydides most belov'd;
 Chuse thy associate worthily, a man the most approv'd
 For use and strength in these extremes. Many thou seest stand forth;
 But chuse not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;
 Least with thy nice respect of right to any mans degree,

Thou

Thou wrongst thy venture, chusing one least fit to ioine with thee,
 Although perhaps a greater king: this spake he with suspect,
 That Diomed (for honors sake) his brother would select.
 Then sayd Tydides; Since thou giu'st my iudgement leaue to chuse,
 How can it so much truth forget Vlysses to refuse,
 That beares a minde so most exempt, and vigorous in the effect
 Of all high labors; and a man Pallas doth most respect?
 We shall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine;
 He sets strength in so true a course, with counsailes so diuine.
 Vlysses, loth to be esteemde a louer of his praise,
 With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:
 And sayd; Tydides prayse me not, more then free truth will beare,
 Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks that giue iudicial leare.
 But come, the morning hastes; the stars are forward in their course,
 Two parts of night are past; the third is left to employ our force.
 Now borrowed they for haste some armes: bold Thrasymedes lent
 Aduenturous Diomed his sword (his owne was at his tent)
 His shield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,
 And cald a murron; archers heads, it vied to inuest.
 Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his bowe;
 His helme fashioned of a hide: the workeman did bestow
 Much labor in it, quilting it, with boawstrings: and without,
 With snowie tuskes of white-mouthde Bores, it was armed round about
 Right cunningly; and in the midst, an arming cap was plasht,
 That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be rasht.
 This (long since) by Autolycus, was brought from Eleon,
 When he laid waste Amintors house, that was Ormenus sonne.
 In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnamde Amphydamas,
 Autolycus did giue this Helme: he, when he feasted was
 By honor'd Molus, gaue it him, as present of a Guest:
 Molus to his sonne Merion, did make it his bequest.
 With this, Vlysses armde his head, and thus they (both adrest)
 Tooke leaue of all the other kings: so them a glad ostent,
 (As they were entring on their way) Minerva did present;
 A Herneshaw consecrate to her; which they could ill discern
 Through sable night: but by her clange they knew it was a Herne.
 Vlysses ioide, and thus inuok't: Heare me great seede of loue,
 That euer dost my labors grace, with presence of thy loue:
 And all my motions dost attend, still loue me (sacred dame)

X 3

Especially

Especially in this explaye, and so protect our fame,
We both may safely make retreat, and thriftilly imploy
Our boldnesse in some great affaire, hauefull to them of Troy.

Then prayd illustrate Diomed: Vouchsafe me likewise eare,
O thou unconquered Queene of Armes: be with thy snares neare,
As to my royall fathers steps; thou wens't a bounteous guide,
When th' Achives, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would haue pacified,
Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and left them at the flood
Of great Eteopos; whose retreat thou mad'st to swim in blood
Of his enambusht enemies: and if thou so protect
My bold endeavors; to thy name an Heffer, most select,
That neuer yet was tam'd with yoke, broad fronted, one yeare old,
He burne in zealous sacrifice, and set the hornes in gold.

The Goddesse heard, and both the Kings their dreadlesse passage bore,
Through slaughter, slaughtered carcases, armes, and discolored gore.

Nor Hector let his Princes sleepe, but all to counsaile cald:
And askt, What one is here to woe, and keep it vnappald,
To haue a gift fitte for his deed, a Charriot and two horse
That passe for speede the rest of Greecc? what one dares take his course,
For his renowne (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe,
And learne if still they hold their quays, or with this oner throwe
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold vs longer warre?

All silent stood; at last stood forth, one Dolon, that did dare
This dangerous worke; Eumedes heyr, a Herald much renown'd:
This Dolon did in gold and brasse exceedingly abound;
But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet passing swift to run:
Amongst fine sisters he was left, Eumedes onely son;
And he toold Hector, his free hart would undertake to explore
The Greeks intentions; but (sayd he) thou shalt be sworne before,
By this scepter, that the course of great AEacides
And his strong charriot pound with brasse, thou wilt before all these
Resigne me as my valures prise: and so I rest vnmon'd
To be thy spie, and not returne, before I haue approv'd
(By venturing to Attides ship, where their consults are told)
If they resolute still to resist; or flie, as quite expeld.

He put his scepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God
(Saturnias husband) to his oath, those horse should not be rode
By any other man then he, but he for ever toy
(To his renowne) their seruices for his good done to Troy.

Thus

Thus swore he, and forswore himselfe, yet made base Dolon bould:
Who on his shoulders hung his bowe, and did about him fould
A white wolues hide; and with a helme of wesels skins did arme
His weasels head; then tooke his darte, and neuer turn'd to harme
The Greeks with their related drifts: but, being past the troups
Of horse and foote, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoups
To undermine Achilles horse; Vlysses straight did see,
And said to Diomed, This man makes footing towards thee
Out of the tents; I know not well if he be vs'd as spie
Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughtered enemy:
But let vs suffer him to come a little further on
And then pursue him. If it chance that we be ouergone
By his more swiftnesse; urge him still, to run upon our fleet,
And (least he scape vs to the towne) still let thy Iaueline meete
With all his offers of retreat. Thus slept they from the plaine
Amongst the slaughtered carcases; Dolon came on amaine
Suspecting nothing; but once past, as far as mules outdraw
Oxen at plow; being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plow a deep soild furrow forth; so far was Dolon past;
Then they pursue, which he perceiu'd, and slaide his speedlesse hast;
Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spie;
But in a Iauelins throw or lesse, he knew them enemy;
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursue like winde.
As when a brace of greyhounds are laide in with hare or hinde,
Close-mouth'd and skild to make the best of their industrious course,
Serue eithers turne and put on hard; lose neither ground nor force:
So constantly did Tydeus sonne, and his town-racing peere,
Pursue this spie; still turning him, as he was winding neere
His couert; till he almost mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

Then Pallas prompted Diomed, least his due worths reward
Should be impair'd, if any man did want he first did sleath
His sword in him, and he be cald but second in his death;
Then spake he (threatning with his Lance) Or slay or this comes on,
And long thou canst not run, before thou be by death outgone.

This said, he threw his Iaueline forth, which mist, as Diomed would;
Above his right arme it made way; the pile stucke in the moulde:
He slaide and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head;
They came in blowing, seide him fast; he, weeping, offer'd
A wealthy ransom for his life, and tolde them he had brasse,

Much

Much gold and iron, that fit for use, in many labors, was;
From whose rich heapes his father would a wondrous portion give,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his sonne did lye.

Vlysses bad him cheare his hart. Thinke not of death, sayd he;
But tell vs true, why runst thou forth, when others sleeping be?
Is it to spoyle the carcasses? or art thou choicely sent
To explore our drifts? or of thy selfe, seek'st thou some wist euent?

He trembling answerd: Much reward did Hector's oth propose,
And urgde me much against my will, to endeuor to disclose,
If you determine still to stay, or bent your course for flight,
As all dismaide with your late foyle, and wearied with the fight;
For which exploits, Pelides horse and chariot, he did weare
I onely euer, should inioy. Vlysses smilde to heare
So base a swaine haue any hope so high a price to aspire;
And said, his labors did affect a great and pretious hyre,
And that the horse Pelides raignde, no mortall hand could vse
But he himselfe, whose matchlesse life, a Goddesse did produce.
But tell vs and report but truth, where left'st thou Hector now?
Where are his armes? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow
The watches charge? where sleepe the Kings? intend they still to lye
Thus neere encampt, or turne suffisde with their late victorie?

All this, sayd he, I tell most true. At Ilus monument
Hector with all our princes sit, to aduise of this euent;
Who chuse that place remon'd, to shun the rude confused sounds
The common Souldiers throwe about: but, for our watch and rounds
Whereof (brave Lord) thou mak'st demaund, none orderly wee keepe;
The Troians that haue rooves to saue, onely abandon sleepe;
And priuately without commaund, each other they exhort
To make preuention of the worst; and in this slender sort
Is watch and garde maintaind with vs: th' auxiliarie bandes
Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into the Troians hands;
For they haue neither wiues with them, nor children to protect;
The lesse they need to care, the more, they succour dull neglect.

But tell me (sayd wise Ithacus) are all these foraigne powers
Appointed quarters by them (elues, or else commixt with yours)?

And this (sayd Dolon) too (my Lords) I'll seriously vnfold:
The Peons with the crooked bowes, and Cares quarters hold
Next to the Sea; the Leleges, and Caucons ioynde with them,
And braue Pelasgians; Timbers Meade, remoude more from the streame,

B

Is quarter to the Licians; the lofty Misian force;
The Phrygians, and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
But what neede these particulars? if ye intend surprize
Of any in our Trojan campe; The Thracian quarter lies
Vmost of all, and uncommixt with Trojan regiments,
That keepe the voluntarie watch; new pitcht are all their tents.
King Rhæus, Eioneus sonne commands them, who hath sleeedes
More white then snow; huge, and well shapte; their fierie paze exceeds
The windes in swiftnes: these I saw; his Charriot is with gold
And pallid siluer richly framde, and wondrous to behold:
His great and golden armour is not fit a man should weare;
But for immortal shoulders framde: come then and quickly beare
Your happy prisoner to your flete: or leaue me here fast bound
Till your well urgde and rich returne, proue my relation sound.

Tydidēs dreadfully replide; Thinke not of passage thus,
Though of right acceptable newes, thou hast aduertisde vs,
Our handes are houlds more strict then so: and should we set thee free
For offerd ransom; for this scape, thou still wouldst counting be
About our ships; or do vs skat be in plaine opposed armes;
But if I take thy life, no way can we repent thy harmes.

With this, as Dolon reacht his hand to vse a suppliants part
And stroke the beard of Diomede; he stroake his necke a shwart,
With his forst sword, and both the nerues he did in sunder wound;
And suddenly his head, deceiv'd, fell speaking on the ground;
His wesels helme they tooke, his bowes, his wolues skin, and his Lance:
Which to Minerva, Ithacus did zealously aduance
With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he spake;
Goddesse, triumph in thine owne spoyle: to thee we first will make
Our inuocations, of all powers, throne on th' olympian hill;
Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct vs still.

With this, he hung them up aloft, vpon a Tamricke bow,
As eyefull Trophies: and the sprigges that did about it grow,
He proued from the leany armes, to make it easier viewde,
When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps perswade.
Forth went they, through blacke blood and armes, and presently aspride
The guardlesse Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleepe and tyde:
Their armes lay by, and triple ranks they as they slept did keepe,
As they should watch and garde their king; who, in a fatal sleepe,
Lay in the midst; their charriot horse, as they coach fellows were,

Y

Fedde

Fedde by them; and the famous steeds, that did their Generall beare,
 Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich charriot tyed.
 Vlysses saw them first, and said: Tydides I haue spied
 The horse that Dolon (whom we slew) assurde vs we should see:
 Now vse thy strength, now idle armes are most unfit for thee:
 Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard, and leaue the horse to me.

Minerua with the Azure eyes breathde strength into her king,
 Who sild the rent with mixed death: the soules, he set on wing,
 Issued in grones, and made ayre swell into her stormy flood:
 Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with blood.
 As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpose to deuoure
 On flocks vnkept, and on their lynes doth freely vse his power;
 So Tydeus sonne assailede the foe. twelue soules before him slew;
 Vlysses wayted on his sword, and euer as he slew,
 He drew them by their strengthles heeles, out of the horses sight;
 That when he was to lead them forth, they should not with affright
 Bogle, nor snore, in treading on the bloodied carcases;
 For, being new come, they were vnusde to such sterne sights as these.
 Through foure ranks now did Diomed the king him selfe attaine;
 Who (snoring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his soldiers slaine.
 An ill dreame by Minerua sent, that night, stood by his head,
 Which was Oenides royall sonne, vnconquer'd Diomed.

Meane while Vlysses loofe his horse, tooke all their raines in hand,
 And led them forth: but Tydeus sonne did in contention stand
 With his great minde, to doe some deede, of more audacities
 If he should take the Charriot, where his rich armes did lie,
 And draw it by the beame away; or beare it on his backe;
 Or if of more dull Thracian lynes, he should their bozomes sacke.

In this contention with himselfe, Minerua did suggest,
 And bad him thinke of his retreats; least from their tempted rest
 Some other God should stirre the foe, and send him backe dismaide:
 He knew the voice; tooke horse, and fled; the Troians heavenly aide
 (Apollo with the siluer bow) stood no blinde sentinell
 To their secure and drowie hoast, but did discover well
 Minerua following Diomed; and angrie with his act,
 The mighty hoast of Iliou he entred, and awak't
 The counsen germane of the king, a Counsailor of Thrace,
 Hopocoon: who when he rose, and saw the desert place
 Where Rhelus horse did vse to stand; and th' other dismall harmes;

Men

Men struggling with the pangs of death: he shriekt out thicke alarmes;
 Calde Rhelus Rhelus; but in vaine: then still, arme arme he cryde:
 The noyse and tumult was extream, on euery startled side
 Of Troyes huge hoast; from whence in throngs all gatherd and admire,
 Who could performe such harmefull facts, and yet be safe retyrde.
 Now comming where they slew the skowte, Vlysses slayde the steeds;
 Tydides lighted, and the spoyles (hung on the Tarricke reedes)
 He tooke and gaue to Ithacus, and vp he got againe;
 Then slew they ioyfull to their Fleet: Nestor did first attaine
 The sounds the horse hoofs strook through ayre, and sayd; My royal Peeres
 Doe I but dote? or say I true? me thinks about mine eares
 The sounds of running horses beate. O would to God they were
 Our friends thus soone returnde with spoyles: but I haue hartie feare,
 Least this high tumult of the foe, doth their distresse intend.
 He scarce had spoke when they were come; both did from horse descend;
 All, with embraces and sweet words, to heauen their worth did raise.
 Then Nestor spake; Great Ithacus, euen heapt with Grecian prizes;
 How haue you made these horse your prise? pearst you the dangerous hoast,
 Where such gemmes stand? or did some God your high attempts accost,
 And honor'd you with this rewarde? why, they be like the Rayes
 The Sunne effuseth. I haue mixt with Troians all my dayes;
 And now, I hope you will not say, I alwayes lye aborde,
 Though an old soldier I confesse: yet did all Troy afforde
 Neuer the like to any sence, that euer I possesse;
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest:
 For he that shadowes heauen with clouds, lowes both as his delights:
 And she that supples earth with blood, can not forbear your fights.

Vlysses answerd, Honore Syre, the willing Gods can giue
 Horse much more worth, then these men yeeld, since in more power they liue.
 These horse are of the Thracian breed; their King, Tydides slew,
 And twelue of his most trusted guard, and of that meaner crew
 A skowte for thirteenth man we kild, whom Hector sent to spie
 The whole estate of our designs, if bent to fight or flie.

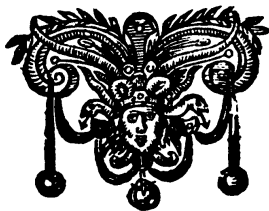
Thus (followed with whole troopes of friends) they with applauses past
 The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomed they past
 The horse without contention, as his deservings meede:
 Which (with his other horse set vp) on seallow wheat did feed.
 Poore Dolons spoyles Vlysses had; who shinde them on his stern,
 As trophies; vowe'd to her that sent the good-aboding Herne.

T 2

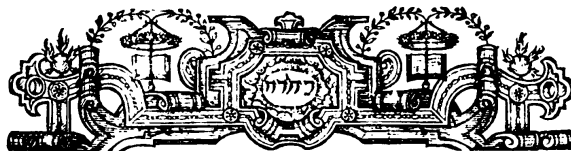
Then

Then entred they the meere maine sea, to cleanse their honours sweat
 From off their feet, their thighs and neckes: and when their vehement heate
 Was calme, and their swolne hart's refresh't, more curious baths they vs'd;
 Where odorons and dissoluing Oyles, they through their lims diffus'd.
 Then, taking breakfast, a big bowle, fill'd with the purest wine,
 They offer'd to the mayden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The ende of the tenth Booke.



THE



THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



A Trides and his other Peeres of name
 Leade forth their men; whom *Eris* did inflame.
Hektor (by *Iris* charge) takes deedeles breath,
 Whiles *Agamemnon* plyes the worke of death;
 Who with the first bears his imperiall head:
 Himselfe, *Ulysses*, and King *Diomedes*,
Euripylus, and *Esculapius* sonne
 (Enforc't with wounds) the furions skirmish shun.
 Which Martiall fight, when great *Achilles* viewes,
 A little his desire of fight renues:
 And forth he sends his friend to bring him word
 From old *Neleides*, what wounded Lord
 He in his Chariot from the skirmish brought:
 Which was *Machion*; *Nestor* then besought,
 He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes,
 Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

Lambda presents the Generall,
 In fight the worthiest man of all.

A Vrora, out of restfull bed, did from bright Tython rise,
 To bring each deatblesse essence light, and vse, to mortall eyes;
 When Ioue sent *Eris* to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand
 Sterne signes of her designes for warre: shee tooke her horrid stand

Y 3

Vpon

Vpon Vlysses huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds might ring on euerie side,
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' author of their smarts,
Who helde, for fortitude and force, the nauies utmost parts.

The red eye Goddesse seated there, thundred the Orithian song,
High and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;
Her verse with spirits inuincible, did all their breasts inspire;
Blew out all sturkenes from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter warre more sweet a thousand times
Then any choice, in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.

Attrides summond all to armes, to armes himselfe disposed:
First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with siluer buttons closde;
Then with rich Curace armde his breast, which Cyniras bellowde
To gratifie his royall guest; for euen to Cyprus slowde
Th' unbounded fame of those designs the Greeks proposde for Troy,
And therefore game he him those armes, and wisht his purpose ioi.
Ten rowes of azure mixt with blacke: twelve golden like the Sun:
Twise ten of tin, in beaten pathes did through this armour run.
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rainebowes shinde,
Such as by loue are fixt in cloudes when wonders are diuinde.
About his shoulders hung his sword, whereof the hollow hilt
Was fashion'd all with shining bars exceeding richly gilt;
The scaberd was of siluer plate, with golden hangers graft;
Then tooke he up his waightie shield, that round about him cast
Defensiu shadows; ten bright Zones of gold-affecting brasse
Were driuen about it; and of tin (as full of glosse as glasse)
Sweld twentie bosses out of it; In center of them all,
One of blacke mettall, had engrauen, full of extreame apall,
An ugly Gorgon compassed with Terror and with Feare:
At it a siluer Bawdricke hung, with which he vsde to beare
(Wounde on his arme) his ample shield; and in it there was rouen
An azure Dragon, curl'd in fouldes; from whose one necke was clouen
Three heads contorted in an orbe; then plasht he on his head
His sower-plum'd caske; and in his hands two darts he managed
Arm'd with bright Steele that blasde to heauen: then Iuno and the maide
That conquers empires; trumpets seru'd, to summon out their aide
In honor of the Generall: and on a sable cloude
(To bring them furious to the field) at thundring out aloud.

Then all eniaynde their Charioters to ranke their charriot horse
Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot, whose front they did re-enforce

With

With some horse troupes: the battaile then was all of Charioters
Linde with light horse: but Iupiter disturbd this forme with feares;
And from ayres upper region did bloudy vapors raine,
For sad ostent, much noble life shouldere their times be slaine.
The Troian host, at Ilus tombe, was in Battalia led
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchiles seed,
Who Godlike was esteem'd in Troy; by grave Antenors race,
Diuine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Acamas,
Proportionde like the states of heauen: in front of all the field
Troys great Priamides did beare his al-ways-equall shield,
Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amidst the skie
We sometimes see an ominous star blasde cleare and dreadfully,
Them run his golden head in cloudes, and straight appeare againe;
So Hector ot herwhiles did grace the vauntgarde, shining plaine:
Then in the rereguard hid himself; and laborde euerie where
To order and encourage all: his armour was so cleare,
And he applide each place so fast, that like a lightning throwne
Out of the shield of Iupiter, in euerie eye he shone.
And as vpon a rich mans crop of barley or of wheat,
Opposde for swiftnes at their worke, a sort of Reapers sweat;
Beare downe the furrowes speedily, and thicke their handfuls fall;
So at the ioyning of the host ran slaughter through them all:
None stoopt to any fainting thought of foule inglorious flight,
But equall bore they up their beads, and farde like wolues in fight;
Sterne Etis, with such weeping sights, yeioyst to feed her eies;
Who onely showde her selfe in field, of all the deities.
The other in Olympus tops, sat silent and repinde
That loue to do the Troians grace should beare so fixt a minde.
Hecarde not, but (entronde apart) triumphant sat in swag
Of his free power; and from his seat tooke pleasure to display
The citty so adorne with tow'rs; the sea with vessels filld;
The splendor of resulgent armes, the killer and the kild.
As long as bright Aurora rulde, and sacred day increast,
So long their darts made mutuall woundes, and neither had the best:
But when in hill-enuiromd vales, the timber-feller takes
A sharpe set stomacke to his meat, and dinner ready makes
His sinnowes fainting and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull;
Time of accusstomed ease arriue; this hands with labor full;
Then by their valures Greeks brake through the Troian ranks, and cheerd
Their generall Squadrons through the host: then first of all appeard

The

*The person of the king him selfe; and then the Troians lost
 Byanor, by his royall charge, a leader in the host:
 Who, being slaine, his charioteer, Oilcus, did alight
 And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite
 His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne
 Enforcing passage to his braine, quite through the hardned panne;
 His braine mixt with his clotted blood, his body strowd the ground.
 There left he them; and presently, he other obiects found
 Ius and Antiphus, two sonnes king Priam did beget;
 One lawfull, th' other wantonly; both in one chariot met
 Their royall foe; the baser borne, Ius, was chariotere,
 And famous Antiphus did fight: both which king Peleus heire
 Whilome in Ida keeping flocks did deprehend and binde,
 With plyant Offers; and for prize, them to their Sire resignde.
 Attrides, with his wel-aimde lance, smote Ius on the brest
 Above the nipple; and his sword, a mortall wound imprest
 Beneath the eare of Antiphus: downe from their horse they fell.
 The king had seene the youths before, and now did know them well,
 Remembring them the prisoners of swift Æacides,
 Who brought them to the sable flete, from Idas foodie leas.
 And as a Lion hauing found the furrow of a Hinde
 Where shee hath calu'd two little twinnes; at will and ease doth grinde
 Their ioints snatcht in his folliide lawes, and crusheth into mist
 Their tender liues; their dam (though neere) not able to resist;
 But, shooke with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the Oken chafe
 From that fell sauadge; drown'd in sweate, and seeks some couert place:
 So when with most unmatched strength the Grecian Generall bent
 Gainst these two Princes, none durst ayde their native kings descent;
 But fled themselves before the Greeks: and where these two were slaine,
 Pylander, and Hypolochus, not able to restraine
 Their head-strong horse; the silken raines being from their hands let fall;
 Were brought by their vnruely guides before the Generall;
 Antimachus begat them both, Antimachus that tooke
 Rich gisfies and gold of Hellens loue, and would by no meanes brooke
 Iust restitution should be made of Menelaus wealth,
 Bereft him, with his rauisht Queene by Alexanders stealth.
 Attrides Lion-like did charge his sonnes, who on their knees
 Fell from their chariote, and besought regarde to their degrees;
 Who being Antimachus his sonnes, their father would afforde
 A worthy ranfome for their liues; who in his house did hoorde*

Much

*Much hidden treasure; brasse and gold, and Steele, wrought wondrous choise.
 Thus wept they, vsing smothering teares, and heard this rugged voice
 Breath'd from the vnrelenting king; if you be of the breed
 Of stout Antimachus, that said the honorable deed
 The other Peeres of Ilion incounsaile had decreed,
 To render Hellen and her wealth: and would haue basely slaine
 My brother and wife Ithacus, Ambassadors t' attaine
 That most due motion; now receiue, wreak for his shamefull part.
 This said, in poore Pylanders brest he fixt his wreakfull darts
 Who upwards spred th' oppressed earth, his brother croucht for dread:
 And as he lay, the angrie king cut off his armes and head,
 And let him like a football lie, for euerie man to spurne.
 Then to th' extreamest heat of fight, he did his valure turne,
 And led a multitude of Greeks: where foote dia foote subdue,
 Horse slaughter'd horse; Neede fether'd flight; the battred center flew
 In clouds of dust about their eares, rais'd from the horses hooues,
 That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as Loues.
 The king (perswading speedy chace) gaue his perswasions way
 With his owne valour, slaughtering still. As in a stormy day,
 In thicke-set woods a rauinous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire
 The shaken trees; and by the rootes, doth toss them into ayre;
 Euen so beneath Attrides sword, flew up Troyes flying beeles:
 Their horse drew emptie Charriots, and sought their thundring wheelles
 Some fresh directors through the fildes, where least the pursute driues:
 Thicke fell the Troians; much more sweet to vultures, then their wines.
 Then Ioue drew Hector from the darts, from dust from death and blood,
 And from the tumult: still the king firme to the pursute stood;
 Till at old Ilius monument, in midst of all the fildes,
 They reacht the wilde Figtree, and longd to make their towne their shield.
 Yet there they rested not; the king, still cride, Pursue, pursue;
 And all his vnreproued hands, did blood and dust embroue.
 But when they came to Sceas ports, and to the Beach of Ioue,
 There made they stand; there euerie eye, fixt on each other, stroue
 Who should outlooke his mate amazde: through all the field they fled.
 And as a Lion, when the night becomes most deafe and dead,
 Inuades Oxe herdes, affrighting all, that he of one may wreak
 His dreadfull hunger, and his neck he first of all doth breake,
 Then laps his blood and entrailes vp: so Agamemnon plyde
 The manage of the Troian chace, and still the last man dyed;
 The other fled; a number fell by his imperiall hand:*

2

Some

*Some growling downwards from their horse, some upwards strowd the sand.
High was the furie of his lance: but hauing beat them close
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Syre did now againe repose
On fountaine-flowing Idas tops, being newly slid from heauen,
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was giuen
To Iris with the golden wings; Thaumantia, she (said he)
And tell Troys Hector, that as long as he enraged shall see
The souldier-louing Atreus sonne, amongst the foremost fight,
Depopulating troopes of men; so long he must excite
Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes aduance:
But when he, wounded, takes his horse, attaine with shaft or Lance;
Then will I fill his arme with death, euen till he reach the Fleet,
And peacefull night treads busie day, beneath her sacred feet.*

*The wind-foot swift Thaumantia obeyde, and vsde her wings
To famous Iliou, from the mount enchaist with siluer springs:
And found, in his bright Chariot, the hardy Troian knight,
To whom she spake the words of loue, and vanisht from his sight.
He leapt vpon the sounding earth, and booke his lengthfull dart,
And euerie where he breathd exhorts, and stir'd vp euerie hart:
A dreadfull fight he set on foot, his souldiers strait turnde head;
The Greeks stood firme; in both the hostes the field was perfected:
But Agamemnon, foremost still, did all his side excede;
And would not be the first in name, vnlesse the first in deede.*

*Now sing faire presidents of verse, that in the heauens embowre,
Who first encountred with the king, of all the aduerse powre;
Iphidamas, Antenor's sonne, ample and bigly set,
Brought vp in pasture-springing Thrace, that doth soft sheepe beget:
In graue Cisseus noble house, that was his mothers Syre,
(Fairst Theano) and when his breast was bightned with the Syre
Of gay some youth; his grand-fire gaue his daughter to his loue:
Who straight his bridall chamber left: Fame with affection stroue,
And made him furnish twelue faire ships, to lend fayre Troy his hand:
His ships he in Percepe left, and came to Troy by land:
And now he tried the fame of Greece, encountering with the king,
Who threw his royall lance and mist: Iphidamas did sling,
And strooke him on the arming waste, beneath his coat of brasse,
Which forst him stay vpon his arme, so violent it was:
Yet pierst it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
Tried hardnes with his siluer waste, it turnde againe like lead.
He followed grasping the ground end: but with a Lions wyle,*

That

*That wrests away, an Hunters lasse, he caught it by the pyle,
And pluckt it from the casters hand, whom with his sword he strooke
Beneath the eare, and with his wound his timeles death he tooke;
Hefell, and slept an iron sleepe wretched young man, he dyde
Farre from his newly-married wife, in ayde of forraine pride,
And saw no pleasure of his loue; yet was her ioynture great:
An hundred Oxen gaue he her, and vow'd in his retreat
Two thousand head of sheep and Goates; of which he store did leaue:
Much gaue he of his lowes first fruites: and nothing did receiue.
When Coon (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,
And elder brother of the slaine) beheld his tragedie;
Deep sorrow sate vpon his eyes, and (standing laterally
And to the Generall vndiscernde) his Iaueline he let flie;
That twist his elbow and his wrist, transixt his armeles arme;
The bright head shinde on th' other side. The unexpected harme
Imprest some horror in the king; yet so he ceast not fight,
But rusht on Coon with his Lance, who made what haste he might,
(Seasing his slaughtered brothers foote) to draw him from the field,
And cald the ablest to his aide; when vnder his round shield
The kings brasse Iaueline, as he drew, did strike him helpelesse dead,
Who made Iphidamas the blocke, and cut off Coons head.
Thus vnder great Atreides arme Antenor's issue thrinde,
And to suffice precisest Fate, to Plutos mansion diu'd.
He with his Lance, sword, mightie stones, pourd his Heroick wreak
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake
Through his cleft vaines: but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
The eager anguish did approue his princely fortitude.
As when most sharpe and bitter pang's distract a laboring dame,
Which the diuine Ilithiæ, that rule the painefull frame
Of humane child-birth poure on her: th' Ilithiæ that are
The daughters of Saturnia: with whose extreame repaire
The woman in her trauel struiues, to take the worst it giues:
Which though it must be; 'tis loues fruit, the end for which she limes;
The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redounde;
So Agamemnon did sustaine the torment of his wound.
Then tooke he Chariot, and to Fleet bad haste his Chariotere,
But first pourde out his highest voice, to purchase euerie care:
Princes and Leaders of the Greeks, braue friends, now from our Fleet
Doe you expell this boistrous sway: loue will not let me meet
Illustrate Hector, nor giue leaue, that I shall end his day*

In fight against the Ilian power: my wound is in my way.

*This said, his ready Chariotere did scourge his sprightfull horse,
That freely to the sable Fleet, performe their fierie course,
To beare their wounded Soueraigne, apart the Martiall thrust,
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with some, and snowing on the dust.
When Hector heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends;
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
Thinke what it is to be renownde: be souldiers all of name;
Our strongest enemy is gone, loue vowes to doe vs fame;
Then in the Grecian faces driue your one-hoou'd violent steeds,
And farre aboue their best be best, and glorifie your deeds.*

*Thus as a dog-given Hunter jets, upon a brace of Bores,
His white-toothd hounds puff, shewts, breath terms, & on his emprise pores,
All his wilde art to make them pinche: so Hector urg'd his hoast,
To charge the Greeks, and he himselfe most bold and active moit:
He brake into the heat of fight, as when a tempest raues,
Stoores from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cusse the purple waues.
Who then was first and last he kilde, when loue did grace his deed:
Ateus, and Autonus, Opy's and Clytus seed;
Prince Dolops, and the honorde Syre of sweet Euryalus
(Opheltus) Agelaus next, and strong Hipponous;
Orus, Ephyminus; all of name: the common souldiers sell,
As when the hollow flood of ayre in Zephyrus cheeks doth swell,
And perseth all the gathred clouds, white Notus power did draw;
Wraps waues in waues, hurls up the froth beat with a vehement slaw:
So were the common soldiers wrackt in troops, by Hectors hand.
Then ruine had inforst such workes as no Greeks could withstand;
Then in their fleet they had beene hous'd; had not Lacertes sonne
Stird up the spirit of Diomedes with this impression.*

*Tydydes, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are?
Stand by me (dearest in my loue) were horrible impaire
For our two valures to endure a custumarie sight,
To leaue our naue still engag'd, and but by fits to fight.*

*He answered; I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine:
But our delight to proue vs men, will proue but short and vaine.
For loue makes Troians instruments, and virtually then
Wieldes arms himselfe; our crosse affaires are not twist men and men.
This said, Thimbræus with his lance, he tumbled from his horse,
Neere his left nipple wounding him: Vlysses did enforce
Faire Molion, minion to this king, that Diomedes subdu'd:*

Both

*Both sent they thence till they returnde, who now the king pursude
And furrowed through the thickned troups. As when two chased bores
Turn head gainst kennels of bould hounds, and race way through their gores:
So (turn'd from flight) the forward kings shew'd Troians backward deaths
Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils to get great Hector breath.
Then tooke they horse and chariote from two bould Cittie foes,
Merops Percolius mightie sonnes: their father could disclose,
Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not giue consent
To their egression to these wars: yet wilfully they went;
For fates, that order sable death, enforst their tragedies:
Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their armes his prise.
Hyporochus, and Hyppodus, Vlysses rest of light:
But loue, that out of Ida lookt, then equallyd the fight;
A Grecian, for a Trojan then, paid tribute to the fates;
Yet royall Diomedes slew one, euen in those euen debates,
That was of name more then the rest: Pæons renowned sonne,
The prince Agaltrophus; his lance, into his hip did run:
His squier detain'd his horse apart, that bindred him to slie;
Which he repented at his hart: yet did his feet apply
His scape with all the speed they had, alongit the formost bands;
And there his loued life dissolv'd. This, Hector vnderstands,
And rusts with clamors on the king; right soundly seconded
With troups of Troians: which perceiv'd by famous Diomedes,
The deep concept of loues high will, stifned his royall haire;
Who spake to neere-fought Ithacus: The fate of this affaire
Is bent to vs: come let vs stand, and bound his violence:
Thus threw he his long Iaueline forth, which smot his heads defence
Full on the top, yet pierst no skin; brasse tooke repulse with brasse;
His helme (with three souldes made and sharpe) the gift of Phœbus was;
The blowe made Hector take the troupe; sunke him upon his hand
And strooke him blinde; the king pursude before the formost band
His darts recourie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:
By which time, Hector was reuiu'd, and taking horse againe
Was far commixt with him his strength, and fled his darksome graue.
He followed with his thirsie lance, and this elusive braue;
Once more he thankfull to thy heeles (proud dog) for thy escape;
As if chiefe sat neere thy bosome now, and now another rape
Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well maist pray
When through the singing of our darts, thou findest such guarded way:
But I shall mee: with thee at length, and bring thy latest hower,*

If with like fauor any God be fauor of my power;
 Meane while some other shall repay, what I suspend in thee:
 Thus said, he set the wretched soule of Patroclus free;
 Whom his late wound not fully slew: but Priams eldest birth,
 Against Tydides bent his bowe, hid with a hill of earth;
 Part of the ruinated tombe, for honore thus built:
 And as the Carace of the slaine (engraue and richly gilt)
 Tydides from his breast had spoyld, and from his shoulders rafe
 His target and his solide helme; he shot, and his keene sfast
 (That neuer flew from him in vaine) did nayle unto the ground,
 The kings right foot: the splenfull Knight laught sweetly at the wound,
 Crept from his couert and triumpht; Now art thou maimd (said he)
 And would to God my happy hand had so much honore me,
 To haue infixt it in thy breast, as deep as in thy foot;
 Euen to th' expulsiue of thy soule; then blest had beene my shoot
 Of all the Troians: who had then breathde from their long vnrests;
 Who feare thee as the braying goats abhor the king of beasts.
 Vndaunted Diomed replyde: You, Brauer, with your bowe;
 You sickle hayd lower: you that hunt and sleere at wenches so:
 Durst thou but stand in armes with me, thy iully archerie
 Would giue thee little cause to vaunt: as little suffer I
 In this same tall exploite of thine performde when thou wert hid,
 As if a woman or a childe, that knew not what it did,
 Had toucht my foote: a cowards Steele hath neuer any edge:
 But mine, (I assure it sharpe) still layes dead carcases in pledge;
 Touch it: it renders liueless straight: it strikes the fingers ends
 Of haples widdowes in their cheeks, and children blinde of friends:
 The subiect of it makes earth red, and aire with sighes inflames,
 And leaues lims more embrace with birdes, then with enamored dames.
 Lance-famde Vlysses, now came in; and slept before the king,
 Knceld opposite, and drew the sfast: the eager paine did sting
 Though all his bodie straight he tooke his royall chariot there,
 And with direction to the flecte, did charge his charioteer.
 Now was Vlysses desolate, feare made no friend remaine:
 He thus spake to his mighty minde; What doth my fate sustaine?
 If I should flie this ods in feare that thus comes clustering on,
 Twere high dishonor: yet twere worse to be surprisde alone;
 Tis loue that driues the rest to flight: but thats a faint excuse;
 Why do I tempt my mind so much pale cowardes fight refuse:
 He that affects renowne in war, must like a rocke be fixt,

wound,

Wound, or be wounded: valures truth puts no respect betwixt.
 In this contention with himselfe, in flew the Ibadie bandes
 Of targateres; who siegde him round, with mischiefe-filled hands.
 As when a crew of gallants watch the wilde muse of a Bore;
 Their dogs put after in full crie, he rusbeth on before;
 Whets, with his lather-making lawes, his crooked tuskes for blood;
 And (holding firme his vsuall haunts) breaks through the deepned wood;
 They charging, though his hote approach be neuer so abhorde:
 So, to assaile the loue-lou'd Greek, the Ilions did accord,
 And he made through them: first he hurt vpon his shoulder blade
 Deiopeas blamelesse man at armes, then sent to endles shade
 Thoon and Eunomus, and strooke the strong Chetlidamas,
 As from his Chariote he leapt downe, beneath his tarage of brasse;
 Who fell and crawlede vpon the earth, with his sustaining palmes,
 And lest the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing Martiall almes;
 That, Socus brother by both sides, yong Carops did impresse:
 Then princely Socus to his aide, made brotherly accesse,
 And (comming neere) spake in his charge; O great Laertes sonne
 Insatiate in slye stratagems, and labors neuer done;
 This hower, or thou shalt boast to kill the two Hypasides
 And prize their armes, or fall thy selfe in my resolu'd accesse.
 Thus said, he threw quite through his shield his fell and wel-driuen Lance:
 Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,
 Plowing the flesh along it his sides; but Pallas did repell
 All inward passage to his life, Vlysses knowing well
 The wound vndeadey, (setting backe his foot to forme his stand)
 Thus spake to Socus: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand,
 That slayest my victorie on Troy: and where thy charge was made
 In doubt, full tearms (or this or that) thus (bal thy life) invade.
 This frighted Socus to retreat; and in his saint reuerse,
 The Lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did perse:
 Downe fel: he founding, and the king thus plaide with his miscase.
 O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hypasides:
 Now may your house and you perceiue death can outfly the sluer;
 Ah wretch thou canst not scape my vowes: old Hypalus thy Syre,
 Nor thy well honore mothers hands; in both which lies thy worth,
 Shall close thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig them forth,
 And hide them with their darksome wings: but when Vlysses dies,
 Diuine Greeks shall tombe my course, with all their obsequies.
 Now from his bo, ie and his shield the violent lance he drew,

That

That princely Socus had infixt : which drawne, a crimson deaw
Fell from his bosome on the earth : the wound did dare him sore.
And when the furious Troians saw Vlysses forced gores
(Encouraging themselves in grosse) all his destruction vowde;
Then he retire and summond ayde : thrise shewt he alowde,
(Which did denote a man engagde) thrise Menelaus eare
Observ'd his aide suggesting voice : and Ajax being neere,
He told him of Vlysses shewts, as if he were enclosde
From all assistance; and aduise their aides might be disposde,
Against that Ring that circled him : leaust, charg'd with troopes alone
(Though valiant) he might be oppress, whom Greece so built vpon.

He led, and Ajax seconded : they found their loue, low'd king
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie Lucerns cling
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters boaw;
Whose scape, his nimble feet inforce, whilst his warme blood doth flow,
And his light knees haue power to moue; but (maistred with his wound,
Embosle within a shadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
And teare his flesh; when instantly fortune sends in the powers
Of some sterne Lion; with whose sight, they flie, and he deuours:
So charge the Ilians Ithacus, many and mightie men:
But then made Menelaus in : and horride Ajax then,
Bearing a target like a Tow'r : close was his violent stand,
And euerie way the foe dispers'd; when, by the royall hand,
Kinde Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes sonne,
Till his faire Squire had brought his horse; victorious Telamon
Still plyed the foe, and put to sword a young Priamides,
Doriclus, Priams bassard sonne : then did his Lance impress
Pandocus, and strong Pyralus, Lylander, and Palertes.
As when a torrent from the hills, swolne with Saturnian showers,
Falls on the fieldes : beaues blasted Oakes and withred rose flowers,
Loose weedes, and all disperd filth, into the Oceans force:
So, matchlesse Ajax beat the field, and slaughtered men and horse.
Yet had not Hector heard of this, who fought on the left wing
Of all the host, neere those sweet herbs, Scamanders flood doth spring;
Where many forheads trode the ground, and where the skirmish burn'd;
Neere Nestor, and king Idomen; where Hector ouerturnde
The Grecian squadrons, authoring high service with his lance
And skilfull manadge of his horse : nor yet the discrepance
He made in death betwixt the hosts, had made the Greeks retire,
If faire-hayrde Helens second spouse had not repress the fire

of

Of bould Machaons fortitude; who with a three fork head
In his right shoulder wounded him; then had the Grecians dread,
Left in his strength decline, the foe should slaughter their hurt friend;
Then Idomen urg'd Neleides, his charriote to ascend,
And getting neere him take him in; and beare him to their tents;
A surgeon is to be preferd, with physicke ornaments,
Before a multitude. his life giues hurt liues native bounds,
With sweet insperion of fit balmes, and perfect search of wounds.

Thus spake the royall Idomen: Neleides obeyd,
And to his charriote presently, the wounded Greek conuaide:
The sonne of Esculapius, the great phisition:
To fleet they flew. Cebriones perceiv'd the slaughter don
By Ajax on the other troupes; and spake to Hector thus:
Whiles we encounter Grecians here, sterne Telamonius
Is yonder raging, turning up in heapes our horse and men;
I know him by his spacious shield: let vs turne charriote then
Where both of horse and foete the fight most hotely is proposde,
In mutuall slaughters: haue, their throats from cries are neuer closde.
This said with his shrill scourge, he stroke the horse that fast enswe,de,
Stung with his lashes; tossing shields and carcases embrewde:
The chariote tree was dround in blood, and th'arches by the seas
Disperpled from the horses houses, and from the wheelebands beat.
Great Hector long'd to breake the ranks, and startle their close fight;
Who horribly amafde the Greeks; and plyed their suddaine fright
With busie weapons, euer wing'd: his lance, sword, weightie stones:
Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreaful Telamons,
With whom he wisely shund fowle blowes: but loue (that weighe aboue
All humane powers) to Ajax breast, diuine repressions drone,
And made him shun, who shunde himselfe: he ceas'd from fight amafde:
Cast on his back his seauen-folde shield, and round about him gasde,
Like one turnde wyld; lookt on himselfe, in his distract retreat;
Knee before knee did scarcely moue, as when from heards of Neate
Whole threaues of Bores and mungriels chase a Lion skulking neere,
Loth he should taint the wel-prisde faw of any stall-fed steere
Consuming all the night in watch; he (greedy of his prey)
Oft thrusting on, is oft thrust off; so thicke the Iauelins play
On his bould charges, and so hot the burning firebrands shine,
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
And carely his great heart retires: so Ajax from the foe,

Aa

Ee

For feare their fleet should be inflam'd gainst his swollen hart did goe.
 As when a dull mill Asse comes neere a goodly field of corne
 Kept from the birdes by childrens cries; the boyes are ouerborne
 By his insensible approach, and simply he will ease:
 About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beates
 And still the self-providing asse, doth with their weaknesse beare,
 Not stirring till his wombe be full, and scarcely then will stee
 So the huge sonne of Telamon, amongst the Troians fard;
 Bore showers of darts upon his shield, yet scorn'd to flye, as skarde;
 And so kept softly on his way, nor would he mend his paze
 For all their violent pursutes, that still did arme the chase
 With singing lances: but at last, when their Cur-like presumes,
 More vrg'd, the more forborne; his spirits, 'id rarifie their fumes,
 And he reuok't his actiue strength; turn'd head and did repell
 The horse troupes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew sell,
 And by degrees he stole retreat: yet with such puissant stay
 That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armies sway
 He stood, and from strong hands receiv'd sharpe Lauelins on his shield;
 Where many stucke throwne on before, many fell short in field
 Ere the white bodie they could reach; and stucke, as telling how
 They purpos'd to haue pierst his flesh: his perill pierced now
 The eyes of Prince Eurypilus, Eucemons famous sonne;
 Who came close on, and with his dart strook Duke Apisaon,
 Whose surname was Phausiades, euen to the concrete blood
 That makes the lyuer: on the earth, out gush't his vitall blood:
 Eurypilus made in, and eas'd his shoulders of his armes:
 Which Paris seeing, he drew his Bowe, and wreakt in part the harmes
 Of his good friend Phausiades: his arrow he let flye,
 That smote Eurypilus, and brake, in his attainted thye:
 Then tooke he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the flyers cryde;
 Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks; stand, and repulse the tyde
 Of this our honor-wracking chace; Ajax is down'de in darts,
 I feare past scape; turne, honord friends, helpe out his ventrous parts:
 Thus spake the wounded Greeks; the sound, cast on their backs their shields,
 And rais'de their darts: to whose reliefe Ajax his person wield;
 Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retyre:
 And thus both hostis indifferent ioynde, the fight grew hote as fire.
 Now had Neleides sweating steeds brought him and his hurt friend
 Amongst their Fleet; Æacides, that wisely did intend,

(Standing

(Standing afterne his tall neckt ship) how deepe the skrymish drew
 Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth the inscution grew;
 Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call
 His friend Patroclus: who like Mars in forme celestiall
 Came forth with first sound of his voice (first spring of his decay)
 And askt his princely friends desire: Deare friend, said he, this day
 I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to sway me about my knees;
 I see vnusfred neede imployde in their extremitie:
 Goe sweet Patroclus and enquire of old Neleides,
 Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts I ghesse
 It is Machaon: but his face I could not well descrie,
 They past mee in such earnest speede. Patroclus presently
 Obey'd his friend and ran to know: they now descended were;
 And Nestors squire, Eurimidon, the horses did vngear:
 Themselues stood neere th'extremest shore, to let the gentle aire
 Drie vp their sweat, then to the tent; where Hecamed the faire
 Set chayres, and for the wounded prince a potion did prepare.
 This Hecamede, by wars hard fate, fell to old Nestors share
 When Thetis sonne sackt Tenedos. Shee was the princely seede
 Of worthy king Artynous, and by the Greeks decrede
 The prize of Nestor, since all men, in counsaile he surpass:
 First, a faire table she appoyde, of which the feet were grasse
 With blewish mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the same she put
 A brasfe fruit dish; in which she seru'd a hol some onion, cut,
 For pittance to the potion, and henny newly wrought;
 And bread, the fruit of sacred meale: then to the borde she brought
 A right faire cup, with gold studs drinen, which Nestor did transfer
 From Pylos: on whose swelling sides, fowre handles fixed were;
 And vpon euery handle sate a paire of doves of gold;
 Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold
 The antique body: and with all so weightie was the cnp,
 That being propos'de brim full of wine one scarce could lift it vp;
 Yet Nestor drunke in it with ease, spight of his yeares respect;
 In this the Goddess-like faire dame, a potion did consecr
 With good old wine of Prammius; and serap't into the wine
 Cheefe made of goates milke; and on it, sperst flow'r, exceeding fine:
 In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she preparde
 And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old Nestor sharde,
 Thus physically quencht they thirst, and then their spirits reuiu'd

da 2

With

*With pleasant conference. And now Patroclus being arride,
Made stay at th' entrie of the tent: old Nestor seeing it,
Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and faine would haue him sit.
He set that curtesie aside, excusing it with haste;
Since his much to be reuerent friend, sent him to know who past,
(Wounded with him in chariote) so swiftly through the shore;
Whom now said he I see and know, and now can stay no more:
You know good Father, our great friend is apt to take offence:
Whose fieric temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.*

*He answered, When will Pelcus sonne, some royall pittie show
On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is it yet to know
How much affliction tyres our host? how our especiall aide
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laide?
Vlisses, Diomed, our king, Eurypylus, Machaon,
All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion
Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Dost he reserve his eye
Till our fleet burne, and we our selues, one after other die?
Alas, my forces are not now, as in my younger life.
Oh would to God, I had that strength, I used in the strife
Betwixt vs and the Elians, for Oxen to be driuen;
When Itumonius lofty soule, was by my valure giuen
As sacrifice to destinie; Hyppotocus strong sonne,
That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention.
We forragde (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote;
And he, in rescue of his Herdes, fell breathlesse at my foote.
All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled, our prey was rich and great,
Twice fure and twentie flockes of sheepe, as many herds of neate;
As many goates, and nastie swine; a hundred fiftie mares,
All forrel; most, with sucking foales; and these soone-moned wares,
We draue into Neileus towne, fayre Pylos, all by night.
My fathers hart was glad to see so much good fortune quite
The forward minde of his young sonne, that vsde my youth in deeds,
And would not smother it in moodes. Now drew the Suns bright seedes
Light from the hils; our Herraldes now, accited all that were
Endamag'd by the Elians; our princes did appeare;
Our boote was parted; many men, th' Epeians much did owe,
That (being our neighbors) they did spoyle; afflictions did so slowe
On vs poore Pyleans, though but few: in brake great Hercules
To our sad confines of late yeares, and wholly did suppress*

Our

*Our haples princes: twice sixe sonnes, renowned Neileus bred;
Onely my selfe am left of all: the rest subdu'd and dead,
And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
On their neere neighbors, being oppress'd, to lay iniurious hands;
A herd of Oxen for himselfe: a mightie stocke of sheepe:
My Syre selected, and made choice of, shepheards for their keep:
And from the generall spoyle, he culd three hundred of the best:
The Elians ought him infinite, most plague of all the rest:
Fower wager-winning horse he lost, and charriots interuented
Being led to an appointe d race. The prize that was presented
Was a religious threefoote urne: Augcas was the king,
That did detaine them, and dismist their keeper sorrowing
For his low'd charge, lost with fowle words. Then both for words and deedes
My Syre being worthly incens'd, thus iustly he proceeds
To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthie prize;
And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subiects to suffice;
That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due:
Thus for the publike good we sharde; then we to temples drue
Our complete cittie: and to heauen, we thankfull rights did burne
For our rich conquest: the third day, enseruing our returne
The Elians flew on vs in heapes; their generall leaders were
The two Moliones: two boyes, untrayned in the feare
Of horrid warre, or use of strength. A certaine cittie shines
Vpon a loftie prominent; and in th'extreme confines
Of sandie Pylos, seated, where Alpheus flood doth run;
And cald Thryssa; thus they sieg'd, and gladly would haue won:
But (hauing past through all our fields) Minerva, as our spie,
Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd vs instantly:
Nor mustred she unwilling men, nor vnpreparde for force:
My Syre yet would not let me arme: but hid away my horse;
Esteeming me no souldier yet: yet shynde nothing lesse
Amongst our Gallants, though on foote: Minervas mightinesse
Led me to fight, and made me heare a souldiers worthy name.
There is a flood fals into sea, and his crookt course doth frame
Close to Arena, and is cald bright Myniceus streame:
There made we halt: and therethe Sun cast many a glorious beame
On our bright armours: horse and foote insea'd together there:
Then marcht we on: by fiery noone, we saw the sacred cleare
Of great Alpheus; where to loue, we did faire sacrifice,*

A a 3

And

And to the azure God, that rules the underliquid skies,
 We offerd vp a solemne bull, a bull i' Alpheus nam^e,
 And to the blew eyde mayde we burnd a heffer neuer tame.
 Now was it night, we syp, and slept about the flood in arms;
 The foe laide hard siege to our towne, and shooke it with alarmes:
 But for preuention of their splenes, a mightie worke of warre
 Appeard behinde them. For as soone, as Phoebus fierie Carre
 Cast nightes foule darknes from his wheelles (inuoking reuerend Ioue,
 And the vnconquered maide his birth) we did th'euent approue,
 And gane them battaile; first of all I slew (the armie saw)
 The mightie souldier Mulius, Augeus sonne in law,
 And spoyld him of his one-hou'd horse: his eldest daughter was
 Bright Agamede, that for skill in similes did surpasse.
 And knew as many kinde of drugs, as earths broad center bred:
 Him charge I with my brasse arme lance, the dust receiu'd him lead:
 I (leaping to his chariote) amongst the formost prest;
 And the great hearted Elyans, fled frighted, seeing their bezt
 And lostie souldier taken downe, the Geuerall of their horle.
 I followed like a blacke whirlwinde, and did for prize enforce
 Full fiftie charriots, euerie one furnisht with two arme men,
 Who eate the earth, slaine with my lance; and I had slaughterd then
 The two young boyes Moliones, if their world circling Syre,
 (Great Neptune) had not asste their liues, and couered their retire
 With vnpiers'd cloudes: then Ioue bestowde a haughtie victorie
 Vpon vs Pyleans. For so long we did the chase apply,
 Slaughtering and making spoyle of armes, till sweet Buprasius soile,
 Alelius, and Olenia, were famde with our recoile;
 For there Minerva turnd our power: and there the last I slew;
 As when our battaile ioynde, the first: the Peleas then withdrew
 To Pylos, from Buprasius. Of all the immortalls then,
 They most thank Ioue for victories; Nestor, the most of men:
 Such was I euer, if I were, employde with other Peeres,
 And I had honor of my youth, which dies not in my yeares.
 But Great Achilles onely ioyes habilitie of act
 In his braue Prime, and doth not daine t' impart it where t' is lackt;
 No doubt he will extreemely mourne, long after that blacke hower,
 Wherein our ruine shall be wrought, and rue his ruthles power.
 O friend, my memorie reniues the charge Menecius gane
 Thy towaranes; when thou setst forth to keepe out of the grane

OUR

Our wounded honor; I my selfe, and wise Vlysses were
 Within the roome, where euerie word then spoken we did heare:
 For we were come to Peleus court, as we did mustering passe
 Through rich Achaia, where thy Syre, renownde Menecius was,
 Thy selfe and great Eacides; when Peleus the King
 To thunder-louing Ioue did burne an Oxe for offering,
 In his Court-yard: a Cup of gold crownde with red wine he held
 On th' holy Incensorie powde: you, when the Oxe was feld,
 Were dressing his diuided lims; we in the Portall stood:
 Achilles seeing vs come so neere, his honorable blood
 Was strooke with a respectiue shame; rose, tooke vs by the hands,
 Brought vs both in, and made vs sit, and vsde his kinde commands,
 For seemely hospitable rights; which quickly were apposde.
 Then (after needfulnesse of foode) I first of all disclosde
 The royall cause of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,
 To consort our renownde designs: both straight did condiscend;
 Your fathers knew it, gane consent, and graue instruction
 To both your valours. Peleus charge'd his most vnequall sonne,
 To gouerne his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest
 In honor, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings blest
 With deere aduises from thy Syre. My loued sonne, sayd he
 Achilles by his grace of birth, superiour is to thee,
 And for his force more excellent, yet thou more ripe in yeares;
 Then with sound counsailes (ages fruits) imploy his honorde cares,
 Command and ouerrule his moodes: his nature will obey
 In any charge discreetly giuen, that doth his good assay:
 Thus charg'd thy Syre, which thou forgett; yet now at last approue
 (With forced reference of these) th'attraction of his loue.
 Who knowes if sacred influence may blesse thy good intent,
 And enter with thy gracious words, euen to his full consent?
 The admonition of a friend is sweet and vehement.
 If any Oracle he slun, or if his mother Queene
 Hath brought him some instinct from Ioue, that fortifies his splene;
 Let him resigne command to thee, of all his Myrmidons,
 And yeld by that meanes some repulse, to our confusions;
 Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his resembled forme
 May haply make thee, thought him selfe, and calme his hostile forme:
 That so a little we may ease our overcharged hands;
 Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands

Beneath

*Ieneath his labors; and your charge, being fierce, and freshly given,
They easily from our tents and Fleet, may to their walls be driven.*

*This moud the good Patroclus minde; who made his utmost haste
T'informe his friend; and as the Fleet of Ithacus he past,
(At which their markets were disposed, counsailes and Martiall corts,
And where to th' Altars of the Gods, they made diuine resorts)
He met renownde Euryпилus, Euemons noble sonne
Tialting his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweat did run
Downe from his shoulders and his browes: and from his raging wound
Forth flowde his melancholie blood, yet still his minde was sound:
His sight, in kinde Patroclus breast, to sacred pittie turnde,
And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournde;
Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes, deiefted kings:
Was it your Fates to nourish beasts, and stretch the out cast wings
Of sauage vultures here in Troy? Tell me, Euemons fame,
Doc yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopelesse throwne to death, by his resistles lance?
Diuine Patroclus (he replyde) no more can Greece aduance
Defensue weapons; but to Fleet, they headlong must retire:
For those that to this hower haue held our Fleet from hostile fyre,
And are the bulwarks of our hoast, lie wounded at their tents;
And Troys vnvanquishable power, still as it toyles, augments:
But take me to thy blacke sternde ship, saue me, and from my thye
Cut out this arrow; and the blood that is engor'd and dry,
Wash with warme water from the wound: then gentle salues apply,
Which thou knowest best: thy princely friend hath taught thee surgerie;
Whom (of all Centaures the most iust) Chyron did institute:
Thus to thy honorable hands my case I prosecute,
Since our Physitians cannot helpe: Machaon at his tent
Needes a Physitian himselfe, being Leach and patient:
And Podalirius, in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines.
Strong Menetiades replyde; how shall I ease thy paines?
What shall we doe, Euryпилus? I am to vse all hast,
To signifie to Thetis sonne occurrents that haue past
At Nestors honorable sute: but be that worke atchieu'd,
When this is done; I will not leaue thy torments vnrelieu'd.
This said, atwart his backe he cast, beneath his breast, his arme,
And nobly helpt him to his tent: his seruants seeing his harme,
Dispercade Oxen-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay:*

Patroclus

*Patroclus cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearely wash away
With luke-warme water, the black blood: then twist his hands he brusde
A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infused
Into the Greene well-cleansed wound, the paines he felt before
Were well and instantly allaide; the wound did bleeca no more.*

The ende of the Eleuenth Booke.



Bb

THE



THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



THe Troians, at the Trench, their powers engage,
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.
In five parts they diuide their powre, to skale,
And prince *Sarpedon* forceth downe the pale;
Great *Hektor* from the Port teares out a stone,
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
At those brode gates the Grecians made to guard
Their Tents and shippes; that, broken, and vnbar'd,
They yeeld way to his powre; when all contend
To reach the shippes: which all at last ascend.

Another Argument.

*My, workes the Troians all the grace,
And doth the Grecian Fort deface.*

Patroclus, thus employ'd in cure of hurt *Eurypilus*;
Both boasts are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;
One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to invade:
Nor could the brode dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made,
To guard their fleete, be long vnrae't; because it was not raise'd,
By grane direction of the Gods; nor were their deities pray'de

(When

*(When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be sure
(Their strength being season'd well with heau'ns) it should haue force t' endure;
And so, the safeguard of their fleete, and all their treasure there
Infallibly had beene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarke were
Not onely without powre of checke, to their assaulting foe
(Euen now; as soone as they were built) but apt for ouerthrowes
Such as, in verie little time, shall burie all their fight
And thought, that euer they were made; as long as the despite
Of great *Aecides* held up, and *Hektor* went not downe;
And that by those two meanes stood safe, king *Priams* sacred Towne;
So long their Rampire had some vse, (though now it gaue some way):
But when Troys best men sufferd Fate, and many Greeks did pay
Deare for their sufferance; then the rest, home to their Countrey turn'd,
The tenth yeare of their warres at Troy, and Troy was sackt and burn'd,
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres employ
To ruine their worke, and left lesse of that, then they, of Troy.
Neptune and *Phoebus* tumbld downe from the *Idalian* hills,
An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode sea fills
On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together rorde,
Rhesus, *Heptaporus*, *Rhodus*, *Scamander* (the adorde)
Careus, *Simois*, *Grenicus*, *Aescopus*; of them all,
Apollo open'd the rough mouths, and made their lussie fall
Rauish the dustie champain, where as many a helme and shield,
And halfe-god race of men were strow'd; and that all these might yeeld
Full tribute to the heauenly worke; *Neptune* and *Phoebus* won
Ioue to vnburthen the blacke wombes of clouds (fild by the sun)
And poure them into all their streames, that quickly they might end
The huge wal swimming to the sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend
To nights; in tempests; and when all, their utmost depth had made;
Ioue, *Phoebus*, *Neptune*, all came downe, and all in state did wade
To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,
H'rought with his trident, and the stones, trunks, roots of trees he tore
Out of the Rampire; tost them all into the *Hellepont*;
Euen all the proud toyle of the Greeks, with which they durst confront
The to-be-blunnd Deities; and not a stone remainde,
Of all their huge foundations; all with the earth were plaine.
Which done; againe the Gods turn'd backe the siluer-flowing floods,
By that vast channell, through whose vaults; they pourd abroad their broods,
And couerd all the ample shore againe with dustie sand;
And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand*

B b 2

H'as

Was emptied of stones, and darts, contending to invade;
 Where clamor spent so high a throat, and where the fell blowes made
 The new-built wadden Turrets grone. And here the Greeks were pent
 Tam'd with the Iron whip of Ioue, that terrors vehement
 Shooke ouer them by Hectors hand; who was (in euerie thought)
 The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlewinde fought;
 As fresh as in his morn's first charge. And as a sauage Bore
 Or Lion, hunted long; at last with hounds and hunters store,
 Is compass round; they charge him close, and stand (as in a Towre
 They had incha't him) pouring on of darts an Iron showre;
 His glorions hart yet, nought appall'd, and forcing forth his way;
 Here ouerthrowes a troope; and there a running ring doth slay
 His utter passage; when againe that slay he ouerthrowes;
 And then, the whole field frees his rage: so Hector wearies blowes;
 Runs out his charge vpon the Fort; and all his force would force
 To passe the dike. Which being so deepe, they could not get their horse
 To venture on; but trample, snore, and on the verie brinke,
 To neigh with spirit; yet still stand off: nor would a humane thinke
 The passage safe: or if it were, twas lesse safe for retreat;
 The dike being euerie where so deep, and (where twas least deep) set
 With stakes exceeding thick, sharp, strong, that horse could neuer passe;
 Much lesse their Charriots, after them: yet for the foote there was
 Some hopefull seruice, which they wisht, Polydamas then spake;
 Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiscretly make
 Offer of passage, with our horse: ye see the stakes, the wall
 Impossible for horse to take, nor can men fight at all,
 The place being streight; and much more apt, to let vs take our bane
 Then giue the enemy: and yet if Ioue decree the wane
 Of Grecian glorie utterly, and so bereaue their harts,
 That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts;
 I would with all speed, wisht th' assault; that ougly shame might shed
 (Thus farre from home; these Grecians bloods. But, if they once turne head
 And sally on vs from their fleete, when in so deepe a dike
 We shall lye struggling; not a man of all our host is like
 To liue, and carrie backe the newes: and therefore, be it thus;
 Here leaue we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let vs
 Hold close together, and attend the grace of Hectors guide,
 And then they shall not beare our charge; our conquest shall be died
 In their liues purples. This aduice pleas'd Hector; for twas sound;
 Who first obey'd it; and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground;

And

And then all left their Charriots, when he was scene to lead,
 Rushing about him; and gaue up each Charriot, and steed
 To their directors to be kept in all precinct of warre;
 There, and on that side of the dike: and thus the rest prepare
 Their onset in five regiments. They all their powre diuide:
 Each Regiment allow'd three Chiefes; of all which, euen the pride,
 Seru'd in great Hectors Regiment; for all were set on fire
 (Their passage beaten through the wal) with hazardous desire,
 That they might once, but fight at fleet. With Hector Capitaines were,
 Polydamas, and Cebriones; who was his Chariotere:
 But Hector found that place a worse, Chiefes of the second band
 Were Paris, and Alcatious, Agenor. The command
 The third strong Phalanx had, was giuen to th' augure Hellenus,
 Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie Ailius;
 Euen Ailius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba rode
 The huge bay horse; and had his house where riuier sellers floud.
 The fourth charge, good Eneas led, and with him were combine'd
 Archelochus, and Acamas (Antenors dearest kinde)
 And excellent at euerie fight. The fifth braue companie,
 Sarpedon had to charge; who chuse, for his commands supply,
 Alteropceus, great in arms, and Glaucus; for both these
 Were best of all men, but himselfe: but he was fellowe's.
 Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, downe the steep dike they goe;
 And (thirstie of the walls assault) belieue in ouerthrowe;
 Not doubting but with headlong falls to tumble downe the Greeks,
 From their blacke Rauce; in which trust all on; and no man seeks
 To crosse Polydamas aduice, with any other course,
 But Ailius Hyrtacides, who (proude of his bay horse)
 Would not forsake them; nor his man that was their manager,
 (Foolle that he was) but all to fleete, and litle knew how neere
 An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he neuer more
 Must looke on lofty Ilion, but looke, and all, before,
 Put on th' all-covering mist of Fate, that then did hang vpon
 The Lance of great Deucalides: he fatally rush't on
 The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and Charriot,
 Came usually from field to fleete: close to the gates he got;
 Which both vnbar'd, and ope he found; that so the easier might
 An entrie be for any friend that was behind in flight;
 Yet not much easier for a foe, because there was a guard
 Maintain'd vpon it; past his thought, who still put for it hard,

Bb 3

Eagerly

Eagerly shewing; and with him, were five more friends of name
 That would not leaue him, though none else would hunt that way for fame
 (In their free choice) but he himselfe. Orestes, Iameneus,
 And Acamas, Aliades, Thoön, Oenomaus,
 Were those that followed Asius: within the gates they found
 Two eminently valorous, that from the race renowned
 Of the right valiant Lapithes deriv'd their high descent.
 Fierce Leonteus, was the one, like Mars in detriment;
 The other mightie Polepæt, the great Pirithous sonne:
 These stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun,
 The charge of Asius, and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,
 Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the aerie strokes
 Of winde and weather, standing firme, gainst euerie seasons spight;
 Yet they poure on continued blowes, and beare their shields upright;
 When in the meane space, Polypæt and Leonteus cheerd
 Their souldiers to the fleetes defence: but when the rest had heard
 The Troians in attempt to skale, clamor and slight did slowe,
 Amongst the Grecians; and then (the rest dismaide) these two
 Met Asius entring; thrust him backe, and fought before their doores:
 Nor far'd they then like Okes that stood. But as a brace of Bores
 Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare a sort of hunters shewte,
 And hounds in hot trayle, comming on, then from their dens break out,
 Trauerse their force, and suffer not, in wildnes of their way,
 About them any plants to stand: but thickets, offering slay,
 Breake through, and rend up by the roots; whet gnabes into aire,
 Which tumult fills, with howls, bounds, hornes, and all the hote affaure
 Beates at their hosmes: so their armes rung with assailing blowes;
 And so they stirr'd them in repulse: right well assur'd that those
 Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew
 They now fought for their tents, fleetes, liues, and fame; and therefore threw
 Stones from the walls and towers, as thicke, as when a drift winde shakes
 Blacke-clouds in peeces; and pluckes snow, in great and plumie flakes
 From their soft bosomes; till the ground be wholly cloth'd in white;
 So earth was hid with stones, and darts; darts from the Troian fight;
 Stones from the Greeks; that on the helms and bossie Troian shields
 Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd great Asius, who now yields,
 Sighes, beats his thighs, and in a rage, his fault to loue applies.
 O loue (said he) now cleere thou show'st, thou art a friend to lyes;
 Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good;
 To all their ruines: which I thought, could neuer be wish'dood;

Yet

Yet they, as yellow Waspes, or Bees (that, hauing made their nest
 The gasping Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast,
 Hunters come hot and hungrie in, and digge for honny Comes;
 They flye vpon them, strike and sling; and from their hollow homes,
 Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruites, and brood:
 No more will these be from their port; but either lose their blood
 (Although but two, against all vs) or be our prisoners made;
 All this, to do his action grace, could not firme loue perswade,
 Who for the generall counsaile stood, and gainst his singular braue
 Beslow'd on Hector, that dayes fame; yet he, and these behaue
 Themselues thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,
 And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts,
 Rag'd in contention twixt both boasts; it were no easie thing,
 (Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing.
 The Troians fought not of themselues, a fire from heauen was throwne
 That ran amongst them, through the wall, mere added to their owne;
 The Greeks held not their owne; weak griefe went with her wither'd hand
 And dip't it deeply in their spirits, since they could not command
 Their forces to abide the fildes; whom harsh necessity
 (To save those ships should bring them home) and their good sorts supply
 Draue to this expulsive fight they made; and this might sloop them more
 Then neede it selfe could eleuate: for euen Gods did deplore
 Their dire estates; and all the Gods, that were their aids in war;
 Who (though they could not clear their plights) yet were their friends thus far,
 Still to uphold the better sort; for then did Polepæt passe
 A Lance at Damalus; whose helme was made with cheeks of brasse,
 Yet had not prooffe enough; the pyle draue through it, and his skull;
 His braine, in blood dround; and the man so late so spirit-full
 Fell now quite spirit-less to earth; so emptied be the vaines
 Of Pylon, and Ormenus liues; and then, Leonteus gains
 The lifes end of Hippomachus, Antimachus-his sonne;
 His Lance fell at his gyrdle stead; and with his end, begun
 Another end; Leonteus left him; and through the prease
 (His keene sword drawne) ran desperately vpon Antiphates,
 And liueless tumbled him to earth, nor could all these liues quench
 His ferie spirit; that his flame, in Menons blood did drench,
 And rag'd up, euen to Iameneus, and yong Orestes life;
 All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of strife:
 Whose faire armes while the victors spoyld, the youth of Lion,
 Of which there seru'd the most and best, still boundly built vpon

The

The wisdom of Polydamas, and Hector's matchlesse strength;
 And follow'd, fill'd with wondrous spirit, with wish, and hope at length
 (The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet; but (having past the dike,
 And willing now to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike
 Their hearts with some deliberate slay: a high flowne eagle forde
 On their troopes left hand, and sustaine'd a Dracon all engorde,
 In her strong serpes, of wondrous size; and yet had no such checke
 In life and spirit, but still she fought; and turning backe her necke
 So slung the eagles gorge; that down she cast her feruent pray,
 Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the windes, her way;
 Crying with anguish. When they sawe a branded Serpent sprawle,
 So full amongst them; from above, and from loues fowle let fall;
 They tooke it, an ostent from him: stood frighted; and their cause
 Polydamas thought lust, and spake; Hector, you know, applaue
 Of humor hath bene farre from me, nor fits it, or in warre
 Or in affaires of Court; a man, employ'd in publike care,
 To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre:
 And therefore, for that simple course, your strength hath oft bene sowre
 To me in counsailes; yet, againe, what shewes in my thoughts best,
 I must discover; let vs cease, and make their flight our rest
 For this dayes honor; and not now attempt the Grecian fleet;
 For this (I feare) will be theuent; the prodigie doth meet
 So full with our assayre in hand. As this high flying fowle,
 Vpon the left hand of our host, (implying our controule)
 Honored at oue vs; and did trusse within her goulden serpes
 A Serpent so embrew'd, and bigge; which yet (in all her feares)
 Kept use, and feruent spirit to fight; and wrought her owne release,
 Nor did the Eagles Airie feed: so though we thus far prease
 Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps may euerrunne their wall;
 Our high minds ayming at their fleet; and that we much appall
 Their trussed spirits; yet are they so Serpent-like disposed
 That they will fight, though in our serpes, and will at length belofde
 With all our outcries; and the life of many a Trojan breast,
 Shall with the Eagle flie, before we carrie to our nest
 Them, or their Nauie: thus expounds the angurie this ostent,
 Whose depth he knowes; and these should feare. Hector with countenance bent
 Thus answerd him; Polydamas, your depth in augurie,
 I like not; and I know right well, thou dost not satisfie
 Thy seise in this opinion: Or if thou think'st it true,
 Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to aduise, and urge that, as our due,

That

That breaks our duties; and to loue; whose vow and signe to me
 Is past directly for our speede: yet light-wing'd birds must bee
 (By thy aduice) our Oracles; whose feathers little stay
 My serious actions. What care I, if this, or th' other way,
 Their wilde wings sway them; if the right, on which the sunne doth rise,
 Or, to the left hand, where he sets? Tis loues high Counsaile slies
 With those wings, that shall beare vs vs; loues, that both earth and heauen:
 Both men, and Gods sustaines and rules: One augurie is giuen
 To order all men, best of all; fight for thy Countries right.
 But why fearest thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
 Straw all men here, about the fleet, yet thou need'st neuer feare
 To beare their Fates; thy warie hart will neuer trust thee, where
 An enemies looke is; and yet, fight; for, if thou dar'st abstaine,
 Or whisper into any eare, an absence so vaine
 As thou aduise'st, neuer feare, that any foe shall take
 Thy life from thee; for tis this Lance. Thus said, all forwards make;
 Himselfe the first: yet before him, exulting clamor flew;
 And thunder lowing Iupiter, from Iostie Ida blew
 A storme that vsberd their assault, and made them charge like him;
 It drave directly on the flecte, a dust so fierce, and dim,
 That it amaz'd the Grecians; but was a grace diuine,
 To Hector, and his following Troopes; who wholly did incline
 To him, being now in grace with loue; and so put bouldly on
 To rase the rampire; in whose beight they fiercely set vpon
 The Parrapets and puld them downe; ras't euerie formost fight;
 And all the Butteresses of stone, that held their towers vpright,
 They tore away with Crowes of iron, and hept to ruine all.
 The Greeks yet stood, and stil repaired the sure fights of their wall
 With hides of Oxen; and from thence, they pourd downe stones in shewres
 Vpon the underminers heads. Within the furmost Towers,
 Both the Aiaces had comma'd, who answerd euerie part;
 Th' assaulters, and their souldiers; repref, and put in hart;
 Repaying valour, as their wall; spake some faire, some reprov'd,
 Who euer made not good his place; and thus they all sort mon'd;
 O Countnimen, now need in aide, would haue exceffe be spent;
 The excellent must be admide, the meanest excellent;
 The worst, do well; in changing warre, all should not be alike;
 Nor any idle: which to know fits all, least Hector strike
 Your mindes with frights, as eares with threats; forward be all your hands;
 Vrge one another; This doubt downe, that now betwixt vs stands,

Ce

Ioue

Ioue will goe with vs to their wals ; To this effect , alowde
 Spake both the Princes ; and as high (with this) the expulsion slowde.
 And as in winter time, when Ioue his cold-slarpe lauelines throwes
 Amongst vs mortalls ; and is mon'd so white earth with his snowes ;
 (The windes a sleepe) he freely powres , till highest promments ,
 Hill tops, lowe Meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with most contents
 The toyles of men ; sea ports, and shores are hid ; and euerie place ;
 But floods (that snowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace) :
 So both sides couerd earth with stones, so both for life contend,
 To shoue their sharpnesse ; through the wall vprore stood up an end.
 Nor had great Hector, and his friends the rampire ouerrun,
 If heauens great Conn'saylor, high Ioue, had not inflam'd his sonne
 Sarpedon (like the Forrests king, when he on Oxen flies)
 Against the Grecians : his round Targe, he to his armes applies
 Brasse-leau'd without ; and all within, thicke Ox-hides, quilted bard ;
 The verge naid round, with roddes of gould ; and with two darts prepar'd,
 He leads his people ; as ye see a mountaine Lion fare ;
 Long kept from prey ; in forcing which, his high minde makes him dare,
 Assault vpon the whole full soule : though guarded neuer so
 With well-arm'd men, and eager dogges, away he will not goe,
 But venture on, and either snatch a prey, or be a prey :
 So farae diuine Sarpedons mind, resolui'd to force his way
 Through all the fore-fights, and the wall : yet since he did not see
 Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he ;
 He spake to Glaucus ; Glaucus, say, why are we honor'd more,
 Then other men of Lycia, in place with greater store
 Of meates and cups ; with goodlier roofoes, delight some gardens, walkes ?
 More Lands ; and better ? so much wealth, that court and countrie talks
 Of vs, and our possessions ; and euerie way we goe,
 Gase on vs as we were their Gods ; this where we dwell, is so
 The shores of Xanthus ring of this ; and shall not we excede,
 As much in merite, as in noyse ? Come ; be we great in deed
 As well as looke ; shine not in gould, but in the flames of fight ;
 That so our neat-arm'd Lycians may say ; See, these are right
 Our kings, our rulers ; these deserue to eate, and drinke the best,
 These gouerne not ingloriously : these, thus exceed the rest,
 Do more then they command to doe, O friend, if keeping backe
 Would keep backe, age from vs, and death, and that we might not wracke
 In this lifes humane sea at all, But that deferring now
 We shoud death euer ; nor would I halfe this vaine-valor shame,

Nor

Nor glorifie a folly so, to wish thee to a dance :
 But since we must goe, though not here, and that besides the chance
 Propos'd now, there are infinite fates of other sorts in death ;
 Which (neither to be fled nor scap't) a man must sinke beneath :
 Come ; trie me, if this sort be ours ; and either render thus,
 Glorie to others ; or make them resigne the like to us.
 This motion, Glaucus shifted not, but (without words) obey'd ;
 Fore-right went both ; amightie troope of Lycians followed :
 Which, by Menelltheus obseru'd, his hayre stood up on end ;
 For at the Towre where he had charge, he saw calamitie bend
 Her horrid browes in their approach. He threw his looks about
 The whole fights neere, to see what Chiefe might helpe the miserie out
 Of his poore souldiers ; and beheld where both th' Aiaces sought,
 And Teucer, newly come from fleete ; whom it would profite nought
 To call ; since tumult, on their helms, shields, and vpon the ports
 Layd such lowde claps : for euerie way defences of all sorts
 Were adding, as Troy tooke away ; and clamor slew so high
 Her wings strooke heauen, and around all voice : the two Dukes yet so nigh
 And at the offer of assault, he to th' Aiaces sent
 Thoos the herralde, with this charge : Run to the regiment
 Of both th' Aiaces ; and call both, for both were better here,
 Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more enforc'd then there.
 The Lycian Captaines this way make ; who in these fights of stand,
 Haue often shew'd much excellence : yet, if laborious hand
 Be there more needfull then I hope, at least afford vs some ;
 Let Ajax Telamonius, and th' archer Teucer come.

The Herralde hastid, and arriu'd, and both th' Aiaces tould,
 That Pteicus noble sonne desire, their little labor would
 Employ it selfe in succoring him ; both their supplies were best,
 Since death assaile his quarter most : for on it fiercely prest
 The well-prou'd mightie Lycian Chiefe. Yet if the seruice there
 Allowde not both ; he prayd that One, part of his charge would beare ;
 And that was Ajax Telamon ; with whom he wish'd would come
 The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly his roome
 To strong Lycomedes ; and will'd Ajax Olliades
 With him to make up his supply, and fill with courages
 The Grecian harts till his returne, which should be instantly
 When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the companie
 Of Teucer he tooke to his aide ; Teucer, that did defend
 (As Ajax did) from Telamon : with these two did attend

Cc 2

Pandion

Pandion, that bore Teucers bowe, When to Menestheus Towre
They came; alongst the wall, they found him, and his hartned power
Toying in making strong their fort; the Lycian princes set
Blacke whyrlewinde-like, with both their powers; upon the parapet:
Ajax, and all resisted them: clamor amongst them rose;
The slaughter, Ajax led; who first the last deare fight did close
Of strong Epicles; that was friend to Ioues great Lycian sonne.
Amongst the high manition heape, a mightie marble stone
Lay highest; neere the Pynacle; a stone of such a paise,
That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise:
Yet this did Ajax rouse, and throw, and all in shreds did drine
Epicles foure-sopt caske and skull; who (as ye see one due
In some deep river) left his height; life left his bones with ball.
Teucer shot Glaucus (rushing up yet higher, on the wall)
Where naked he discern'd his arme, and made him steale retreat
From that hote seruice; least some Greek, with an insulting threat,
(Beholding it) might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was grien'd,
At Glaucus parting; yet fought on, and his great hart relieu'd
A little with Alcmaons blood, surnam'd Thestorides,
Whose life he hurld out, with his Lance; which following through the prease
He drew from him, Downe from the tower, Alcmaon dead it strook;
His faire arms ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon tooke
In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite;
The wall stript naked; and brode way, for entrie and full fight,
He made the many. Against him Ajax, and Teucer made;
Teucer, the rich belt on his brest, did with a shaft invade:
But Iupiter auerted death; who would not see his sonne
Dye at the tayles of th' Achine hippes. Ajax did fetch his run,
And (with his Lance) strooke through the Tardge, of that braue Lycian king;
Yet kept he it from further passe; nor did it any thing
Dismaie his minde, although his men stood off from that high way,
His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that stormie day
Should euer make his glory cleere. His mens faults thus he blam'd;
O Lycians, why are your hote spirits, so quickly disinflam'd?
Suppose me ablest of you all: tis hard for me alone,
To ruine such a wall as this; and make Confusion,
Way to their Nauie; lend your hands. What many can dispatch
One cannot thinke; the noble worke of many, hath no match.

The wise kings iust rebuke, did strike a reuerence to his will
Through all his souldiers; all stood in, and gainst all th' Achives still

Made

Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch that to the aduerse side
The worke shewde mightie; and the wall when twas within deferyed,
No easie seruice; yet the Greeks could neither free their wall,
Of these braue Lycians; that held firme the place they first did skale;
Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdie Grecians drine;
Nor reach their fleet: but as two men, about the lymits strue
Of Land that toucheth in a field; their mesures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffly stands,
That so farre is his right in law; both hugely set on fire
About a passing little ground: so greedily as fire
Both these foes, to their seuerall endes; and all exhaust their moyst
About the verie battlements (for yet no more was lost).
With sword and fire they vext for them, their Targes hugely round;
With Oxehides linde; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound
The sterne steele gaue. for that one prixe; whercof, though some receiu'd
Their portions on the naked backs, yet others were bereau'd
Of braue liues, face- turn'd, through their shields stowrs, bulwarke euer where
Were speckled with the bloods of men; nor yet the Greeks did beare
Base back- turn'd faces; nor their foes would therefore be outfac't:
But, as a spinster poore and iust, ye sometimes see strait lac't
About the weighing of her webbe; who (carefull) hauing charge,
For which, she would prouide some meanes, is loth to be too large
In giuing or in taking weight; but euer with her hand,
Is doing with the weights and wolk, till both in iust paise stand:
So euenly stood it with these foes, till Ioue to Hector gaue
The turning of the skoles; who first against the rampire draue,
And spake so lowde that all might heare; O stand not at the pale
(Braue Trojan friends) but mend your hands: up and break through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleete: all heard, and all in heapes
Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In beane space Hector leapes
Vpon the port; from whose out-part, he tore a massie stone
Thicke downwards; vponwards edg'd it was so huge a one
That two vast yocemen of most strength (such as these times begit)
Could not from earth, list to a Carr; yet he did brandish it
Alone (Saturnius made it light): and swinding it, as nought,
He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought,
And kept the Port: two folde they were, and with two rafters bard;
High, and streng lockt: he raide the stone, bent to the hurle so hard,
And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke;
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake;

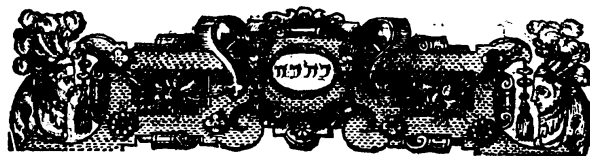
C c 3

The

*The hindges peece-meale flew, and through the feruent little rocke
 Thundred a passage; with his weight, th'in wall his brest did knocke;
 And in rusht Hector, fierce and grimme as any stormy night;
 His brasse Armes, round about his brest, reflected terrible light.
 Each arme, held up, held each a dart: his presence cald up all
 The dreadfull spirits his Being held; that to the threatned wall
 None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;
 And thus he look't backe; cald in all: all fide their courages,
 And in they flowde: the Grecians fled; their fleet now, and their fright
 Askt all their rescue; Greece went downe; tumult was at his height.*

The ende of the Twelfth Book.





To the right Gracious and worthy, the Duke of
LENNOX, &c. Diuine HOMER humblye submittes
*that desert of acceptation in his Presentment, which all worthiest
Dukes haue acknowledg'd, worth Honor and Admiracion.*

Mongst th' Heröes of the Worlds prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, & see the shine about you:
Informe your princely minde and spirit by theirs;
And then, like them, liue euer; looke without you,
For subiects fit to vse your place, and grace;
Which throwe about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race
Of friendless *Versue*; since they thus can raise
Their honor'd Raisers, to *Eternitie*.
None euer liu'd by *Selfe-loue*: Others good
Is th' obie& of our owne. They (liuing) die,
That burie in themselues their fortunes broode.
To this soule, then, your gracious count'nance giue;
That gaue, to such as you, such meanes to liue.

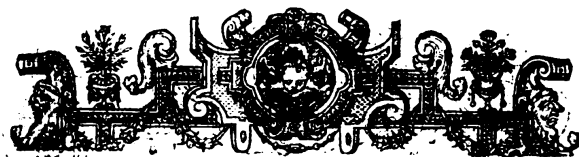
D d





To the most graue, and honor'd Temperer of Lawe,
and Equitie, the Lord CHANCELOR, &c. The first
Prescriber of both (Authentique HOMER) humbly presents his
*Englisb Reniuall, and beseecheth Noble countenance to the sacred vertues: hee
eterniseth.*

THat Poesie is not so remov'd a thing,
From graue administrie of publike weales,
As these times take it; heare this Poet sing,
Most iudging Lord: and see how he reueales
The mysteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of Man, through all his choicest waies.
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applied
For Poesies idle name; because her Raies
Haue shinde through greatest Counsaillors, and Kings.
Heare Royall *Hermes* sing the Egyptian Lawes;
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroastes* sings
Their Lawes in verse: and let their iust applause
(By all the world giuen) yours (by vs) allow;
That since you grace all vertue, honour you.



Of the most Renoun'd, and worthy Earle; Lord
Treasurer, and Treasure of our Countrie, the Earle of
SALISBVRIE, &c. *The first Treasurer of humane wisdom (Diuine
HOMER) beseecheth Grace, and welcome to his Englisb Arriuall.*

Ouch safe, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,
And see the opening of a Greecian Mine;
Which, Wisedome long since made her Treasury;
And now, her title doth to you resigne.
Wherein as th'Ocean walks not, with such waues,
The Round of this Realme, as your Wisedomes seas;
Nor, with his great eye, sees; his Marble, faues
Our State, like your Vlyssian policies:
So, none like HOMER hath the world enspherde;
Earth, Seas, and Heauen, fixt in his verse, and mouing;
Whom all times wisest Men, haue held vnpe'rde;
And therefore would conclude with your approving.
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac't,
And made things euer flitting, euer last.





*To the most honor'd Restorer of auncient Nobilitie,
both in blood, and vertue, the Earle of SUFFOLK, &c.
oldest HOMER (the first eternizer of those combin'd graces) pre-
sents his Renewall, in this English Apparance; beseeching his honor'd, and
free Countenance.*

S Oigne, Noblest Earle, in giuing worthy grace,
To this great gracet of Nobilitie:

See heere what sort of men, your honorde place
Doth properly command; if Poesie
(Profest by them) were worthily exprest.

The grauest, wisest, greatest, need not, then,
Account that part of your command the least;

Nor them such idle, needles, worthless Men,
Who can be worthier Men in publique weales,

Then those (at all parts) that prescrib'd the best?
That stir vp noblest vertues, holiest zeales;

And euermore haue liv'd as they profest?
A world of worthiest Men, see one create,
(Great Earle); whom no man since could imitate.



*To the most antiently Noble and learned Earle,
the Earle of NORTH-HAMPTON, &c. Old HOMER
(the first Parent of Learning and Antiquitie) presents this part
of his eternall Issue; and humbly desires (for helpe to their entire propagation)
his cheerefull, and iudiciall Acceptance.*

H O you, most learned Earle, whose learning can
Reiect illiterate Custome, and embrace
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,

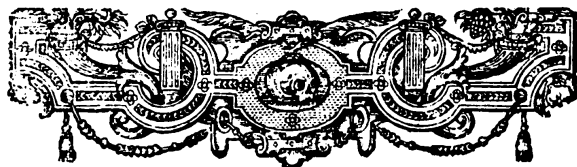
I prostrate this great *Worthie*, for your grace;
And pray that Poesies well-deserv'd ill Name
(Being such, as many moderne Poets make her)
May nought eclypse her cleare essentiall flame:

But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.
Nor do I hope; but euen your high affaires

May suffer intermixture with her view;
Where *Wisdome* fits her, for the highest chaires;

And mindes, growne olde, with cares of State, renew:
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue knowe
This king of Poets; see his English shewe.

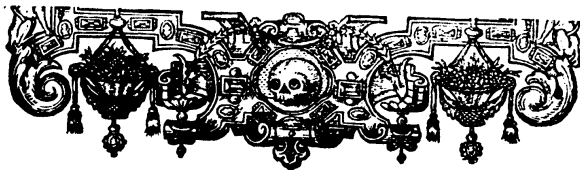
E c





To our English *Athenia*, Chaste Arbitresse of ver-
tue and learning, the Ladie ARBELLA; reuiu'd Ho-
MER submits cause of renewing her former conference with his ori-
ginal spirit; and prays her iudiciall grace to his English Conuersion.

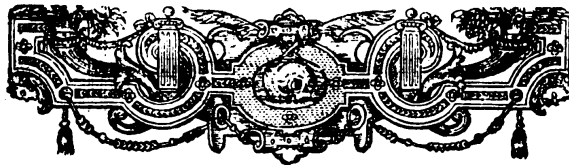
What to the learn'd *Athenia* can be giuen
(As offering) fitter, then this Fount of Learning?
Of Wisdome, Fortitude; all gifts of Heauen?
That by the, both the height, bredth, depth dis-
Of this diuine soule, when of old he liv'd; (cerning
(Like his great *Pallas*, leading through his wars)
Her faire hand, through his spirit thus reuiu'd,
May lead the Reader; shoue his Commentars;
All that haue turnd him into any tongue:
And iudge if ours reueale not Mysteries,
That others neuer knew, since neuer sung;
Not in opinion; but that satisfies.
Grace then (great Lady) his so gracious Muse,
And to his whole worke his whole spirit infuse.



To the most honor'd Patronesse and Grace of
Vertue, the Countesse of Bedford.

TO you, faire Patronesse, and Muse, to Learning;
The Fount of learning and the Muses sends
This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning
To leaue no good, for th'ill the world commends.
Custome seduceth but the vulgar sort:
With whome, when Noblesse mixeth, the is vulgar;
The truly-Noble, still repaire their Fort,
With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;
In which the narrow path, to Happinesse,
Is onely beaten. *Vulgar pleasure* sets
Nets for her selfe, in swindge of her excessse;
And beates her selfe there dead, ere free she gets.
Since pleasure then with pleasure still doth waste;
Still please with vertue, Madame: That will last.

Ec 2





*To my euer-observed and singular good Lord, the
Earle of Svssex; with dutie, alwaies profest to his
most Honor'd Countesse.*

YOu that haue made, in our great Princes Name
(At his high birth) his holy Christian vowes;
May witnesse now (to his eternall Fame)
How he performs them thus far; & stil growes
About his birth in vertue; past his years
In strength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.
Amongst this traine, th' en, of our choicest Peeres,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herralde *Homers* voice;
March you; and euer let your Familie
(In your vowes made for such a Prince) reioyce.
Your seruice to his State shall neuer die.
And, for my true obseruance, let this shoue,
No meanes escapes, when I may honor you.



*Against the two Enemies of Humanitie and Reli-
gion (Ignorance and Impietie) the awak't spirit of the
most-knowing and diuine H O M E R, calls (to attendance of our
Heroicall Prince) the most Honor'd and uncorrupted Heroe, the
Earle of PEMBROKE, &c.*

ABoue all others may your Honor shine;
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames
Exhale into your grace the forme diuine
Of godlike *Learning*; whose exiled streames
Runne to your succor, charg'd with all the wracke
Of sacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch
(Fowle *Ignorance*) sits charming of them backe
To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich;
Though our great Soueraigne counter-check her charms
(Who in all learning, raignes so past example)
Yet (with her) *Turkish* *Policie* puts on armes,
To raze all knowledge in mans Christian Temple.
(You following yet our king) your guard redouble:
Pure are those streames, that these times cannot trouble.

E c 3





To the right gracious *Illustrator of vertue*, and worthy
of the fauor Royall, the Earle of MOUNTGOMRIE,

T Here runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare
That well entitles you to all things Noble; (vains,
Which still the liuing Sydnian soule maintaines,
And your Names antient Noblesse doth redouble:
For which, I needes must tender to your Graces
This noblest worke of Man; as made your Right.
And though *Ignoblesse* all such workes defaces
As tend to *Learning*, and the soules delight:
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,
That *Wisedome* (which is *Learnings* naturall birth)
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maiestie,
And *Image* of his goodnesse here in earth;
If you the *Daughter* wish, respect the *Mother*:
One cannot be obtainde, without the other.



To the most learned and Noble Concluser of
the *Warres Arte*, and the *Muses*, the Lord LISLE, &c.
the first Prescriber and Concluser of both (*Divine HOMER*) in all
observation presents both.

N Or let my paines in him (long honor'd Lord)
Faile of your auncient Nobly-good respects;
Though obscure *Fortune* neuer would afford
My seruice thowe, till these thus late effects.
And though my poore deserts weigh'd neuer more
Then might keepe downe their worthless memorie
From your high thoughts (enrich't with better store)
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;
Which all my fit occasions well shall proue.
Meane space (with your most Noble Nephewes) daine
To shoue your free and honorable loue
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.
You cannot more the point of death controule,
Then to sticke close by such a liuing soule.





To the right Noble, and (by the great eternizer of
Vertue, Sir P. SYDNEY) long since, eterniz'd, Right
vertuous, the accomplisht Lord WOTTON, &c.



Our friend (great SYDNEY) my long honor'd Lord,
(Since friendship is the bond of two, in one)
Tels vs, that you (his quicke part) doe afforde
Our Land the living minde that in him shone.

To whom there neuer came a richer gift
Then the Soules riches; from men ne're so poore:
And that makes me, the soule of *Homer* lift
To your acceptance; since one minde both bore.
Our Prince vouchsafes it: and of his high Traine
I wish you, with the Noblest of our Time.
See here, if Poetrie be so slight and vaine
As men esteeme her in our moderne Rime.
The great'st, and wisest men that euer were,
Haue giuen her grace: and (I hope) you will, here.



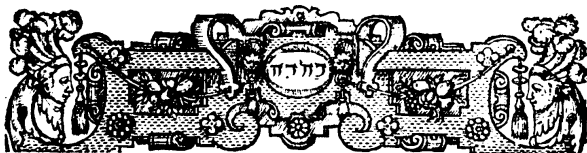
The right valorous, learned, and full sphere of
Noblesse, the Earle of SOUTH-HAMPTON, the Mu-
ses great Heralld, *HOMER*, especially calls to the following of our
most forward Prince, in his sacred expedition, against Ignorance and
Impietie.



N choice of all our Countries Noblest spirits
(Fit, those aforesaid Monsters to conuince)
I could not but inuoke your honor'd Merits,
To follow the swift vertues of our Prince.
The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Foxtresse, Learning*,
Brake earth, and to *Elysium* did descend,
To call vp *Homer*: who therein discerning
That his excitements, to their good, had end
(As being a Grecian) puts-on English armes;
And to the hardie Natures in these clymes
Strikes-vp his high and spiritfull alarms,
That they may cleare earth of those impious Crimes:
Whose conquest (though most faintly all apply)
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and should die.

F f



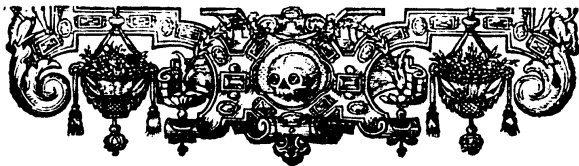


To conclude, and accomplish the right Princely Traine of
our most excellent Prince, HENRIE, &c. In entertainment of all the
vertues brought hither, by the preserver, HOMER, &c. His daime worth solicits
the right Noble and vertuous Herse the Earle of Arundell, &c.

THe end crownes all: and therefore though it chance,
 That here, your honor'd Name be vsde the last ;
 Whose worth all Right should (with the first) aduance,
 Great Earle, esteeme it, as of purpose past.
 Vertue had neuer her due place in earth ;
 Nor stands shee vpon Forme ; for that will fade :
 Her sacred substance (grafted in your birth)
 Is that, for which she calls you to her aide.
 Nor could she but obserue you with the best
 Of this Heroicall, and Princely Traine ;
 All following her great Patron to the Feast
 Of *Homers* soule, inuiting none in vaine.
 Sir then, Great Earle, and feast your soule, with his :
 Whose food, is knowledge ; and whose knowledge, blisse.

*Subscrib'd by the most true obseruants of
 all your Heroicall vertues,*

Geo. Chapman.



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